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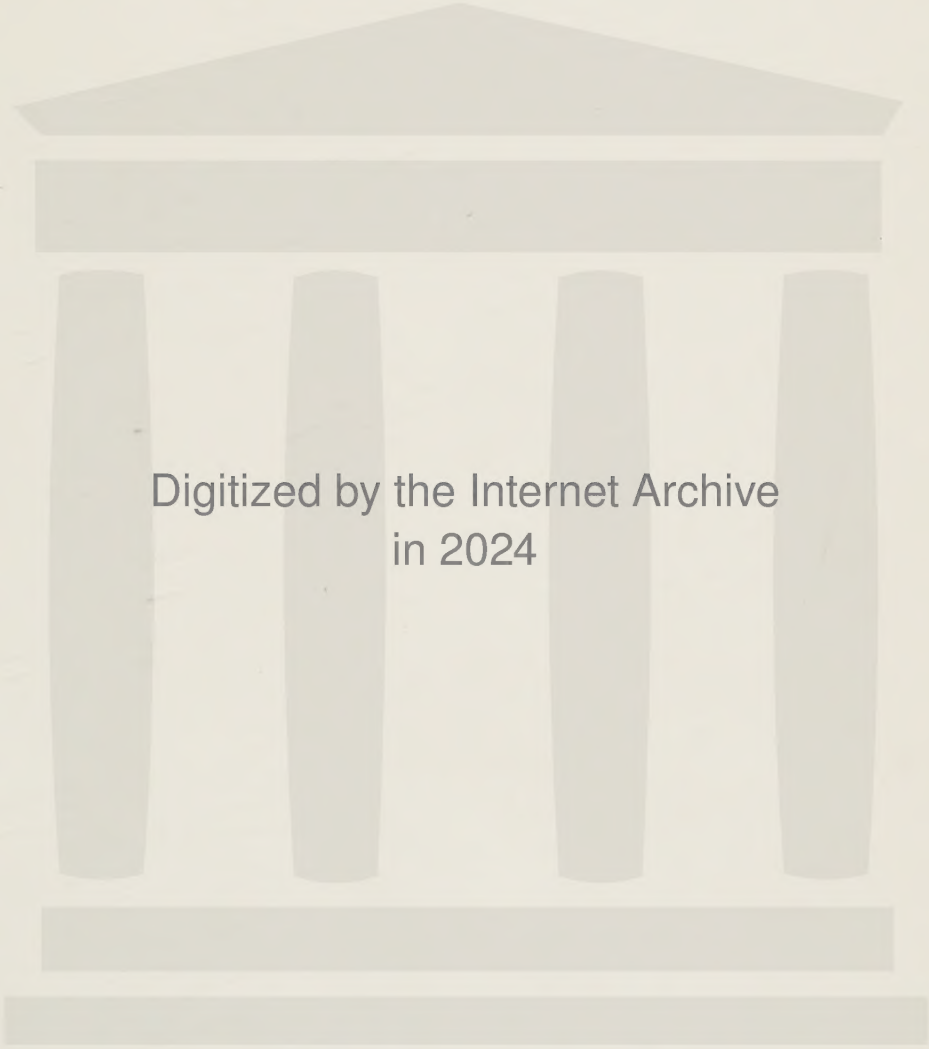
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Christmas 1887—

Mrs. Warren—
With the love
of her friend
Henrietta Dana Lyman

RAMBLES IN OLD BOSTON,

NEW ENGLAND.

OLD STATE HOUSE
WASH.N ST. FRONT

RAMBLES

IN

OLD BOSTON

NEW ENGLAND

BY THE

REV. EDWARD G. PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE R. TOLMAN

BOSTON

CUPPLES AND HURD

94 Boylston Street

1887

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This Work is Inscribed

TO

THE BOSTONIAN SOCIETY,

TO WHOSE CUSTODY THE CITY HAS CONFIDED

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER AND THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES

IN THE OLD STATE HOUSE,

IN RECOGNITION OF ITS ENTERPRISE IN EXPLORING AND PRESERVING

The Antiquities of Boston.

61715

PREFACE.

WHOEVER has undertaken to study the early history and topography of Boston has had occasion to regret the scanty materials which have come down to us in illustration of the architectural appearance of the old colonial town.

It would add very much to our understanding of those times if we could have accurate drawings and descriptions of the streets and buildings as they then appeared.

Much has been done of late to shed light upon the subject, and to repair the loss, as far as possible, by a careful examination of documents, and by earnest attempts to save from destruction such ancient buildings as still remain to us. But this effort has naturally been directed toward the more famous buildings, and especially those of a public character. Very little has ever been attempted in the case of private and ordinary dwellings, a few of which — and only a few — of the early time yet stand as instructive, though often modest, reminders of the past.

Probably few citizens living in the Boston of to-day are aware of the existence of such houses as are presented in these sketches. They are situated mostly at the North End, a section rarely visited

by the people in other parts of the city; and yet, historically, it is by far the most interesting part of our metropolis.

To give a correct idea of the quaint and picturesque character of these scattered buildings, as they stand to-day, is the object of this work. The original plan included only private dwellings; but, to secure greater variety, the principal public buildings have been added.

Mr. TOLMAN has made his sketches with conscientious accuracy from the houses themselves, and not from engravings or photographs. With the single exception of the old feather-store in Dock Square, which was drawn from an original pencil sketch by Bartholomew, he has not attempted to represent in detail any building which is not now standing.

It is hoped that this contribution to the literature relating to Boston may prove an acceptable aid to those who may hereafter wish to know what architectural antiquities we had among us in the good old year of 1886.

Any additional information which these rambles can procure from any quarter will be gratefully received by the writer.

EDWARD G. PORTER.

LEXINGTON, November, 1886.

NOTE.

MANY of the facts contained in this volume have been derived from original sources, in the investigation of which the writer has been generously aided by various persons who have had a special acquaintance with the North End. Among them should be mentioned, —

Mr. Rowland Ellis.
Mr. William Parkman.
Mrs. M. A. Lewin.
Mr. William L. Learned.
Rev. Cazneau Palfrey.
Mr. John T. Wells.
Miss E. Harriet Newman.
Mr. Eleazer F. Pratt.
Mr. Charles E. Wiggin.
Mrs. Susan E. Parker.
Mr. Matthew Binney.
Colonel Henry Lee.
Mr. Frederick W. Eliot.
Miss C. E. Cabot.
Hon. Thomas Green.
Mrs. J. A. Tarbell.
Mr. Reuben B. Sherburne.
Miss Mary J. Sargent.
Mr. Joseph L. Bates.
Mrs. John Hobbs.
Mr. Edward Macdonald.
The Misses Lash.
Mr. Samuel F. McCleary.
Mrs. Joseph A. Veazie.
Mr. John N. Barbour.
Mrs. Fanny Haskins Boltwood.
Mr. Joshua H. Pitman.
The Messrs. Dodd.
Mr. John T. Hassam.
Mr. Robert H. Eddy.
Mr. William H. Whitmore.
Mrs. Lydia Ann Gould.
Mr. John H. Krey.
Mr. John Douglas.
Mr. Henry H. Edes.
Mrs. Jacob Forster.
Mr. Ephraim Lombard.
Mr. Beza Lincoln.
Mrs. Thomas Russell.
Mr. William Marble.
Mr. Elias W. Goddard.
Mrs. Henry H. Hartt.
Mr. Charles H. Stearns.
Mrs. Susan Bassett Dillaway.
Hon. Charles W. Slack.
Mr. Joshua Bentley Fowle.

Mr. Edward H. Dunn.
Mr. John H. Blake.
Hon. Frederick W. Lincoln.
Mr. George O. Carpenter.
Mr. John Joseph May.
Mrs. Edward Wigglesworth.
Mr. Charles Atwood.
Mr. Jeremiah Prescott.
The Misses Leach.
Mr. M. E. Wadsworth.
Miss Frances K. Harris.
Mrs. R. C. Lincoln.
Mr. Thomas Mair.
Hon. Moses Kimball.
Hon. Thomas C. Amory.
Mr. John F. Anderson.
Mr. Charles Howard.
The Misses Loring.
Miss Mary P. Hale.
Miss G. Appleton.
Mr. T. G. Frothingham.
Capt. H. C. Hemmenway.
Mr. Noah Lincoln.
Dr. Thomas H. Chandler.
Mr. John T. Prince.
Mrs. Benjamin H. Green.
Mr. Newton Talbot.
Mr. John Gilbert.

No one can pursue these studies without a grateful acknowledgment of the work already accomplished by the able and painstaking writers who have made our local history so attractive. That something, however, yet remains to be done, is evident from the fact that inquiries concerning our older houses are continually being made which no one seems able to answer. It is an encouragement to know that all future efforts in this direction will be rendered much easier by the publication, now in progress, of the town records and the Suffolk deeds, which, with their convenient indexes, will soon open the way for ampler and more critical research.

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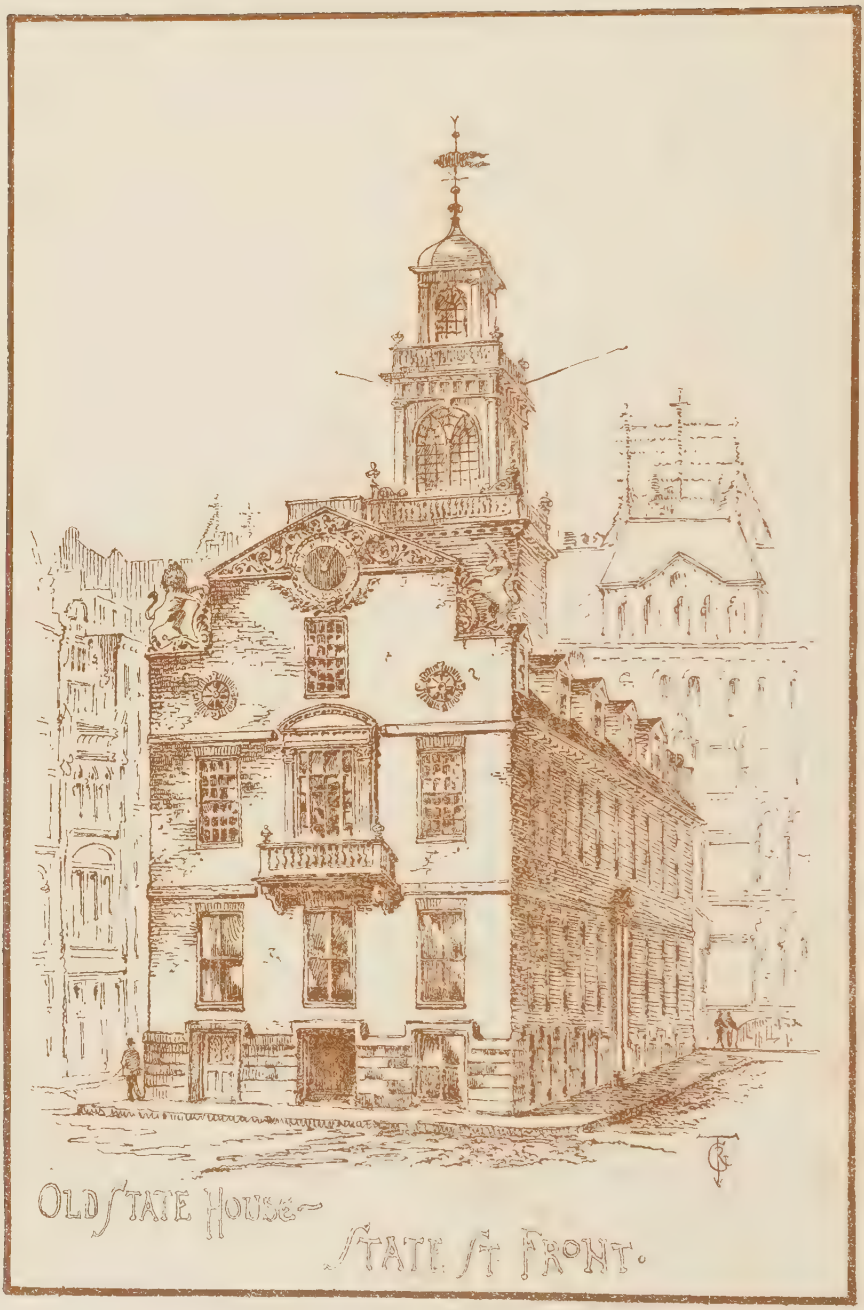


OLD STATE HOUSE—
STATE ST FRONT.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

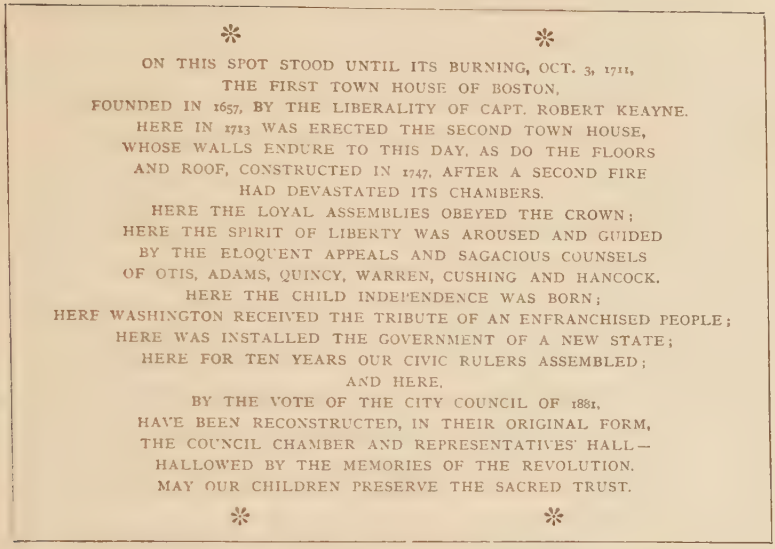
BOSTON has been singularly fortunate in the preservation of this famous building which, more than any other in her history, has been identified with municipal and State affairs. And this is the more remarkable when one remembers what sweeping changes have been continually going on in its neighborhood, and how imperious have been the demands upon such eligible property as this for commercial purposes. The fact that this venerable structure has survived the ravages of fire, the changes of government, and the pressure of business, during so long a period, would seem to be a sufficient reason why it should be allowed to stand henceforth as a permanent memorial of the past. And it is a gratifying sign of an improved public sentiment in such matters that this edifice, thus rescued, has been recently restored by the city government to its old-time condition, so that to-day it presents, both

within and without, substantially the appearance which it bore in the last century.

No one can adequately estimate the educational influence which such a monument as this will have upon the people, as they behold in its walls and chambers the pictured story of those thrilling events which make up so much of the history of Boston, and, indeed, of New England and the nation.

The old State House stands upon the site of the original market-place, opposite the first meeting-house in which, for a quarter of a century, the town meetings were held, according to the custom of the time.

In the year 1656 Captain Robert Keayne, one of the founders of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, left, in his voluminous and eccentric will, "the sum of three hundred pounds, current money," for a Town House, which was to furnish room for the market, as well as for the courts, a library, an exchange, an armoury, etc. An equal amount was contributed by citizens, and a wooden structure was erected on this spot which served the purposes of the town until it was destroyed in the great fire of 1711. There are good descriptions extant of this first building, but no pictures or plans. It was the scene of the administrations of Endicott, Bellingham, Leverett, Bradstreet, Andros, Phips, Stoughton, Bellomont, and Joseph Dudley. By this time the Town House had become such a necessity that its successor was immediately provided for, one half the expenses being borne by the Province, and the other half by the Town and the County in equal proportion. That was the building whose walls still remain to us, and whose record is briefly given on the mural tablet, recently placed in the hall of the circular stairway, as follows: —


ON THIS SPOT STOOD UNTIL ITS BURNING, OCT. 3, 1711,
THE FIRST TOWN HOUSE OF BOSTON,
FOUNDED IN 1657, BY THE LIBERALITY OF CAPT. ROBERT KEAYNE.
HERE IN 1713 WAS ERECTED THE SECOND TOWN HOUSE,
WHOSE WALLS ENDURE TO THIS DAY, AS DO THE FLOORS
AND ROOF, CONSTRUCTED IN 1747, AFTER A SECOND FIRE
HAD DEVASTATED ITS CHAMBERS.
HERE THE LOYAL ASSEMBLIES OBEYED THE CROWN;
HERE THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY WAS AROUSED AND GUIDED
BY THE ELOQUENT APPEALS AND SAGACIOUS COUNSELS
OF OTIS, ADAMS, QUINCY, WARREN, CUSHING AND HANCOCK.
HERE THE CHILD INDEPENDENCE WAS BORN;
HERE WASHINGTON RECEIVED THE TRIBUTE OF AN ENFRANCHISED PEOPLE;
HERE WAS INSTALLED THE GOVERNMENT OF A NEW STATE;
HERE FOR TEN YEARS OUR CIVIC RULERS ASSEMBLED;
AND HERE,
BY THE VOTE OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF 1881,
HAVE BEEN RECONSTRUCTED, IN THEIR ORIGINAL FORM,
THE COUNCIL CHAMBER AND REPRESENTATIVES' HALL —
HALLOWED BY THE MEMORIES OF THE REVOLUTION.
MAY OUR CHILDREN PRESERVE THE SACRED TRUST.

The first governor who presided in this building was Joseph Dudley, and after him came Tailer, Shute, Dummer, Burnet, Belcher, and Shirley. It was during the latter's brilliant administration that the famous expedition against Louisburg was planned and successfully carried out in 1746, under General (afterwards Sir William) Pepperrell and Commodore Warren.

The following year, the Town House (at that time commonly called the Court House) was seriously injured by a fire, which began in the second story, and destroyed much of the interior, and nearly all the records, pictures, and furniture. The building, however, was reconstructed very much as before; and from that day to this, no essential changes have taken place in its appearance.

An interesting description of it is found in a journal dated 1750: —

"They have also a Town-House, built of brick, situated in King's street. It 's a very Grand Brick Building, Arch'd all Round, and Two Storie Heigh, Sash'd above; its Lower Part is always open, design'd as a Change, tho the Merchants in Fair Weather make their Change in the Open Street, at the eastermost end. In the Upper Story are the Council and Assembly Chambers. It has a neat Capulo, Sash'd all Round, which on rejoycing days is Elluminated."

The administrations of Pownall, Bernard, and Hutchinson bring us to the stirring events immediately preceding the Revolutionary War. At that time many eyes were turned to this building in hope or fear, as the scene of the royal authority in the Council Chamber, and of the popular demands for liberty in the Hall of Representatives. The obnoxious measures of the Crown, which followed so rapidly upon the accession of George III. in 1760, were here officially promulgated by the governors, and vehemently denounced by the patriots.

The collision which finally came in 1775 was foreshadowed in the speeches of James Otis and Samuel Adams, in the protests of the Legislature against the unjust imposition of taxes, in the arrival of the British regiments, and in the massacre of March 5, 1770, which occurred almost under the windows of the Council Chamber.

The quartering of troops in the Town House and the planting of cannon at its doors gave great offence to the people, and served only to increase the difficulty. Under General Gage, the last of the royal governors, were developed those military movements which made Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill immortal, and which led to the organization of an American army, by whose

achievements the British were compelled to evacuate Boston on the 17th of March, 1776.

In July of the same year, the Declaration of Independence was read to the citizens of Boston from the famous east window of the Council Chamber, where in the earlier time the royal succession had been in three instances proclaimed "with Beat of Drum and Blast of Trumpet," and where also had been announced in turn the appointment of eight governors of Massachusetts under the Crown, and where at last, in 1783, the Proclamation of Peace was read by the Sheriff of Suffolk, amid the grateful shouts of the multitude and the salutes of thirteen cannon at the forts.

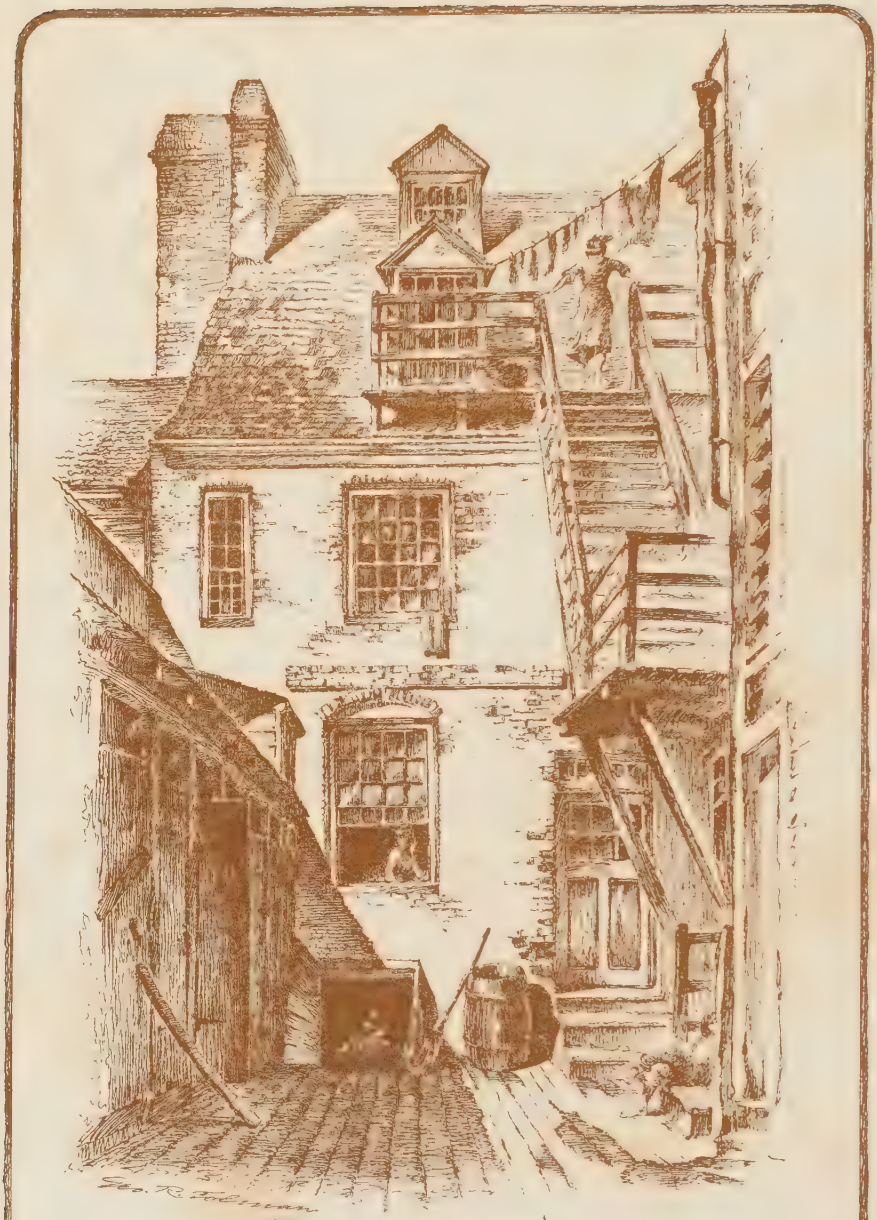
In this building John Hancock was inaugurated the first governor under the Commonwealth; and here presided his successors, James Bowdoin, Samuel Adams, and Increase Sumner. In 1789, General Washington, during his last visit to Boston, reviewed the procession from a temporary balcony erected at the west end of the Hall of Representatives.

Here the Legislature of Massachusetts met for the last time in 1798, and then marched in a body to the more imposing structure which had just been completed on Beacon Hill.

The old building has since then been given up to business purposes, except during an interval of ten years, 1830–1839, when it was occupied by the municipality as a City Hall.

In 1882 it was carefully restored and formally re-dedicated to the public use as a memorial hall. The second floor, containing the ancient Council Chamber and Representatives' Hall, has been confided to the custody of the Bostonian Society for a term of years. Valuable portraits, engravings, documents, and other historical relics may here be inspected daily by the public without charge.

The tower, the quaint roof, the lion and unicorn, the central stairway, and, in fact, all the details of the building, present with almost absolute accuracy the characteristic features of the old Town House of the fathers. And it is confidently believed that the venerable structure will continue to grow more and more in the affections of the people of Boston, because it was here that "the child Independence was born."



THE TREMERE HOUSE

TREMERE HOUSE.

THIS ancient dwelling is situated near the extreme end of North (formerly Ship) Street, on the eastern side, and, according to the present numeration, bears the numbers 343–345. It has long been in the hands of the Tremere family, and is rented as a tenement.

The rear of the house is chosen for the full-page view given herewith, on account of the picturesque and foreign aspect which it presents. One could readily believe, indeed, that instead of being in Boston, it might be found in some old part of Edinburgh or Newcastle-on-Tyne. This quaint appearance is enhanced by the rickety outside stairs with landings and galleries, which, though not a part of the original house, seem to belong to it in the natural order of things, and, to an artist's eye, they certainly add much to the general effect.

The windows, some of them broad and some narrow, are a striking feature of houses of this period. They are not rebated, as was usual in later times, but made with a solid frame which fits square against the jambs and rests on a heavy plank sill. The two dormer windows, one above the other, are quite exceptional in Boston, and show that the attic is spacious enough to contain two stories.

The floors of the house rest upon large square oak girders, chamfered; and the joists, which are generally four by five inches,

are laid flatwise. This property was conveyed in a deed, dated December 29, 1674, as follows: "John Paine conveys to Wm. Downe, his dwelling-house in Boston, with the ground it stands upon, containing in length 41 feet, with the privilege of eaves-dropping at each end of said dwelling-house; the land containing the same breadth with said house, and eaves-dropping, to run downwards 100 feet from the street towards the harbour, with the privilege of landing and shipping of goods." William Paine probably built the house sometime previous to 1674, as there is no record of conveyance to him. William Downe married John Paine's daughter.

This is one of the very few houses left by the great fire which destroyed that part of the town in 1676.

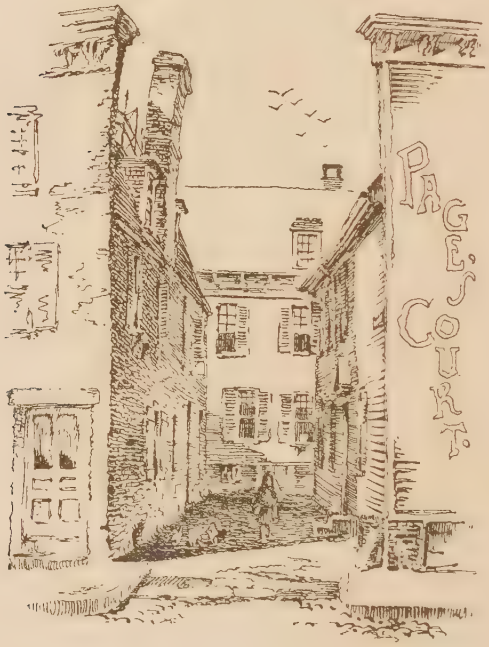
The front view of the house is given on this page.

OLD RUIN.

FOR a house so dismantled and picturesque as this, no name could be more appropriate than the one we have given to it. Even in a neighborhood of old tenements, it would be hard to find one more shattered than this. It stands at No. 341 North Street, and joins the Tremere house, a description of which has just been given. The view is taken from a side passage-way which formerly led down to May's (afterwards Union) Wharf, less than one hundred feet in the rear; but the dock has long since been filled up to make room for Commercial Street. The city engineers have not been able to find an owner for this old passage-way, though it has never been claimed as public property. It has long been encumbered with old carts and rubbish, and is used by pedestrians as a short cut from North Street to Atlantic Avenue.

The wooden annex with gambrel roof, shown on the left, fronts upon North Street, and was, until recently, connected with the next estate by an archway, traces of which can still be seen on the end of the building. The main body of the house is of brick, laid in "promiscuous bond," which would indicate that it could not have been built earlier than 1720. It is now the property of the heirs of Timothy Dodd.

A trained eye would not fail to notice the tall, spacious chimney, rising so far above the hipped roof, and abutting against that of the Tremere house, one of the best specimens of old chimney-work in the city. The small view which follows represents a portion of Page's Court, on the opposite side of North Street.



MARSHALL'S LANE.

ONE of the old narrow passage-ways, of which there were formerly so many in Boston, was Marshall's Lane, a well-known and very convenient little thoroughfare, connecting Hanover and Union Streets near their intersection. The name comes from Thomas Marshall, one of the early settlers, who appears frequently in the record from 1634 to 1660, as ferryman, shoemaker, land-owner, selectman, representative, and deacon of the First Church. He had a house and garden on Hanover Street, near this point, and in 1652 offered to the town a roadway across his land, to shorten the distance to the drawbridge, which stood where Blackstone Street now crosses Hanover Street.

In these days, when no one is willing to live or to do business on a lane, all the quaint old by-ways have to be called streets or avenues to gratify a foolish pride at the sacrifice of the proper meaning of language. The fathers had no such scruples; and our English cousins do not encourage them to-day, judging by the fact that in London some of the costliest and most aristocratic residences are on Park Lane; while Chancery Lane, Paternoster Row, and Mincing Lane are great centres of business, and not likely ever to be called streets.

But Marshall's Lane has become Marshall Street, and a narrow sidewalk has been added, perhaps to justify the change. Turning in from Hanover Street, we face a comely three-story brick building of the last century. This was the residence of Ebenezer Hancock, a younger brother of the Governor, and deputy paymaster-general of the Continental Army. His son John, who lived till 1859, often spoke of the scenes witnessed in this house during the Revolutionary War, when it was an important military rendezvous. On the arrival of Count D'Estaing with his fleet in 1778, Paymaster Hancock received a large quantity of French silver crowns, which were piled up under guard in the room on the left of the entrance, awaiting disbursement among our poorly paid troops. The sight of a roomful of money, brought over from France for the relief of the Colonies, made a profound impression upon the people of Boston, and added much to the cordial feeling with which they welcomed the officers and men of the fleet. Receptions, both public and private, were extended to them; and every patriot soldier who drew his pay at this house no doubt blessed their memory as he felt the weight of these solid crowns in his pocket.

After the Hancocks, the Frothingham family had possession here; and they were followed by the present owner, Mr. Learned, who has had a shop on the right-hand corner since 1821, having taken the business of his predecessor, Fuller, who had been here since 1796.

About thirty years ago, when the roof was slated, the old English slates were found to be fastened with wrought nails, such as were in use generally in houses of the period.

The second story of the building has undergone but little change. The old central stairway gave place to a narrower one

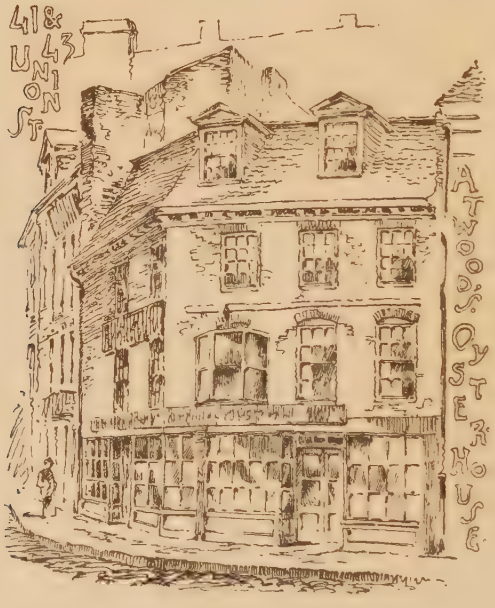
in 1852, when Mr. Wadsworth took out the old windows. The window-seats remain, and some of the inside shutters and the mantels, carved with classic urns and festooning. A transom window retains its old glass setting, and the doors still swing on their quaint wrought-iron hinges, and are fastened with brass buttons. In two of the rooms, the large pine panels of the wainscoting are in fine preservation.

The right-hand side of the house is on Creek Square, another of the narrow lanes of this quarter, named from the old Mill Creek a few rods away, to which it formerly led. On this lane may still be seen the block of brick dwelling-houses built by the Hancock family, and known for many years as Hancock Row. They are now used for manufacturing purposes.

The detached side view in the picture is taken from Creek Lane, looking up, with the Marshall House and a part of Hancock Row on the right.

At the end of Marshall's Lane, on the corner of Union Street, stands a low-studded, three-story brick building, worn and wrinkled with age, evidently the oldest house on the street. This has been for several generations the property of the Capen family. Mr. Atwood has occupied it as an oyster house since 1826, — an unusual length of tenancy. It was previously the well-known dry-goods store of Thomas Capen, who imported silks and other stuffs in large quantity, to meet the demands of his flourishing trade. Here, in the autumn of 1769, "at the sign of the cornfields," young Benjamin Thompson, of Woburn, afterwards famous as Count Rumford, was apprenticed as a clerk to Hopestill Capen, the father of Thomas. Here, also, at the same time, Samuel Parkman, the distinguished merchant, learned his trade.

This corner is also interesting in connection with the "Massachusetts Spy," which in its infancy had been printed at Mr. Fowle's office, in Salem Street, but which, during most of its career as a Boston weekly, — from 1771 to April, 1775, — was published here, "at the south corner of Marshall's Lane, leading from Mill Bridge into Union Street." The bold and uncompromising spirit of its manager, Isaiah Thomas, was distinctly seen in the early motto of the paper, "Open to all parties, but influenced by none." On the breaking out of hostilities, the "Spy" was removed to Worcester, where it has since remained.



BOSTON
STONE
1737

THE BOSTON STONE.

DIRECTLY opposite the restaurant of the Marshall House, embedded in the wall against the sidewalk, is a singular relic, which, if it were not in such an out-of-the-way place, would have attracted more general attention. The name and date cut upon it — Boston Stone 1737 — do not explain its meaning, but only increase the desire of the curious to know what it is, and why it is there.

Nearly fifty years ago the present brick building, with its front on Hanover Street and Boston Stone in its rear, took the place of a wooden structure which had been in the Howe and Green families for about a century. The new owner, James Davis, finding on the premises a stone of unusual size and shape, ascertained from Mrs. Green, who was then quite aged, that her father, Joseph Howe, on purchasing the estate about 1737, had found the same large hollow stone at the bottom of his yard. There were many conjectures at the time, she said, respecting its origin, — some supposing it to have been left by the Indians, others that it had been used for grinding paint. The latter impression prevailed, especially as the muller was found near by; and it has since been generally believed that the stone was brought from England about 1700, at the time when the Painters' Arms were procured for

the same corner. Mr. Howe decided to use it as a protection for the corner of his house against passing vehicles. A neighbor who had lived in England and had seen the famous London Stone in front of Saint Swithin's Church (supposed to be an old Roman milestone), which had long been a popular designation for places of business in the vicinity, proposed that "Boston Stone" be inscribed upon this one, in order to make it a good landmark. The suggestion was followed; and the stone thus named served as a convenient sign for the old establishment at the corner, and was also sometimes used as a starting-point for surveyors. It was often repainted by Mr. Green, and was remembered by many of our older citizens.

Leading to Salt Lane.

When the present building was erected, this ancient relic, or rather a fragment of it, was deemed worthy of a place in the wall, together with its old companion, the grinder, which was found buried in the yard. The original mill, it is said, had a capacity of about two barrels.

From Boston Stone there is a short cut to North Street by Creek Lane and Scottow's Alley, leaving Hatters' Square on the left and Salt Lane on the right. This is one of the oldest and narrowest byways in the city, — an unchanged remnant of the colonial time.

THE PAINTERS' ARMS.

IT is so seldom that any building in Boston is marked by a coat of arms, that the attention of an interested observer is naturally drawn to one which is seen on the front of the brick store at 153 Hanover Street.

It is but a small object, to be sure, and few of the thousands who daily pass by ever notice it, especially as its meaning is unintelligible to most of them. But, upon examination, the heraldic device will reveal something of its origin and former use. It is an excellent piece of wood-carving, and represents the arms of the ancient guild of Painters, as granted by Thomas Holme, Clarencieux, 1486, and confirmed by Thomas Benolt, Clarencieux, 1531. The Painters and Stainers of London were united into one company in 1502, and incorporated under Queen Elizabeth in 1582.

The shield is quarterly, first and fourth, azure, three escutcheons argent, two and one; second and third, azure, a chevron between three phœnix heads, erased *or*. The crest represents, on a wreath, a phœnix close *or*, in flames proper. The supporters are two leopards argent, spotted with various colors, ducally crowned, collared, and chained *or*.

The motto of this consolidated company was "Amor et obedientia," — "Love and obedience." The Painters' Company of Exeter, bearing the same arms, had for its motto, "Amor queat

obedientia," which has been loosely rendered, in heraldic glossaries, "Love produces obedience," but which more strictly would be, "Let love prevail (prove itself) by obedience." The date at the top (1701) is readily deciphered; but the three cabalistic letters which divide it (C, T, and K) have perplexed all who have sought to ascertain their meaning. On the supposition that they might be the initial letters, according to early usage, of the family engaged in the painter's business here at that time, the writer made a diligent search to find out, if possible, who they were. The prospects were discouraging. The owners of the estate could give no clew to them. Tradition, which sometimes preserves local facts tolerably well, was silent upon this. Directories were not published in Boston till nearly a hundred years later. The excellent reports of the Record Commissioners, which clear up so many doubts, did not furnish the key to this. But the Suffolk Deeds at last told the story. In the year 1693 it appears that one Thomas Child, "painter stainer, and Katherine his wife," held "a certain piece of land joining the creek that leads from the water mills, bounded on the N. E. by the said mill creek 32½ feet; on the N. W. in part by the brew house belonging to Mr. Joseph Lynd," etc. The details of this and other purchases made by said Child in this immediate vicinity, and "on a certain street or highway leading from the Dock to Mill Bridge," furnish the precise proof needed to explain this inscription. Thomas Child had lived in Roxbury, and had bought the above estate in 1692 of John Wainwright of Ipswich. In 1701 he sold a small tract of land in Roxbury to Henry Gibbs, "late citizen and plasterer of London." Whether this Gibbs obtained the Painters' Arms for his friend Child that year in England, may not be

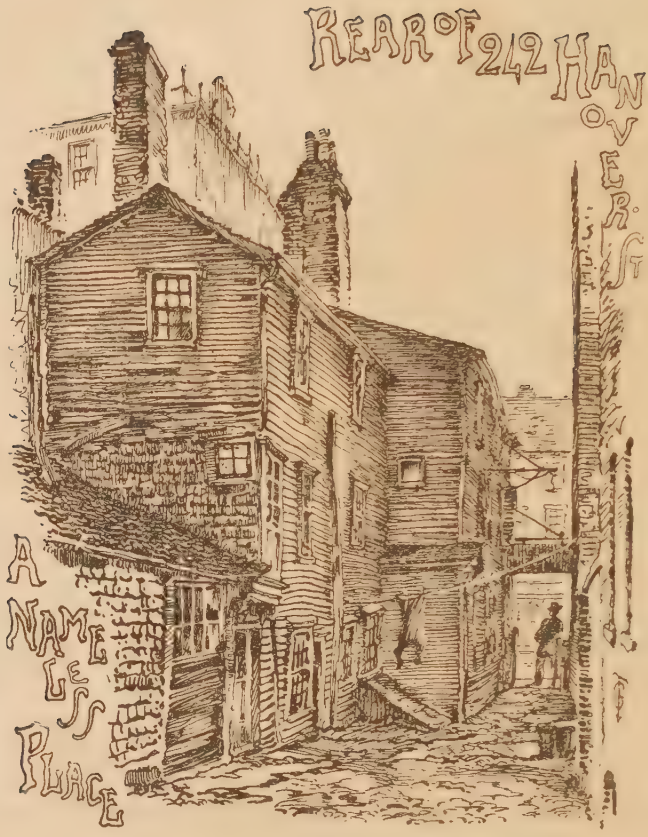
determined; but the three mystic letters upon it are no longer in doubt. Thomas Child was the painter, and Katherine was his wife. The arms have fortunately clung to this spot through the various changes that have taken place in the buildings and in the trades of their occupants. In Boston there is probably but one other instance (that of the Wadsworth tablet in North Street) of a sign still exposed to view, which was doing duty in the same place at the beginning of the last century.

Another specimen of the Painters' Arms, though without motto, crest, or initials, may be seen at the rooms of the Bostonian Society, in the Old State House. It is said to have been brought from England; and the date (1755), which was added later, probably indicates the establishment of the business by John Gore, the Governor's father, who was a painter and merchant in Boston, with a "shop at the sign of the Painters' Arms in Queen Street." The sign afterwards belonged to the Governor's brother Samuel, a Boston painter, who left it to his son Christopher, who succeeded him in the business, and had the arms hung over his shop in Scollay's Building. Charles Redding bought it at the auction sale of Christopher Gore's effects.

Sewall's Diary, under date of Nov. 10, 1706, contains the following: —

"This morning Tom Child, the Painter, died.

Tom Child had often painted Death,
But never to the Life, before;
Doing it now, he 's out of Breath;
He paints it once, and paints no more."



Hanover Street has been essentially made over in our day; but there are a few of the earlier dwellings still standing, of which the above is a fair representative. Its antiquity appears in the walls and chimneys, and especially in the solid window-frames of various shapes, some of which are very near the ground.

This property belonged to the Othemans, an influential Huguenot family who have furnished several preachers for the Methodist Church.

FANEUIL HALL

FANEUIL HALL.

NO building in Boston has been more widely known or more intimately identified with great occasions in our history than Faneuil Hall. Standing quite apart from other buildings, and devoted to market purposes and great popular gatherings, it has long been a kind of forum in which all great questions of local or national importance have been freely discussed, and from which has gone forth an influence which has helped to create the sentiment and mould the destiny of the nation.

In the early colonial period there was no regular market-house in Boston. Provisions were carried from house to house, or sold at certain convenient points in the streets, as is still the case in many European towns.

Thursday was the usual market-day, when the ordinary business of the week was transacted, and when the Thursday lecture, introduced by Mr. Cotton, became one of the attractions of the town. With the increase of the population came a natural demand for improved market facilities; and three temporary structures were erected: one at the Old North Square, one near Liberty Tree, and a central one near the Town Dock, where Faneuil Hall now stands. Strange as it may seem, the conservative element was so strong in opposition to these innovations, that the latter building was pulled

down one night by a party of men in disguise, and no attempt was made to reconstruct it for several years.

In 1740 Peter Faneuil, a Huguenot resident of Boston, who had recently inherited a large fortune from his uncle, offered to build a market-house at his own expense, and give it to the town, provided they would pass a vote agreeing to accept and maintain it under proper regulations. Accordingly, a town-meeting was called to consider the matter, and the thanks of the meeting were unanimously extended to Mr. Faneuil, for his generous offer. But upon the question of accepting it, there was such a division of opinion, that the vote stood 367 in favor, and 360 against it. Thus narrowly, by only seven votes in a large meeting, did the project succeed, so slow were the people to see the advantages of the new system.

We can hardly conceive of Boston now without its Faneuil Hall; but the crowds who daily gather about it little imagine how much they are indebted to the energy of its earliest friends in that critical moment when its very existence was hanging in the balance.

The structure was completed in 1742, John Smibert, the portrait painter, being the architect, and Samuel Ruggles the builder. Mr. Faneuil enlarged his original plan, and added a hall above the market, — an additional proof of his munificence which was gratefully recognized by the town in its public acceptance of the gift, on which occasion the name "Faneuil Hall" was given to it to be retained forever; and, "as a further testimony of respect, it was voted that Mr. Faneuil's picture be drawn at full length and placed in the hall." The town also added the Faneuil arms, beautifully carved and gilt by Moses Deshon.

The building was constructed of brick, two stories and a half high, one hundred feet long and forty feet wide, with open arches below and a tower above, and was in many respects the most important edifice in the town. Its architecture was considered imposing and ornate. The spacious hall would contain a thousand persons, and there were various rooms besides. The town-meetings were held here after this, and the selectmen's offices were removed from the old town-house in King, now State, Street, which was left chiefly to the legislature and the courts.

Most unexpectedly, a few months after the building was completed, its founder died; and the first oration pronounced in the hall was his own eulogy by John Lovell, the well-known master of the Latin School.

In January, 1761, the interior of the building caught fire, and nothing but the bare walls remained. The records, fortunately, and some other documents were saved. The hall was rebuilt on the old plan, and opened again in March, 1763, when James Otis, Jr., delivered the dedicatory address. The cause of the patriots was now making such progress in Boston that large meetings were held in Faneuil Hall to give expression to the popular feeling; and hence arose the name "Cradle of Liberty," which it has borne ever since, and which it so well deserves. In March, 1767, the hall was illuminated by vote of the town, to commemorate the repeal of the Stamp Act. The following year, a convention of representatives from nearly all the towns in the Province was in session here for a week in September, to consider what measures could be taken in view of the expected arrival of a large force of British troops. Governor Bernard refused to recog-

nize the convention, although its proceedings were throughout orderly and constitutional. The fleet arrived immediately after; and the Fourteenth Regiment, Colonel Dalrymple, was quartered in Faneuil Hall for a month, by order of the Governor, though not without a vigorous protest from the people.

During the stormy period preceding the outbreak of the Revolution, many notable town-meetings were convened here, as on the occasion of the Boston Massacre and on the arrival of the "detestable" tea. But the hall at that time could not hold as many people as the Old South, and this explains why some of the large meetings adjourned to the latter place.

During the siege of Boston the building was at first used as a storehouse for arms and furniture, and then converted into a theatre for the diversion of the troops. Among the performances, the tragedy of "Zara" and the comedy of "The Busybody" were frequently given; and, once at least, a local farce written by General Burgoyne, and entitled "The Blockade of Boston." This would be an interesting relic of the period if it could be found, but it does not appear ever to have been printed. After the evacuation by the British, the portraits of Peter Faneuil, George II., Governor Shirley, General Conway, and Colonel Barré, which had hung in Faneuil Hall, were missing, nor has any trace of them ever been discovered.*

* It is not improbable that they were mutilated by the royal troops, who were engaged in many insubordinate acts towards the close of the siege. To prevent such conduct, General Howe was obliged to issue orders declaring that the first soldier caught plundering houses would be hanged upon the spot. He also offered rewards for the conviction of any persons found cutting or defacing the King's or Queen's picture in the Town House, — "viz.: for the King's picture, £50; for the Queen's picture, £50; for other pictures, records, and public papers, £20."

In the year 1806, with the new era of prosperity, the hall was very much enlarged by doubling the width and adding a third story. This of course has greatly changed the appearance of the structure, although its original style has been fairly well preserved.

The interior, with its lofty galleries and classic columns, has become well known to thousands. Here the great questions of the century, touching the commercial, political, and philanthropic interests of Boston, have been eloquently discussed by the foremost orators of the time. Many a Bostonian can recall the occasions when he has stood on this sanded floor for hours, with a patient and patriotic crowd, applauding the sentiments of one speaker after another as they came forward upon the platform and emphasized the issues of the hour. Here great public receptions have been given to distinguished guests, together with many civic and military banquets. Here, formerly, were held the industrial exhibitions of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. It is emphatically the people's hall, and will always remain so; for, by a provision in the city charter, neither Faneuil Hall nor Boston Common can ever be sold or let for money.

The collection of portraits attracts many visitors. On the west wall is Healy's large painting of Webster replying to Hayne in the Senate, and near it are Stuart's Washington, and Copley's Hancock, Warren, and Samuel Adams. There are also portraits of Peter Faneuil, John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, Governor Andrew, Senator Wilson, Robert Treat Paine, Caleb Strong, Commodore Preble, General Knox, Rufus Choate, President Lincoln, Anson Burlingame, Admiral Winslow, and

Wendell Phillips. Back of the rostrum are busts of John Adams, Samuel Adams, and Daniel Webster. The clock was presented to the city by the school children of Boston in 1850.

The upper hall has been chiefly used as an armory by various military corps, especially of late by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the country.

The Massachusetts Historical Society held some of its early meetings in the northwest corner of the upper story in the old building, from 1792 to 1794.

The grasshopper vane is an interesting survivor of the former structure. It was made by Shem Drowne, the well-known coppersmith of the last century, who also made and repaired the cockerel vane for the Second Church. The famous Indian vane on the Province House was also his handiwork. He died in 1774, at the age of ninety years.

The accompanying sketch was obtained by climbing the tower to the small opening by the flag-staff. The insect is remarkably well preserved, and shows the fidelity with which it was made; all the details being carefully worked out in copper, as if they were to be closely inspected. The eyes are of glass, and shine in the sunlight with great brilliancy. The grasshopper is supposed to have been suggested by the vane on the Royal Exchange of London. It was also the device for the vane on the summer-house of the Faneuil estate on Tremont Street.

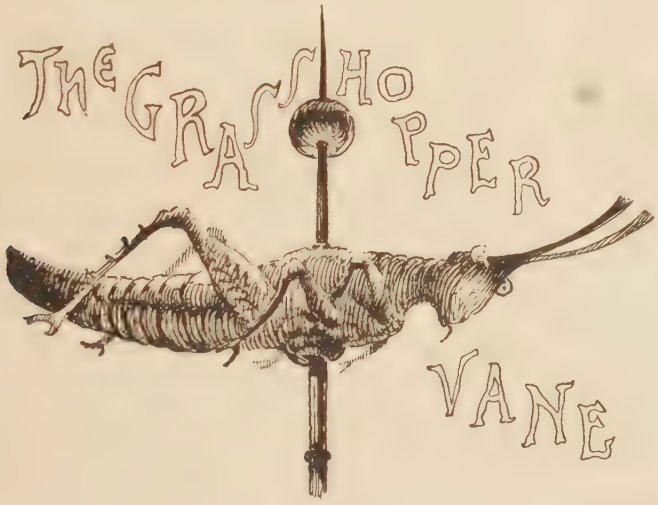
The quaint inscription on the following page is taken from the original document found in the grasshopper, and now exhibited among the curiosities of the Bostonian Society. It is much worn and not altogether legible.

Shem Drowne made itt
May 25–1742

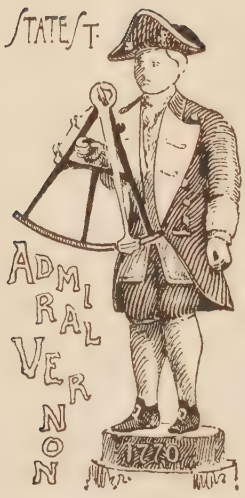
To my Brethren &
Fellow Grasshoppers

Fell in y^e^ year 1753 Nov^r^ 18 early in y^e^ Morning
by a great Earthquake . . . . . .
by my old Master above

Again Like to have met with my Utter Ruin by Fire
but hopping Timely from my Publick Scituation
Came of with Broken bones & much Bruised —
Cured and fixed . . . .
old Master's Son Thomas Drowne June 28^th^ 1768
and Though I will promise to . .
Discharge my Office, yet I shall vary as y^e^ Wind —



ADMIRAL VERNON.

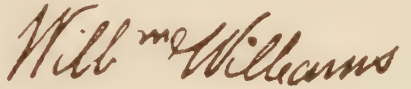


This sprightly little figure of the hero of Porto Bello has stood so long in its place at the lower end of State Street, that it deserves honorable mention among the antiquities of Boston. Of all the old object-signs which made our streets so picturesque in the last century, this is almost the only one remaining. And it deserves to remain; for it tells a story of the time when Massachusetts men served under the gallant Admiral on the Spanish main, when one of the officers was Lawrence Washington, who, in honor of his commander, gave the name of "Mount Vernon" to the famous estate on the Potomac.

The figure also suggests the origin of a word now, happily, in less common use than it once was, — the word "grog." The Admiral, it seems, used to appear in foul weather in a coarse *grogram* (gros grain) cloak, from which he was called by the sailors "Old Grog." And the name thus given to him was soon transferred to the beverage of rum and water which he was accustomed to deal out to his men.

There was a tavern bearing the Admiral's name in 1743, and for many years afterward, on the east corner of Merchants' Row and State Street, near Peter Faneuil's warehouse.

This familiar figure, with the quadrant in hand, has stood guard where it now is since 1770, when William Williams kept a



shop here for the sale of all kinds of mathematical instruments, stationery, etc., including "sand-glasses from two hours to a quarter of a minute, seamen's assistants, calendars, ink-powder, quills and paper, slates, pencils, jack-knives, shoe and knee buckles," etc.

In 1794 Samuel Thaxter, who married a niece of Williams, succeeded him in the business, which afterward descended to a son and grandson, remaining in the family to the present time.

Hawthorne, in his "Mosses from an Old Manse," ascribes this figure to Shem Drowne, who, he says, was the first American known to have attempted the art of wood-carving with any marked success. His ornamental pump-heads, urns, gate-posts, mantel-pieces, apothecaries' mortars, and heads of Galen and Hippocrates were, he says, well known throughout the town. But it was by his figure-heads for vessels that he achieved his widest fame. So clever was the carver in this line of work that the artist Copley is said to have often visited him in his shop to watch him, especially, if we may believe the legend, as he wrought into life the famous figure of the beautiful and mysterious woman destined for the

prow of the brig "Cynosure," whose ambitious captain was so anxious to keep his secret from the townspeople. Hawthorne imagines this captain, whom he calls Hunnewell, and whose dress he minutely describes, to have served with his telescope and quadrant as a model for our little figure of Admiral Vernon.

It was easy for the romancer to extol the grace and loveliness of the fair lady of Fayal who inspired the Boston artificer with such marvellous skill while fashioning her oaken image for the gallant ship, and we may well regret that such a master-piece of the wooden art is lost to us; but since it was the little Admiral that furnished Hawthorne with his theme, we need not dwell upon its inferiority as a piece of sculpture, nor call it one of Drowne's "progeny of blockheads." Rather let us salute it, as we pass down State Street, with that respect which is due to a figure which has outlived three generations of men, and which we hope may outlive many more.

"By Time's highway — a milestone gray —
I watch the world march by;
An endless stream of moving men
Rolls on beneath mine eye.
Still, still they go; where, none can know;
And when one wave is gone,
Another, and another yet,
Comes ever surging on."

CORN COURT.

ON the south side of Faneuil Hall Square a narrow passage-way leads into the gloomy recesses of a yard of irregular proportions, through which we may pass into Merchants' Row. This is Corn Court, a name known now to few Bostonians, but once as familiar as the Corn Market with which it was connected. In the middle of this court still stands the oldest inn in Boston, a building which doubtless owes its preservation to the fact that it does not stand upon a street.

As early as 1634 Samuel Cole kept a public house within these precincts, but his spacious grounds have long been obliterated by the sombre pile of warehouses which completely shut in the ancient court and destroy the view which the original house must have commanded. For then the tide came up into the town dock, where Faneuil Hall now stands, and the harbor with its shipping must have been distinctly seen.

It was a convenient spot for an inn, and was frequented by many strangers from the beginning. When Governor Vane invited Miantonomoh, the Narraganset Sachem, to Boston in October, 1636, he entertained the chief's party, about twenty men, at Mr. Cole's.

In August, 1637, Lord Leigh found such a comfortable resting-place here, that he declined Governor Winthrop's invitation to his house, saying that he did not wish "to be troublesome to any, and the house where he was was so well governed that he could be as private there as elsewhere."

This Samuel Cole was an important man in his day, being for many years one of the selectmen, a charter member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and the owner of considerable property in different parts of the town.

Early in the last century certain portions of the present building were constructed; and with the establishment of a permanent market-house near by, its continued patronage was made sure.

Like the Green Dragon, this tavern was a frequent resort of the patriots during the eventful years preceding the Revolution. The old hall on the west side of the building in the second story, thirty-six feet long by sixteen wide, was a convenient rendezvous for the discussion of political grievances; and here, it is said, the lighter pastime of social dancing was often engaged in by the young people of those days, accompanied by the skilful violin of old African Joe.

On the election of John Hancock in 1780, as the first Governor of the State, his name was given to this hostelry; and a large sign was prepared, with the Governor's portrait painted upon it in life size. The likeness is, to this day, easily recognized, even after a century's exposure to the weather. It bears a resemblance to the well-known portrait by Copley. Hancock was a friend and patron of the landlord, John Duggan, who often supplied him with lemons and limes. Duggan held a commission under the Governor, and was presented by him with a sword and sash.

At the death of Hancock, in 1793, this portrait-sign was shrouded for many days in crape and satin. At that time it swung majestically over the middle of the court, according to the old custom, from a huge sign-post planted near by. It hung there until about forty years ago, when it was blown down in a gale, causing the death of a person walking in the court. After that it was nailed to the wall under the third-story windows.*

Towards the close of the last century this inn was a favorite place with foreigners, especially with the French. Talleyrand was here in the summer of 1794. John Cheverus, the French priest, who came to this country to escape the troubles of the Revolution in France, and who was afterwards the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston, made this house his home on his arrival here, in 1796. The next year another and more distinguished exile, Louis Philippe, tarried here during a part of his visit to Boston, under the name of M. d'Orleans. In the old coffee-room he discussed French politics with the Parisian barber and dancing-master, who were inmates of the house; and here he met Amblard, the tailor, through whose aid he gave lessons in the French language while awaiting remittances from abroad.

Both Talleyrand and Louis Philippe were frequent visitors at the office of the "Centinel," in State Street, where they found the files of the "Moniteur," containing the latest news from France. So much were they indebted to the enterprising editor, Major Russell, for various courtesies during their stay, that they left with him substantial tokens of their gratitude; Talleyrand giving him a gold snuff-box, and M. d'Orleans leaving a valuable atlas, both

* This sign now hangs among the trophies of the Memorial Hall at Lexington, near the statue of Governor Hancock.

of which were highly prized, and often exhibited by the Major. Many years after, when Louis Philippe came to the throne, he spoke in terms of commendation of this ancient inn to several Bostonians who were presented at the court at Saint Cloud.

The former proprietors used to point out the bedstead in which Louis Philippe slept; the nail on which Washington once hung his chapeau and surtout, when he dined in the front parlor; the corner where Franklin placed his umbrella; and the table on which he used to read the "Gazette" and take his coffee.

At a later period, when the two political parties, styled Federal and Republican, were organized by the adherents of the elder Adams on the one side, and Jefferson on the other, the friends of the former met at this house each week, giving it the name of "Federal Hall." Major Russell was prominent in these meetings, ever busy with his voice, as he was with his pen, in sustaining Mr. Adams.

During the war of 1812 the house was frequented by many of the officers of the Army and Navy; and after that for years it was a resort of business men, coming from 'change for the noonday punch, which the hostess was famous for preparing. This personage was for more than fifty years (1795–1847) the recognized head of the establishment, proving in many ways her capacity for the position. She was the great-niece of Lieutenant-Governor Spencer Phips, and a woman of unusual energy and attractiveness. She married for her second husband William Brazer, and it was by this name that the house was afterwards commonly known. Other and larger hotels have long since replaced this in the public favor, but the decrepit old tavern in

Corn Court outranks them all in the interest that comes from weight of years and ample legendary lore.*

There is perhaps no better illustration in Boston of the old English coffee-house such as Dickens describes, and such as travellers may still see in provincial towns in England. You enter by the door in the corner, and pass into a large ancient room, very dingy and very low-studded. The low, square windows, large as they are, admit but little light, so completely is the building walled in by the surrounding warehouses. The uneven sanded floor of a few years ago, worn out by use and scrubbing, has had to give place to a new and more pretentious one of an inlaid pattern, which does not harmonize with the rude simplicity of everything else on the premises. The old Colonial chairs and tables which were used by so many celebrities are no longer here, though some of them are preserved by the family of the former owner.

Such is the spell of the place, one can easily imagine that the men sitting here and talking so busily, if they only had wigs and three-cornered hats, might be discussing the Boston Massacre or the destruction of the tea. One thing is certain, these walls have heard a good deal said on those subjects; and they are not altogether silent to-day, if we are only in the mood to hear them.

The tavern is four stories high and built mainly of brick, though the eastern side is of wood. Several of the windows are irregular in shape and size. On the roof is stretched a clothes-line, where the linen can occasionally woo the sun, which has no more chance

* See a former novel by Ingraham entitled, "Brigantine;" also G. P. Lathrop's article on "Talleyrand's Penknife" in "Appleton's Journal," May, 1874; and an article by the late William Brazer Duggan, M.D., in the Quincy "Patriot" for August 28, 1852.

to shine in the depths of the court below than it has in the valley of Zermatt.

Threading our way out of these unfamiliar mazes we soon pass into Merchants Row, remembering that on the left-hand corner of the court was once transacted the business of the Custom House under the State government, when James Lord was the Collector, previous to the establishment of the United States Custom House in 1789, in the upper part of State Street.

THE SUN TAVERN.

THE antiquity of this building is unquestioned. It speaks for itself, both within and without. Its timbers, its windows, its cellar, all seem to belong to a period as far back as 1690, the date inscribed upon the tablet. Since the demolition of the old Feather Store this has been the last survivor of the earlier landmarks around the dock. Standing on one of the busiest corners in the town, it has always been a conspicuous object, and has served a great variety of uses. As a residence, a tavern, a grocery, and a market, it has seen probably as much of life as any house that was ever built in Boston. Older by half a century than Faneuil Hall, which overshadows it, and possessing a pedigree of no mean character, it deserves a wider celebrity than it has yet acquired.

Originally it was only thirty feet from the dock, and the view over the water, enlivened by the shipping, must have been one of the principal attractions of the place. In 1712 this was the dwelling of Thomas Phillips, who obtained leave to lay a drain from his cellar across the highway, "provided that he do the same with expedition and make the way good again." At that time the house was already known as the Sun Tavern; and ten years previously Phillips had taken out his license. Samuel Mears was the proprietor in 1724. On a plan of Dock Square made in 1732, and still

preserved in the City Hall, the tavern can be easily located. In 1741 it was conveyed by Thomas Valentine, of Hopkinton, to Joseph Jackson, for £2,475 "in good bills of credit on the Province." Captain James Day kept the Sun Tavern in 1755. Then came Paix (Peace) Cazneau, the son of Paix and Margaret (Germaine) Cazneau, the Huguenots from Rochelle who had settled with the colony at Oxford, Massachusetts.

Cazneau made the Sun Tavern a favorite resort with many of the young men of Boston, who were attracted not only by the cheer which he dispensed, but by the agreeable society of his daughters, two of whom were married in its hospitable parlor to persons of distinction. Susannah became the wife of Colonel William Palfrey, the Revolutionary patriot and grandfather of the historian, John G. Palfrey; and Elizabeth married John Fleet, the enterprising printer, whose descendants are glad to recall the memories of this ancient hostelry.

Paix Cazneau had a nephew, Isaac, who became a sea-captain and sailed in the employ of John Hancock, enjoying much of his confidence. He was in Boston during the siege, looking after his patron's property so far as he was permitted by the British. He married Elizabeth Lash, daughter of Nicholas Lash, a boat-builder at the North End. The descendants of Margaret Germaine have become very numerous, though chiefly through the female branches, so that the name of Cazneau is now quite uncommon.

The Sun Tavern was for many years a noted place for clubs. The Scots' Charitable Society held their quarterly meetings here for awhile after 1756, when they found the Crown Coffee House, where they had previously met, at the head of Long Wharf, too small for their accommodation. At this time, under the long and

efficient presidency of John Erving, the Society, finding that the tavern "reckonings" had become too great a draft upon their funds, voted that each member should pay a "pistreen" at each regular meeting, five ninths of which, or sixpence sterling, was to go to the poor of the Society, and the remainder to the tavern.

Political questions did not suffer for want of discussion in those days, and the public-houses became the chief reliance of the people for expressing their sentiments and determining their action. Many of the resolutions which passed the large town meetings in Faneuil Hall had been previously agreed upon by the patriots, in the smaller assemblies of the taverns and the workshops.

During the siege the British took possession of this building, and changed the name, it is said, to the King's Arms. After the evacuation it continued under the old name for many years. In 1794, upon the death of Joseph Jackson, the estate was sold at public auction for £1,340, to David Bradlee, by the executors, Rev. Joseph Jackson, of Brookline, and Major-General Henry Jackson, of Boston.

The buildings, as they then stood, are located on the accompanying plan, drawn by Osgood Carleton. The house marked A was the residence of Colonel Jackson, and, before him, of Benjamin Fitch, another well-known citizen. It is still standing (Nos. 26–28, Dock Square), a large building of brick, laid in the English bond, with a moulded belt. The upper story is a later addition. The adjoining house (Nos. 29, 30) is also very old, and similarly constructed. Its ornamental scroll pediment is a noticeable feature, though partly concealed by the new signs.

The Sun Tavern (marked C on the plan) is a fair representative of the modest wooden architecture of the seventeenth century.

There is a tradition that its massive girders were cut in Cornhill, which can hardly be true, as Cornhill was already built upon in 1690. They could have been cut, however, not very far away. The joists are of oak, and in good preservation. The cellar has a fireplace of bright red English brick, and was probably used as a kitchen. The rooms upstairs have undergone various changes to meet the demands of tenants. The old gilded sign of the Sun is still remembered by some of our citizens.

During the greater part of this century the old corner has been favorably known as a grocery store, kept by George Murdock, and afterward by Alfred A. Wellington. Mr. C. W. Galloupe is the present owner. Of late years it has been used as a meat and fish market. The property adjoining (marked D) once belonged to Colonel Thomas Savage, of Colonial fame. In our time it has been a large fruit-importing establishment. Beyond this, in the corner of the square, is the building formerly known as the Bite Tavern ("Bight of Leogan"), a rendezvous of the market-men.

THE OLD FEATHER-STORE

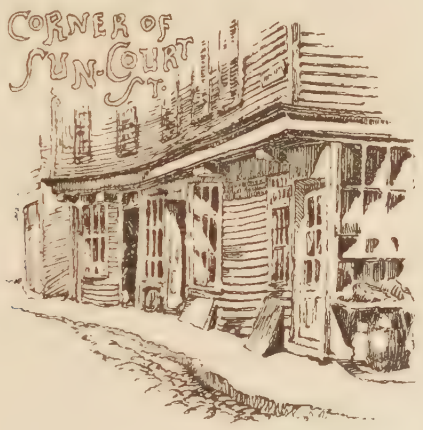
ALTHOUGH this ancient building was taken down in 1860, it is so well remembered by many as the last house of its kind left in Boston that it seems to claim a place in this collection. It stood on the corner of Dock Square and North Street, fronting upon three sides. In the early time it was so close to tide-water that the prows of vessels moored in the dock would almost touch the building, as they do to-day in the crowded canals of Rotterdam. It was built by Thomas Stanbury in 1680, soon after the great fire which did so much damage in this part of the town. The style was then quite common in the north of Europe, having been used extensively by the Hanseatic merchants. There are still many examples of it to be seen in the Netherlands and in the old trading towns of England. The Pilgrims brought it to Plymouth, where a good illustration of it remained in the Allyne house on Leyden Street until 1826. The old Lewis Hunt house at Salem, which was taken down in 1863, bore some resemblance to it. The Aspinwall house at Brookline has preserved its gables, although built without the overhanging stories. Several ancient houses in New England have the latter: but very few, if any, with both features fully developed, are now standing.

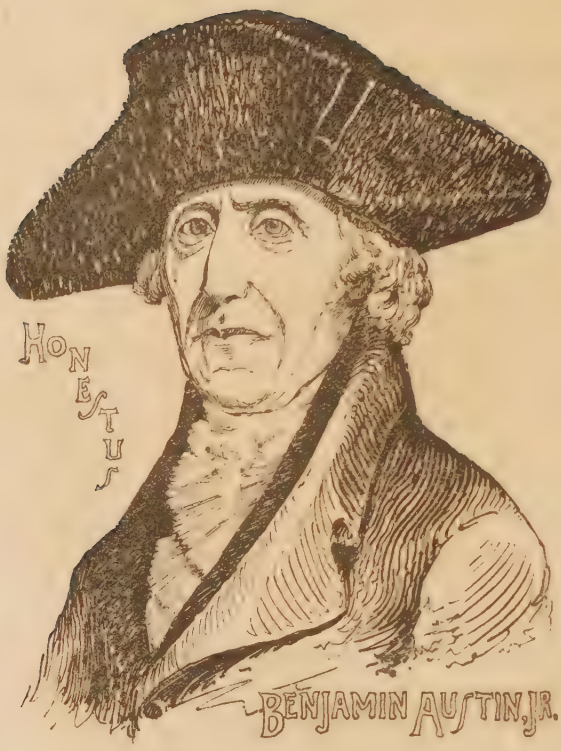
Boston had a number of such houses, chiefly at the North End; but they had gradually disappeared, so that this one, being the last, became an object of peculiar pride to Bostonians, and a great curiosity to visitors, who regarded it almost as much of a landmark as Faneuil Hall itself. It was sadly missed after its removal; and no block of stores, however costly or convenient, could ever replace it in the affection of our older citizens. No very important changes had been made in its appearance except the enlargement of the old latticed windows. The overhanging stories and the clustered gables always remained the same. The frame was of hewn oak, and the outside walls were finished in rough-cast cement, with broken glass and fragments of junk bottles embedded in it so firmly that time produced no effect upon it. An abundance of square and diamond-shaped figures, with an occasional fleur-de-lis, gave the house a highly decorative appearance, in striking contrast with the plain structures around it. The date 1680 was placed upon the principal gable on the westerly front. The building was divided into two tenements, each with separate entrances and staircase, while one large chimney served for both. Each story projected about two feet over the one below it, giving a considerable increase of space as one ascended. This was probably the reason why this style came into use. A much larger house could thus be built upon a limited area; and in crowded or walled towns it became almost a necessity.

Nearly every variety of trade had been carried on in the old warehouse, from hats to boots, with hardware, medicines, West India goods, and clothing interspersed. The famous apothecary-shop kept here by the Greenleafs in the last century was long considered one of the best in town. At a later period the Simpsons used

it as a feather-store for many years, and this gave the building its name, although from its peculiar shape it was also sometimes called "the old cocked hat."

There are still a few houses left with the overhanging second story. One of these may be seen on the corner of Sun Court and North Street, a dilapidated affair, groaning under the weight of years, and reduced in length by the recent widening of North Street, but still a picturesque object, and once a substantial home. Charles Willis, sailmaker, lived there many years; and his son Charles, the auctioneer, afterwards owned it.





A LEADING figure on our streets at the beginning of this century was Benjamin Austin, Jr., the champion of the old line of Jefferson Democrats, and a vigorous political writer, whose usual signature was "Honestus." His communications in the Chronicle attracted much attention, and were published in 1803 in a volume called the "Old South" Letters; or, "Constitutional Republicanism in opposition to Fallacious Federalism." He held various important public offices He resided on the corner of Cambridge and Hancock Streets, and was one of the last to wear the old style of dress.

His son Charles was killed on State Street in 1806, by Thomas O. Selfridge, in a political quarrel.

THE GREEN DRAGON.

"Hail, place of refuge, — kind resort, — all hail!"

AS the years go by, the site of such a famous hostelry as the Green Dragon will be regarded with increasing interest by those who appreciate our history and study our localities. The owners of the estate have wisely provided for this by placing a stone tablet in the front wall of the building numbered 80–86 Union Street. This tablet, carved with a dragon in relief, although not an exact copy of the original sign, is a great help to one who wishes to find the spot around which cluster so many patriotic memories.

In the rear of this building, and facing the new Washington Street, is a long block of stores, recently erected, bearing the Green Dragon name on an inscription in the upper story.

The old tavern stood very near where the tablet in Union Street is placed; only it must be remembered that Union Street has been widened so much that the line of the front wall of the tavern would now be twenty-two feet out in the street.

The picture of the house given here is taken from a drawing of the wooden model which Dr. Shurtleff prepared with great care. It is recognized as an accurate representation by several of our citizens who have a distinct recollection of the building. Upon their authority the sign of the dragon is put, not over the front

door, where it may once have been, but at the left-hand corner of the house, where, in later years at least, it was placed, probably to attract attention more readily from Hanover Street, which was always a great thoroughfare.

The venerable mansion was taken down in 1828 to make room for the increasing travel to Charlestown and to the new land in the vicinity of Haymarket Square, made available by the filling up of the old Mill Pond, a large basin of salt water separated from Charles River by a causeway, and used largely for mill purposes. Green Dragon Lane was then widened into the present Union Street and all traces of its ancient appearance were obliterated.

The tavern was built of brick, with two stories and a half in front, and three, besides a basement, behind. It was over fifty feet long and thirty-four feet deep, with a large wing in the rear. One of its early owners, if not its builder, was Lieutenant-Governor Stoughton, who bequeathed it to Mehitable Cooper. Alexander Smith kept it in 1695, and John Cary, brewer, in 1697 and several years afterwards.

On St. George's Day, 1706, Governor Joseph Dudley, who had come to town "guarded by the troops with their swords drawn," dined here in state, and then proceeded to the town-house, which was illuminated in the evening.

In 1709 the birthday of Queen Anne was celebrated by a "treat" given here by the Council to the Governor and other dignitaries, including several of the ministers ot the town. This entertainment cost the honorable Councillors the sum of five shillings apiece.

The field-officers of the Boston Regiment, on their training-day in September, 1719, gave a dinner here to General Richard

Phillipps, Governor of Nova Scotia. Lieutenant-Governor Dummer and the Council were present. Joseph Kidder was the keeper in 1734. The Rev. William Cooper, pastor of Brattle Street Church, sold the property in 1743 to Dr. William Douglass, the eminent Scotch physician and writer, who lived many years in Boston, and made this mansion his residence during the latter part of his life. The town of Douglas, in Worcester County, was named for him.

The first public religious services of the Sandemanians in Boston were held here in 1764. The same year St. Andrew's Lodge purchased the tavern and gave it the name of "Freemasons' Arms," placing a large square and compass on the front of the building. It was then popularly known for some years as "Masons' Hall." In 1769 the Massachusetts Grand Lodge was organized here, with Joseph Warren as Grand Master. The summer festival of the order was celebrated in 1772 by a parade of the members, a sermon at Christ Church, and a dinner under a long tent in the garden of the Dragon, — a considerable tract of land in the rear, and extending northerly toward the Mill Pond.

Undoubtedly if the secret history of the Revolution were written, it would show that its initiatory movements were largely planned within the walls of this "nest of treason." Several political clubs sprang into existence at that time, prominent among which was the "North End Caucus," composed chiefly of mechanics, whose meetings were held here. This enterprising and fearless band furnished just the material necessary for the execution of the clever though dangerous plot to dispose of "that worst of plagues, the detested tea." Their connection with it appears in an old Revolutionary song, a part of which has come down to us: —

"Rally, Mohawks! bring out your axes!
And tell King George we'll pay no taxes
On his foreign tea!
His threats are vain; he need not think
To force our wives and girls to drink
His vile Bohea!
Then rally, boys, and hasten on
To meet our chiefs at the Green Dragon.

"Our Warren's there, and bold Revere,
With hands to do and words to cheer
For liberty and laws.
Our country's 'braves' and firm defenders
Shall ne'er be left by true North-Enders,
Fighting Freedom's cause!
Then rally, boys, and hasten on
To meet our chiefs at the Green Dragon."

These sturdy patriots organized here their secret committees to watch the movements of the troops and the Tories. From this rendezvous they would often sally forth two and two, in turn, to patrol the streets all night. Their vigilance was amply rewarded, and the country will never forget the place which served as a refuge for these "high sons of liberty" in the time of peril, when "they nobly dared to be free."

Shortly before the evacuation of Boston, Thomas Oliver, the last royal Lieutenant-Governor, authorized the use of the Green Dragon as a hospital for the poor. At various periods the meetings of the Scots' Charitable Society were held here.

When the Federal Constitution was under discussion in the Massachusetts Convention in 1788, the mechanics and artisans of Boston met at the Green Dragon to urge its adoption. They sent a committee, headed by Revere, to present a series of resolutions to that body. Knowing that Samuel Adams, one of the Boston dele-

gates in the Convention, would respect a communication from such a source, they intrusted it to him with the assurance that the mechanics were all in favor of it. Mr. Adams, hesitating a moment, inquired how many mechanics there were at the Green Dragon when these resolutions were passed. "More, sir," was the reply, "than the Green Dragon could hold." "And where were the rest, Mr. Revere?" "In the streets, sir." "And how many were in the streets?" "More, sir, than there are stars in the sky." This incident was narrated with much effect by Daniel Webster in his speech to the Essex Whigs at Andover, in 1843. The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association traces its origin to a meeting convened here in January, 1795, under a call addressed to "the Tradesmen, Mechanics, and Manufacturers of this town and vicinity who keep apprentices."

After the war the old tavern was used for various social and literary purposes. Benjamin Dearborn established his academy about 1789 in the "long room," where also in 1817 Master Chamberlain kept a private school. One of his scholars, who is still living, remembers amusing himself by sitting at the corner window and playing with the old dragon's tail. The creature was made of sheet copper, painted green, with two feet resting on an iron bar and the other two flying in front. His tongue was a flaming dart; the wings were somewhat extended, and the tail was coiled up near the house. What became of this famous sign has never been known. It must have been removed when the building was taken down in 1828. Perhaps it lies concealed and forgotten under the rubbish of some old shop or attic. Whoever can find it would be entitled to honorary membership in the Archæological Institute.

The last keeper of the Green Dragon was Daniel Simpson, the famous drummer, who has served the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the New England Guards, and other military bodies since 1808, and who may still be seen, at the advanced age of ninety-five, frequently sitting with friends on his piazza at City Point, recounting the checkered scenes of his long and active life.

The same year in which the Green Dragon was demolished, the adjacent property on the corner of Union and Hanover Streets (now the Blackstone Bank estate) was occupied by the First Baptist Church, which had moved from its old site in Stillman Street, and which remained here until 1853, when its new edifice on Somerset Street was completed.

WELLS-ADAMS HOUSE · REAR

THE WELLS-ADAMS HOUSE.

THIS is the largest and most complete example, both in front and rear, of a wooden dwelling of the seventeenth century, remaining in Boston. It stands on the east side of Salem Street, nearly opposite Cooper Street, and is numbered 115-121. Until 1824, this part of Salem Street, extending from Hanover to Prince Street, along the margin of the old Mill Pond, was called Back Street, and was thus distinguished from the street along the harbor front (now North Street), which was familiarly called Fore Street. Between these two and almost parallel with them was Middle (now Hanover) Street, the backbone of the North End.

There are several reasons for believing that this house, or a part of it, was built as early as 1680, and perhaps even earlier. Its architecture, its records, its traditions, all seem to confirm this opinion, although it is exceedingly difficult to fix the precise year in which a private dwelling as old as this was built. It contains three tenements, and is remarkable for its great length, its low, overhanging stories, its good workmanship, and its generally unchanged appearance. The frame is made exceedingly strong, like an old-fashioned line-of-battle ship. The windows have solid plank

casings, tenoned and pinned together, as may be seen in the accompanying drawing. Some of them have only two rows of panes in the lower sash, and three in the upper, as was formerly quite common.

The rear of the building, which has all the features of an old New England farm-house, is the most picturesque part of it; or was until recently, when it was newly clapboarded and shingled, and deprived of some of its most striking and antiquated points. The huge chimneys, however, and the long pitch roof remain as they were.

The present condition of the back yard would hardly suggest the fact that only a few years ago it was a fine flower-garden, with a good supply of fruit and shade trees, adjoining other gardens reaching back as far as Hanover Street, and kept with scrupulous care by the former neighbors. But such was the case. The North-Enders took great pride in their gardens, and held on to them as long as they could.

It is believed that the Baptists held some of their secret meetings in this house during the struggles through which they passed before securing the recognition of their church in 1680.

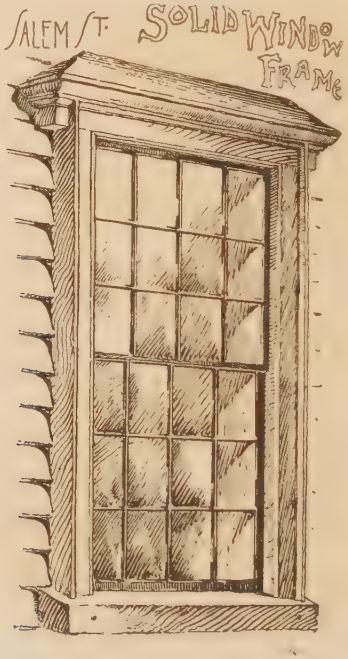
The estate belonged subsequently to Adam Winthrop, the third of that name in Boston, and father of Professor John Winthrop, of Harvard College. At that time it measured 135 feet on the street, and about as much in depth. Winthrop had a stable and other buildings bordering on a garden which extended to a "cartway or passage" laid out by himself. His immediate neighbors were John Pearce, Ebenezer Bridge, and the widow Grant. Adam Winthrop, or "Judge Adam," as he is sometimes conveniently called, was many years on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas, and

was also Chief-Justice. He was a member of the church in North Square, where most of his children were baptized. On the birth of his first son, Adam, in 1706, he gave the church a baptismal basin, which is still preserved, with its quaint Latin inscription engraved under the rim.

In 1724 Winthrop sold the property to Captain William Maxwell, for £715. John Ruck was the next owner, and then came Peter Thomas (the grandfather of Robert Newman), Elias Thomas (senior and junior), Edward Tyler, Daniel Tuttle, Susanna Gray, and Benjamin Tuttle Wells. The latter was married in 1799 to Lydia Appleton. They moved into the southern part of the house, and brought up a large family of children. Mr. Wells died in 1822, but his wife lived here until her death in 1872. Six of her daughters were married in the old parlor, — the corner room on the lower floor, now, alas! stripped of its glory and converted into a shop. John Wells, the brother and partner of Benjamin, and a deacon of the New North Church, lived in the middle tenement, and Philip Adams in the northern end, which in 1730 was owned by Joseph Bissell, who is supposed to have been one of the founders of Christ Church. On one of the window-panes can be seen the name, "Lydia Greenleaf, at Boston, 1796."

In the immediate neighborhood of this house have lived many persons well known in the history of Boston. Around the corner, in old Richmond Street, was born Charlotte Cushman, on the site of the Cushman School. In the next house lived John Gilbert, with his uncle, Thomas G. Atkins. Some of the former residents of this locality recall with pleasure certain occasions when young Gilbert delighted them with his early ventures in the dramatic art. It was in the loft of an old barn in Veazie's Lane that he won his

first laurels; and had it not been for the encouragement which he found here, perhaps his subsequent career would have been different. On Richmond Street lived also Edward Everett, Darius Boardman, Charles Lincoln, and the Winchesters. On the corner of Cooper Street stands the house of Captain Benjamin Smith, the port warden, and next to him was Dr. Horace Bean. On the other side lived Samuel Leeds, Matthew Binney, and Edward Tirrell. John Snelling and James Bartlett were on the west side of Salem Street, and Joseph Veazie lived in the old house standing on the corner of Carroll Place. Near by was Austin's buckle-shop, where, in the olden time, when men dressed in small-clothes, a good business was done in buckles. Opposite was Deacon Kettell's bakery, where the best biscuits were sold at fourteen for a quarter.



THE BADGER HOUSE.

PRINCE Street has seen fewer changes in this century than any other street of its length in Boston. Its houses are all old and dingy, untouched by the hand of improvement, which has torn down and rebuilt so many other quarters to meet the increasing demands of trade. The stagnation which has settled down upon this locality is partly owing to the construction of the extensive gas-works at the lower end of the street, and partly to the opening of new and more convenient thoroughfares by filling up the old Mill Pond.

Unattractive as Prince Street seems to-day, it has yet preserved its early architectural appearance; although the foreign occupancy and long neglect have sadly changed the complexion of houses once the abode of comfort and thrift.

One of the familiar landmarks here is the wooden house on the corner of Thacher Street, shaded by an elm which has outlived most of its contemporaries at the North End. This house was built near the middle of the last century, probably by Benjamin Brown, ship-joiner, who bought the land of Joshua Gee. William Beer had a joint interest in the estate. Caleb Champney was the owner after the Revolution, and Colonel Thomas Badger bought it in 1802. Colonel Badger, a pewterer by trade, was a man of considerable influence in his time. Born in 1764, he caught the spirit

of the patriots in his early youth, and subsequently attained to an important command in the militia. He held positions under the town government, and was for a time the crier of the Supreme Judicial Court. He built the large brick house adjoining his own, and in the latter part of his life engaged in the grocery business, in which he was succeeded by his sons Robert and David. Colonel Badger was an active member and deacon of the Second Baptist Church.

Thacher Street was formerly only a passage-way seven feet wide "running from Prince Street to the highway leading to the North-water mills." On the corner of Thacher and Pond (now Endicott) Streets was the "Canal House," a four-story brick hotel kept by John Sherburne, whose brother, Reuben B. Sherburne, was the well-known Boston agent of the Concord Boating Company. Their boats were towed through the Middlesex Canal, and poled on the Merrimac River as far as Concord, N. H. The granite of which Quincy Market was built came from Concord by these boats through the old Mill Creek, now filled up and known as Blackstone Street.

Opposite the Canal House lived William Parker, the hardware dealer; and near by, on Pond Street, was the home of Benjamin Abbott, the cooper, who by close attention to his business acquired a large property, and left a generous sum to his native town of Marblehead for a public hall and library, since built upon the common and known as Abbott Hall.

There is a small, dilapidated wooden house, with gambrel roof, on Prince Street (No. 57), which has been spared, as if by special indulgence, to the present time. A side view of it is given here because

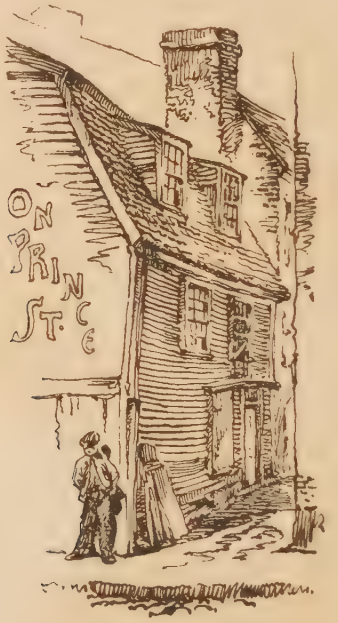
of its antiquity, and because it was the home of the Thoreau family. In 1727 it belonged to Richard Sherwin, who sold it to John Adams. Nathaniel Loring afterwards owned it, and then David Orrok, from whom it descended to the Thoreau sisters, Elizabeth, Jane, and Sarah, who sold it in 1825 to Isaac Dupee for one thousand dollars.

The estate next above this (51–53) was William Copp's in 1728, and at a later period it became the residence of John Thoreau; but it has undergone so many changes that it would be difficult to recognize it. The old end on the street has now an entirely different facing, and the original angle of the roof has disappeared. The only external feature remaining as it was is the great west wall of brick, laid in the promiscuous bond, reaching far up the yard, and crowned by four chimneys, two of which belonged to the house in the rear, once owned by Captain Peter Papillon, whose entrance, like that of the Thoreaus, was on the narrow passage-way now called Bennet Avenue.

John Thoreau, the grandfather of Henry the writer, came to Boston about 1773 from the island of Jersey, and established himself in business on Long Wharf. After his marriage he bought this house of the Orrok family, relatives of his wife, and lived in it until he removed to Concord in 1800. Here Henry's grandmother died in 1796, and here his father, John Thoreau, Jr., spent his boyhood. The estate remained in the family till quite recently. Miss Maria, the last of the Thoreaus, died at Bangor in 1881.

Previous to 1708 Prince Street was called Black Horse Lane, from a prominent tavern near Hanover Street bearing the sign of the Black Horse. This locality is filled with old tenements of every size and shape, some of them showing traces of eminent

respectability in their ornamental wood-work about the doors and cornices. Occasionally carved banisters and mantel-pieces of superior workmanship are seen in houses which no one would think of exploring for such treasures. This part of Prince Street is largely given up to shops for the sale of second-hand furniture. The itinerant venders of fish and fruit are ever present, and appear to monopolize the trade of the North End, if one can judge from their frequent sales and persistent vociferations, which, from morning till night, seem never to die out on the streets.



A BRITISH HOSPITAL.

MANY of the houses at the North End which stood near the Charlestown Ferry were taken, after the battle of Bunker Hill, for the use of the sick and wounded. One of these houses stands at the corner of Prince Street and Lafayette Avenue, — a large three-story building, now used as a bakery. Notwithstanding the changes through which it has passed, it still retains something of its early character as a dwelling of ample proportions and of the old-time comfort. Its chimneys are uncommonly large, containing material enough to build a small house. When one of them was taken down about thirty years ago, several relics were found deposited in it; among them a bayonet in good condition, and the roster of a military company, finely written, and tied up in a bundle of papers. Several human bones have been dug up, from time to time, in the rear of this and the neighboring houses, probably the remains of British soldiers buried here during the siege.

After the departure of the British, March 17, 1776, Boston was found, according to Dr. John Warren, to be in a fairly good condition. The streets were clean. Very few houses bore marks of injury externally, though some, which had been occupied by the troops, were considerably damaged inside; and much of the

furniture was either mutilated or missing. The most noticeable change was seen in the removal of a large number of old wooden houses, which had been pulled down for fuel by military order.

This house was partly constructed of heavy ship timber, pierced with numerous treenails. The solid oak planks look as if they were meant to last another century.

In the partition of the large estate of the Rev. Joshua Gee, in 1750, this corner was set off to Sarah Gee for dower. It afterward passed to Thomas Adams, Edward Staples, and others; and in 1815 it was purchased for four thousand dollars by William Gray, the large ship-owner, who built Gray's wharf and held other property at the North End. In more recent years it has been known as the residence and bakery of Jabez F. Hewes, whose grandfather was a participant in the Boston Tea Party, and gave us the most detailed account we have of that famous event.

On the corner, where the ground slopes back toward the site of the old water mills, may be seen a piece of a cannon projecting above the sidewalk. This is said to have belonged to the "True Blues," a military company composed largely of North End calkers. It may be a relic of the War of 1812; possibly of the Revolution. It served as a post to protect the house from trucks and other vehicles, in the days when sidewalks had not come into general use. Several other cannon are remembered as having answered a similar purpose in the older parts of the city.

The brick house next to this was, early in the century, the residence of Enoch Silsbee, and a little later, of John B. McCleary, alderman. There was a fine garden in the rear, well stocked with mulberry, quince, apple, and other fruit trees. In the other half

of the same house lived Samuel F. McCleary, Sr., well known as the City Clerk of Boston for thirty years from the organization of the City Government in 1822. He was followed in this office by his son of the same name, for the same length of time, — a rare and honorable succession. Next beyond is a large brick mansion (No. 150), originally one of the best in the city. This was the home of Captain Lemuel Porter, a man of note, who sailed on the long Northwest voyages with much success. His wife was active in benevolent work, and subsequently secured this building for the use of the "Children's Friend Society," in which she was assisted by Mrs. Dr. Baldwin, Mrs. Gurney, Mrs. Burns, Miss Mary Webb, and others.

In a wooden house, now removed, next to Captain Porter's, lived Jacob P. Rust, a representative of an old Prince-Street family.

On the other side of the street, now occupied by the gas-works, were the residences of John Pray, Asa Fillebrown, Captain Silas Atkins, Isaac Dupee, Captain John F. Suter, William Green, and others, whose well-kept gardens extended up the steep, sunny slopes of Snow Hill, now almost entirely dug away. The view from Captain Suter's front windows toward the south, across the Mill Pond, was unbroken by any buildings as far as Pitts Street. Above this lived Thomas Gould, Jr., Loring Sargent, Larabee Edes, and Deacon Benjamin Smith.

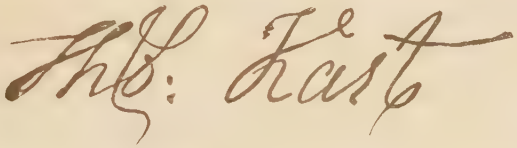
At No. 124, on the south side of Prince Street, is the old wooden house in which the Whitman family lived for three or four generations; and a little farther up is the one in which William Abrams, the centenarian, died. He was the grandfather of the late Abram French. He wore the old style of dress, and was often seen at the polls, casting his vote as directed by his friends.

The opening of the Charlestown bridge, June 17, 1786, — one of the greatest events in the history of Boston, — brought a stream of travel through Prince Street. All the northern stages and country teams now used this thoroughfare. Before the construction of the bridge, any one driving out of Boston for New Hampshire or Maine had to go over Roxbury Neck and around through Brookline and Cambridge, a long *détour*. So convenient was this bridge, and so remunerative, — it yielded a profit of from thirty to forty per cent a year, — that plans were soon formed for another and much longer one, connecting Boston with Cambridge and the west. This was completed in 1793.

The old house of Captain Thomas Sinclair, on Margaret Street, is remembered by many residents of this section. It was recently pulled down. It stood nearly opposite Master Tileston's house, and was built of English brick, much resembling the old Waters house, which still stands at the head of Margaret Street.

A PRINCE-STREET HOUSE.

WHEN Major Pitcairn was mortally wounded at Bunker Hill, he was brought over in a boat and taken to a house not far from the ferry at the foot of Prince Street. As soon as General Gage heard of it, he sent to Dr. Thomas Kast,* a well-known Boston physician who sym-



pathized with England in the struggle, and requested him to call on Pitcairn, as the regular surgeons were overwhelmed with work.

* Dr. Kast was born in Boston, Aug. 12, 1750, and graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1769, with James Winthrop, Peter Thacher, Theophilus Parsons, William Tudor, and Peleg Wadsworth. He began the study of medicine with his father, Dr. Philip Godfrid Kast, and served for a time as surgeon's mate in the navy. He then spent two years in London, at Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals. In 1774 he returned to Boston, where he pursued the practice of his profession for thirty years, until his health began to fail. In 1810 he again visited Europe, and spent seven years in various countries, and then returned to Boston, where he died, June 20, 1820.

Dr. Kast was an original member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and for several years its Treasurer. His obstetric practice was larger than that of any of his contemporaries. He successfully performed the first operation in Boston for aneurism in the thigh. He lived on Hanover Street, in the house afterwards occupied by Dr. Shurtleff, on the site of the present "Kast Buildings."

The Doctor proceeded at once in his gig, taking with him a friend whom he met on the way.

It was now late in the afternoon. Entering the chamber where the Major was lying on a bed, the Doctor announced that he had come at the request of General Gage, who wished to have everything done that was possible to help the Major in his distress. Pitcairn, with his usual courtesy, asked the Doctor to thank the General for remembering him at such a time, and added that he feared he was beyond all human aid. On being asked where he was wounded, he laid his hand on his breast and said, "Here, sir." The Doctor proceeded to remove the sheet in order to examine the wound, but the Major objected and said: "Excuse me; it is useless; my time is short. You cannot do anything for my relief; my wound must cause death immediately; I am bleeding fast internally." "But let me *see* the wound," said the Doctor; "you may be mistaken in regard to it;" and again he attempted to raise the sheet. The Major kept his hand upon it, and said: "Doctor, excuse me; I know you can do nothing for me; do not argue the matter with me. . . . Let me say a few words to you about my private concerns." The Doctor yielded for a moment, and listened to such messages as the dying man had to give. This seemed to relieve his mind, and soon after he allowed the Doctor to open his vest and loosen the matter which had collected about the wound, when suddenly the blood spurted out with great force upon the floor. The stains remained a long time, and the room was called "Pitcairn's chamber" for many years.

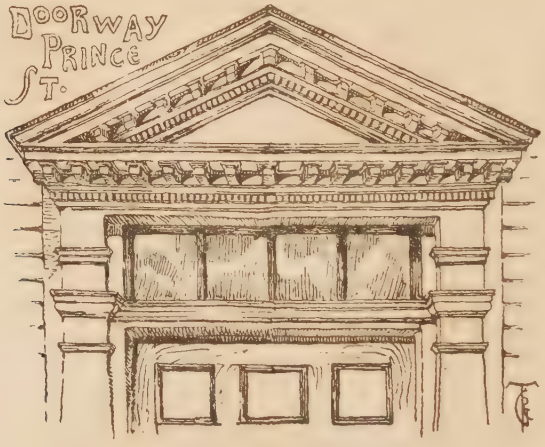
After doing what he could for the sufferer, Dr. Kast returned to the General and reported the case; but before he could reach Prince Street again, the brave officer had died of his wounds.

It would be an interesting fact could we know what house it was in which this scene occurred. There is a tradition, handed down by the late Timothy Dodd and others, that it was the house which is still standing at No. 130 Prince Street, of which a drawing is here given. It is a brick house, originally of three stories, on the left-hand side going down, opposite the yard of the gas-works. It belonged for many years in the last century to Benjamin Stokes, miller, who bought the property in 1728 of John Waldo, also a miller. It is described in the deed of transfer of that date as a "dwelling-house with all the land whereon the same doth stand, and is thereunto adjoining in the North End of Boston, on the northwest side of the Widow Copp's housing and land near Charlestown Ferry place."

It has been called the Stoddard house, because it was supposed by some to have been the house of Thomas Stoddard, the boat-builder, who assisted Pitcairn's son in carrying the Major to his own house on Prince Street. Stoddard did not own this house, though he may have lived here at the time.

"When Pitcairn fell, his son advanced in view;
Towards the spot with anxious ardor flew.
Tho' rage and love his steps accelerate,
To guard his father's life he came too late;
Already death had launched his mortal dart
And lodged the barb in the bold vet'ran's heart.
Burning for vengeance and oppress'd with grief,
With filial care he raised the wounded chief
From blood and dust (as decency requir'd),
And from the carnage of the field retir'd.
So, stained with streams of warm paternal gore,
Young Scipio from the field his father bore."

It must be said that other houses have claimed the distinction of having sheltered the dying Pitcairn; but none of them are now standing. There was one on the other side of the street, spoken of as "the third house from Charlestown bridge," as late as 1851. Another was the Phips mansion, afterward known as the Asylum for Boys, on the corner of Salem and Charter Streets. In favor of this was a tradition, apparently very circumstantial, in the Walter and McCleary families; but it contradicted the statements made by Dr. Kast, Mr. Ewing, Samuel Lawrence, and other men of 1775, who had the best opportunity of knowing, and who gave the honor to Prince Street, where Frothingham has left it, and where it must in all probability remain. It is quite likely, however, that the Phips house and many others received wounded officers that day, some of whom were, naturally enough, supposed to be the distinguished Major of Marines.



MASTER TILESTON'S HOUSE.

JOHN TILESTON, or "Master Johnny," as he was familiarly called, was in some respects the most notable school-master Boston has ever had. Distinguished not so much for his ability or scholarship as for his quaint, original ways of teaching, his rigid discipline, his marked peculiarities of manner, and the unequalled length of his term of service, he became the very patriarch of pedagogues, and left the impress of his singular personality upon two full generations of youth.

Born in Boston, Feb. 27, 1735, Master Johnny was the son of John and Rebecca (Fowle) Tileston, a grandson of Timothy, of Dorchester, and a great-grandson of Timothy, who owned "Tileston's Tide Mill," a well-known spot near Harrison Square. That Timothy was a son of Thomas, who was born in England in 1611, and became a grantee of land in Dorchester in 1634.

By an accident from fire in early childhood, young Tileston lost the use of some of his fingers, which were drawn up in such a way as to press the forefinger against the thumb. This prevented his engaging in ordinary pursuits, but proved an unexpected qualification for the office of the old-time school-master, as it enabled him most adroitly to hold the quill, the penknife, and the rattan, — the three chief requisites of instruction in his day.

At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to Master Zachariah Hicks, of the North Writing School in Bennet Street, and afterward served as usher under him. In 1762 he succeeded Hicks, receiving one hundred pounds a year, and remained the head of the school till 1819. The authorities, recognizing his long and faithful services, continued his salary to the day of his death, Oct. 13, 1826, the only instance of the kind in the history of Boston. Thus for eighty years Tileston was uninterruptedly connected with this famous school, except during the siege of Boston, either as pupil or teacher or emeritus, — a record not likely soon to be repeated.

During a large part of this period he lived in the long wooden house still standing at the west corner of Prince and Margaret Streets, once an attractive dwelling, shaded by trees, but now disfigured by the ugly addition which has turned the old schoolmaster's parlor into a corner grocery, and planted a clothes-shed for tenants where his stately front door used to be. This home was made bright and happy by his wife Lydia, daughter of Charles Coffin, to whom he was married by Andrew Eliot, Oct. 23, 1760.

The studies pursued in our schools in those days were few in number and very simple. Writing seems to have had the precedence; and Master Tileston enjoyed the distinction of being called the father of good writing in Boston. That this was well deserved would appear from the fact that several of his pupils who are still living write a remarkably smooth and legible hand, free from flourishes. If any one will take the pains to examine our old church or masonic records, or the account-books kept in Boston banks and commercial houses for three quarters of a century, he will find in many cases a distinct, bold, and beautiful chirography, almost

equal to copper-plate engraving. This may often be traced directly through many pupils to the North Writing School and its famous master. Reading, spelling, and arithmetic were also taught by the writing-master, as there was no public English grammar school in the town until 1789. As long as Tileston lived his was the only public school at the North End. The one on Hawkins Street, opened in 1804, served the West End, and the older ones on School Street and Mason Street the South End. The scholars sat on wooden benches without backs. In place of desks were long forms on which they wrote. Girls attended only from April to October, generally having a room to themselves. There were no public schools then in Boston for girls in the winter; but there was no lack of small private schools, taught by women, mostly for young children, who paid usually ninepence a week and "wood-money," — an extra charge, reckoned at the rate of two feet of wood per term for each child. At Master Tileston's, "Selectmen's Day" was the great event in summer, when the town fathers visited the school. This was followed by a week's vacation, which was about all they had, except election and commencement days and Thursday and Saturday afternoons. On these occasions Master Johnny would sometimes walk into the country, or go down the harbor fishing — his favorite amusement — with some of his former pupils, who were always glad of his company. He could unbend then, if at no other time; and with his native love of wit, he heartily enjoyed the anecdotes which enlivened those hours of genuine recreation.

In the school-room "Johnny Crump" (as the old master was sometimes called) spared no pains to maintain order. Usually he sat at his desk with his spectacles on, writing copies or mending

pens; but if the scholars became noisy, he would get up, take off his glasses, walk to the front of the desk, and stamp on the floor with his foot, saying, "What's the meaning of all this? Bedlam's broke loose here, I should think!"* And then, suiting the action to the word, he would soon discover the offenders, and bring his crumpled hand into such close contact with their ears that they would feel as if suddenly caught in a vice.

For rapping heads, too, there was nothing like this same manual instrument. It would leave an impression of illustrated authority never to be forgotten. Alluding to this at a school festival once in Faneuil Hall, Edward Everett (himself one of Tileston's pupils) said that a blow from those stiffened fingers would have done no discredit to the bill of an albatross, though he wished it to be distinctly understood that he spoke from observation and not from experience. Mr. Everett also recalled his old master's long, deep desk, which he said was a perfect curiosity shop of confiscated balls, tops, penknives, marbles, and jewsharps, — the accumulation of forty years. The speaker, however, gladly acknowledged his indebtedness to Master Tileston for having deprived him in early life of all claim to that distinction which rests upon writing a hand which nobody can read. Certainly no better proof of the excellence of Tileston's work could be desired than Mr. Everett's own autograph. "Das Werk lobt den Meister."

* Among the wax figures exhibited at the Boston Museum, in the upper story, there is an interesting group, more familiar perhaps to the former generation than to this, representing the old-fashioned pedagogue sitting at his desk and absorbed in his writing, while the mischievous boys are slyly amusing themselves in various ways unbeknown to the master.

It has sometimes been said that this group was meant to represent Johnny Tileston and his school; but so far as the master is concerned, this thin, consumptive-looking specimen in wax must not be taken as a portrait of the well-rounded figure of our old North End pedagogue. As for the school, it would seem to answer the description of the old Bennet-Street establishment fairly well, although, of course, the artist has chosen a moment specially favorable for his purpose.

In the latter part of the old master's life he was assisted by Ezekiel Little, Elisha Webb, and Peter Conant. His usher, Master Carter, carried the Tileston system of writing to a still greater degree of perfection.

In stature Master Johnny was short and rather thick-set. He often came to school puffing audibly as if out of breath. His stout cane, with the date 1775 inscribed upon it, is now in the collection of the Bostonian Society. He used to walk up Washington Street nearly every day to regulate his watch by the Old South clock. He was very tenacious of the old customs, and would never give up his cocked hat and powdered wig. Those who remember him speak of his long, broad-skirted coat, with wide lapels over the pockets, and a very long vest, cut away at the bottom. His knee-breeches, also, and large shoe-buckles seemed to be a necessary part of a man who belonged more to the last century than this.

We are not surprised to find that he grew to be somewhat pedantic, though he never lost his kindness of heart. His scholars remained his firmest friends through life. To show their esteem for him, they subscribed to a fund for his portrait, to be painted at full length by Stuart. It was proposed that he and his wife should have it during their lives, and that it should then become the property of the town and hang in Faneuil Hall. He declined their request with characteristic modesty, saying that as no such honor had ever been paid to any of the former school-masters, he certainly was not worthy of it. He consented, however, to sit for a smaller bust portrait by Greenwood, which is now in the collection of Mr. Moses Kimball at the Boston Museum.

Master Tileston was a regular attendant at the New North, and

for several years its clerk, as his bold, round handwriting on the ancient records will testify. He was one of the projectors of the Massachusetts Charitable Society, in the formation of which he was associated with Ephraim Copeland and Barnabas Webb. His wife survived him, but he left no descendants. He died in his ninety-second year, in the old house on Prince Street, where he had lived so long, and was followed to the Granary Burial Ground by a procession of boys from the Eliot School.

John Tileston

THE NEWMAN HOUSE.

AT the southern corner of Salem and Sheafe Streets stands a large three-story brick house which has long been a landmark at the North End. The front wall has been rebuilt; but the side on Sheafe Street, which is laid in the promiscuous bond, with a double line of heavy belts, remains unchanged. One of the chimneys is built, like those on the Lincoln house opposite, with a kind of panel, in the early style. The rear of the house has some ancient windows of different sizes. In 1741 Thomas Newman, a Boston merchant, bought this house of Jonathan Dwight, innholder, for £1,100. The estate measured 42 by 80 feet. Dwight had bought it in 1737 of the heirs of Seth Dwight, son of Timothy Dwight, of Dedham.

Newman, who was of English parentage, married in 1732 Mary, daughter of Peter Thomas, of Boston. He made several business voyages to England, and was lost at sea about 1754. His oldest son, Thomas Churchman Newman, was sent to England in 1747 to finish his education under the care of an uncle, Sir Thomas Churchman, of Norwich; and eventually he married and remained there. Peter, the second son, became a teacher in Virginia. John and Robert, the two youngest, were apprenticed to trades in Boston, their father having met with reverses shortly before

his death. John became the organist of Christ Church, and retained the position through life, being stricken at last with paralysis while sitting at his instrument during public service, Dec. 12, 1784. Robert Newman was born in 1752, and educated in Tileston's school (where his three brothers had been, under Master Hicks, before him), as appears from a bill* in Master Johnny's elegant handwriting. Wishing to assist in supporting the family, young Newman accepted the position of sexton at Christ Church. Writing of this to his eldest brother Thomas in England, who adhered steadfastly to the patriot cause, he says: "The times were so hard in the colonies that I was glad to take the post of sexton in the Rev. Dr. Cutler's church." Being thus from necessity obliged to seek a livelihood, Newman was in many ways brought into close contact with the mechanics of the North End, among whom he had learned his trade. He became a freemason, and was in the closest sympathy with the Revolutionary movement. Among his intimate friends were Colonel Edward Proctor, Colonel James Robinson, Henry Fowle, Jedediah Parker, and Nathaniel Greenough.

The exploit of giving the signal of the lanterns in the church steeple on the eventful night of April 18, 1775, has, until recently, always been attributed to Robert Newman. He was twenty-three years old at the time, and was living in the old homestead. British officers were quartered upon him, as the house was large and could

* "Mrs Mary Newman to John Tileston Dr

		£	s.	d.
1766.	To yr sons schooling from 1st December to 21st March (3¾ mo) . .	0	7	6
	To sundry books		1	10
	Old Tenor £3 10 0 Lawfl money	0	9	4"

accommodate quite a number. His account of the affair was well known among his contemporaries, and never questioned. It was always consistent with itself as well as with Revere's narrative and the Devens memorandum, the only written authorities upon the subject. He often described the scene, saying that he was anxiously expecting information from a friend who was watching the movements of the troops. Disguising his plans, he took a candle and went to bed early that night. His room was upstairs in the rear of the house. Presently he got out through a window and let himself down along the sloping roof (which can be seen in the accompanying picture), and over the shed into the back yard, and so out into Sheafe Street.

Whoever the friend was with whom he conferred, whether Barnard or Pulling, or both, Newman with his keys and lanterns entered the church (which is very near his house on the other side of Salem Street), as a sexton may do at any time, and locked the door behind him. It is not stated that any one went in with him. If such a supposition is necessary to reconcile conflicting theories, there seems to be no reason why it may not be admitted. Ascending the tower, he gave the preconcerted signal, and then came down, passed through the church, and jumped out of a back window. It was but a few steps around through Elit's (now Unity) Street and Love Lane (now Tileston Street) back to his own gate. Climbing noiselessly up the roof, he soon reached his room and was again in bed.

As to the sexton's arrest we know but little. No record has been found of any such proceeding. The story has always been that he was taken by the British and held for a time, but as nothing could be proved against him he was soon released.

So firmly has this version of the affair become established among the old families of the North End that there is no prospect of its ever being surrendered. Not only the Newman family, but the descendants of Colonel Conant, Captain Barnard, William Parkman, John Barber, Henry Fowle, and other patriots have preserved it, independently of each other, and with entire confidence in its truthfulness.

The recent claim of Dr. Watson in behalf of his kinsman, John Pulling, is based partly upon a tradition in the Pulling family, and partly upon inferences which, however ingenious, are evidently stretched to meet the case, as Mr. Wheildon has shown in his pamphlet. The family tradition is interesting, and may be so far true as to admit Pulling to a share of the honor of giving the signal; but that it should exclude Newman altogether from any participation in the brave deed is demanding what a candid review of all the evidence will not warrant. Though it may be impossible to say precisely what part each played in the exciting drama, unprejudiced minds will probably hereafter allow that they may both have had a hand in it.

Robert Newman was twice married. Of his seven children, the oldest, Robert, was killed in the War of 1812. One of his daughters, Eliza Harriet, became the wife of the missionary Wheelock, and accompanied him to Burmah. An account of their labors has been published in a memoir. The youngest son, who carefully preserved the family tradition, was named after the Rev. Samuel Haskell, and is well remembered in Boston. He married Melinda, daughter of Nathan Hancock, a cousin of the Governor.

The Newman house formerly had a cupola which commanded

a fine view over the harbor. Here, we can imagine, Thomas Newman, who was a large importer, often went to watch for the arrival of ships, in those days of long and uncertain voyages. The front door was then reached by a flight of stone steps extending both ways and obtruding into the street, in the Dutch fashion. The introduction of sidewalks caused the removal of these, and many similar steps, in different parts of the town. An allusion to the old garden is found in a letter from the brother in England, written in 1784, in which he says: "Pray does the grape-vine in our garden (which ran up against Mr. Clough's dwelling *) continue to thrive? Is the hen-house well stocked, and do you continue to keep pigeons as formerly?"

The estate was sold by the heirs of Robert Newman, in 1823, to Eleazer Pratt, a representative of Ward 1 in the city government under Mayors Quincy, Otis, and Eliot. Mr. Pratt rebuilt the front wall and made some changes in the interior. He also built the brick tenement in his yard on Sheafe Street, where Justin Field afterwards lived.

Adjoining the Newman house on Salem Street is a large brick dwelling, facing the south, and once connected with extensive gardens reaching through to Margaret Street. This was the residence of Major John Bray, a custom-house officer for many years, and the owner of Bray's Wharf, where Chatham Street now is. Major Bray was a cooper by trade, and a large packer of fish. He was a selectman, a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and a founder of the Columbian Artillery

* A sketch of Mr. Clough's dwelling, which is still standing on the corner of Sheafe and Margaret Streets, is given on page 155.

Company, a favorite organization composed mostly of North End mechanics, whose gun-house was on Copp's Hill.

Every day, precisely at eleven, he would throw down his tools, put on his coat, and start for Walsh's lemon-stand on Dock Square. The only foreign fruit to be had at that time in Boston was sold in the street from small stands at three or four central points. When lemons were very expensive, the Major would take out a handful of change, and tell Walsh to help himself, as he did not wish to know the cost. He would then go home with his lemon, prepare his punch, and take his dinner; and by half-past one he was always back at work again at his wharf.

Major Bray's name will recall to many old residents the circumstance of his being robbed by Michael Martin in 1821, when driving in a chaise on Medford turnpike toward night with his wife. Martin was a noted highwayman, and was soon caught, tried, and hanged at Lechmere Point.

SHEAFE STREET.

THIS is the oldest house in the vicinity, having been built and occupied before 1725 by Benjamin Clough, who also bought a large tract of land on the other side of Sheafe Street. His will, dated 1744, gave the house to his wife, Faith, upon whose death it went to their son William, whose only daughter married Ebenezer Waters. The Waters family retained possession of it until 1859.

In the will above alluded to, Benjamin Clough gives to his wife, "my negro woman named Jenny, and her child Violet;" to his son Benjamin, "my negro boy called Prince;" and to his son William, "my two negro men, viz.: Peter and Boston."

Originally there was no door at the end of the house, the front being on the southern side, where the gate is seen, overlooking an

extensive garden now covered by tenements. The gambrel roof, tall chimneys, and generous windows give the old dwelling a character all its own. The underpinning is composed of unsplit fieldstone rubble laid in mortar. The Sheafe-Street wall has, between the courses of brick, several long strips of wood to which furring studs could be nailed for the purpose of sheathing the wall with a wooden front for additional protection from the weather on the exposed side. This was frequently done in colonial times. Several examples of it may still be seen in the city, one being that of the old Province House.

The names of Sheafe and Margaret Streets preserve the memory of Jacob Sheafe (one of the wealthiest settlers, and a selectman of Boston, who died in 1659) and of Margaret his wife (daughter of Henry Webb), who afterward married the Rev. Thomas Thacher, the first minister of the Old South Church, for whom Thacher Street is named.

Sheafe Street, once a pasture, then a lane, gradually became a favorite quarter for residences. Some of the old mansions, with their fine gardens, are still remembered; among them Colonel Robinson's (where the Ingraham School now stands), James Maxwell's, and the Hammatts'. This was one of the last streets to succumb to the inevitable change which stripped the North End of its old-time character. So rapid was the hegira at last, that in one year no less than nine families who had eaten their previous Thanksgiving dinner in this neighborhood partook of the next one in their new homes at the South End.

In Samuel Burrill's house (afterward Abiel Buttrick's), on the north side of the street, was formed the First Methodist Church of Boston, July 13, 1792.

In the early part of this century, Sheafe Street was the home of so many clergymen that it might properly have been called Divinity Row. Here, directly opposite the Newman house, lived the venerable Dr. Stillman, whose garden extended through to Hull Street. In the brick block numbered 20–24, lived Lyman Beecher, Henry Ware, Jr., Sebastian Streeter, and Dr. Blagden. On the other side lived Dr. Croswell, William Bentley, Baron Stow, and Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America." Here also were the homes of Justin Edwards, Joseph H. Towne, Arthur B. Fuller, and other well-known pastors of the North End churches. Among the prominent laymen of this street may be mentioned Dr. Buck, Bowen Harrington, Captain Francis Green of the Revolutionary army, Thomas Green (ex-Mayor of Chelsea), Deacon John C. Proctor, Samuel Aspinwall, Charles E. Wiggin, Captain Joseph Hartt, Father Kemp, Simon W. Robinson, Thomas Snow, Mayor Wells, Thomas Hollis, Levi Conant, Henry J. Oliver, Henry N. Hooper, Stephen Winchester (brother of Colonel William P. Winchester, after whom the town of Winchester was named), Robert Resticaux, John Snelling, Captain Elwell, Joseph Eustis, Martin Bates, Stephen H. Rhoades (captain of the Rifle Rangers), William Parkman, Dr. French, Henry K. May, and Peter Ripley.

These are fair representative names among the many which have given to the North End that sterling character which it had before the "Neck" and the "Back Bay" drew off its vital forces. A few of the same lineage still remain in possession of the old sites, but it is painfully evident to those who remember what the social life here once was, that "our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens."

Josiah Snelling, Jr., was born in Salem Street in 1782, in the old Snelling house, which stood next to the Governor Phips estate, with a large garden and orchard extending back to the burial ground. His father, being a baker, was offered large sums by the British if he would furnish them with bread. The sturdy patriot declined, and consequently had to give up his house and leave the town, with his family, during the occupation.

Josiah, Jr., early developed a military taste, and became a distinguished officer in the United States Army, taking a prominent part in the battles of Tippecanoe, Brownstown, and Lyon's Creek. He was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the 6th Infantry, and afterward Colonel of the 5th. As the architect of Fort Snelling, Minn., he will long be remembered at the West. Colonel Snelling died at Washington, Aug. 20, 1828. The above likeness is taken from the original miniature portrait on ivory, in the possession of Miss C. E. Cabot.

CHRIST CHURCH.

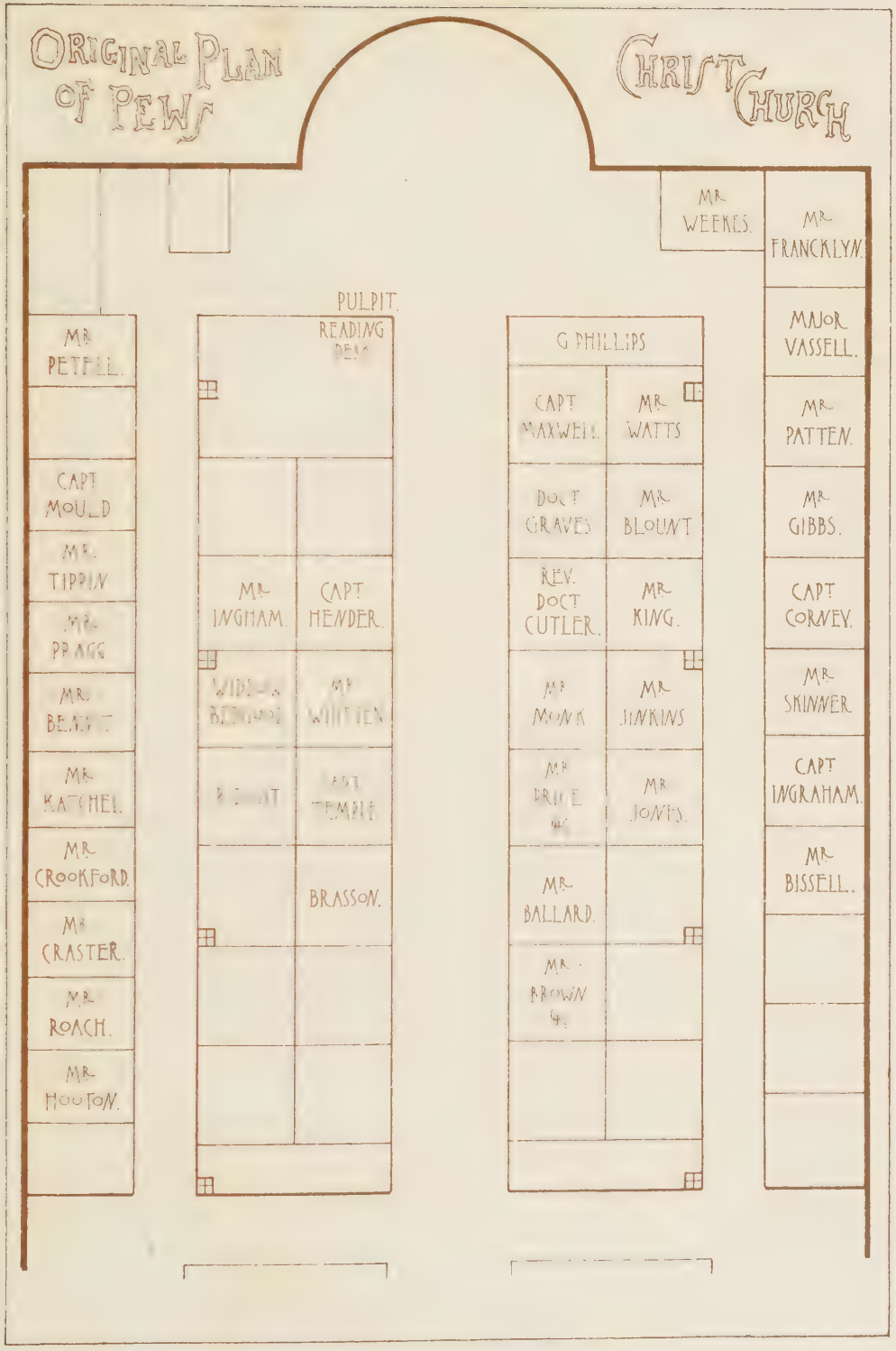
AMID all the changes which have passed over this neighborhood, Christ Church remains substantially unchanged. The waves of Time have beat against it, and swept away many a house that once nestled in its shadow; yet still it stands like a rock, calm and majestic, as of old. Towering above all surrounding objects, and consecrating by its presence the dwellings that still remain to keep it company, the venerable sanctuary is at once the chief ornament and pride of the North End. In the memory of many who are scattered over all the land, the music of its chimes is lingering yet, like the echo of sweet voices gently repeating the melodies of the past. Built in 1723, this is the oldest church edifice now standing in Boston; and judging from the solidity of its construction and from the interest taken in its preservation, it bids fair to outlast many of the churches which are built in our own day. It was an offshoot from King's Chapel, and the second place of worship for members of the Church of England in the town. Although never in the colonial period a self-supporting church, it had a good congregation, and did much to promote the religious and social welfare of the community.

Externally Christ Church bears a close resemblance to the Old South, which was built seven years later. In both cases it was the

steeple which received the chief attention of the architect, and which must be regarded as unusually graceful and imposing.

The accompanying view is taken from Hull Street, where the proportions of the structure are seen to the best advantage. The interior, which at first seems small, is evidently modelled after the designs of the school of Wren, of which there are many examples to be seen in England. The galleries are supported by pilasters, which are carried up to the roof, giving the effect of a nave and side-aisles, — an effect which is well sustained by the transverse vaulting. Formerly there was a central aisle and a chancel window, but the demand for increased accommodations in the church and vestry led to their removal. The position of the pulpit has been changed, and the original square pews have gone, but the general features of the church remain as they have always been. The mouldings are worked by hand in the solid wood. The old-fashioned hinges and nails on the pew-doors are of wrought iron. On either side of the organ is an upper gallery to which the colored people were formerly assigned. An abundance of light is admitted through the large plain windows, each containing eighty-five panes of old glass. The four figures of the cherubim, standing on slender pedestals before the organ, were presented in 1746, together with "two fine glass branches and chains," which have long since disappeared. They were a part of a valuable prize brought to Boston in a French vessel which Captain T. J. Gruchy of the privateer "Queen of Hungary" had captured.* It is supposed

* The following entry appears on the books in the handwriting of F. Beteilhe, clerk: "June 16, 1746. Whereas Messrs. Mr. Robert Jenkins, Capt. Grushia, Mr. Hugh McDaniel, Mr. Jno. Gould, Mr. Jno. Baker, oners of the Priveter Queen of Hungary, hath made a present to Christ Church in Boston of 4 cherubims and 2 glass branches taken by y^e^ said Vessell, Voted, That the branches be hung in y^e^ body of the church and y^e^ cherubims placed on y^e^ top of the Organ."


ORIGINAL PLAN OF PEWS
CHRIST CHURCH
MR PETTEL.
CAPT MOULD
MR TIPPIN
MR PRAGG
MR BEANT
MR RATCHEL
MR CROOKFORD
MR CRASTER.
MR ROACH.
MR HOUTON.
PULPIT.
READING DESK
MR INGHAM.
CAPT HENDER.
BRASSON.
G PHILLIPS
CAPT MAXWELL
MR WATTS
DOCT GRAVES
MR BLOUNT
REV. DOCT CUTLER.
MR KING.
MR MONK
MR JENKINS
MR JONES.
MR BALLARD.
MR BROWN
MR WEEKES.
MR FRANCKLYN.
MAJOR VASSELL.
MR PATTEN.
MR GIBBS.
CAPT CORVEY.
MR SKINNER
CAPT INGRAHAM.
MR BISSELL.

that they were destined for a church in Canada. The two brass chandeliers now hanging in the church were not given at this time, as has been generally stated, but were here at least eleven years before, as appears from an inventory of the church property made in 1735, in which they are described as "Two large brass branches with iron rods."

The first organ was obtained in 1736, and the second in 1752.* In connection with the extensive renovation which the church has undergone during the past year, a new organ has taken the place of the old one, although in appearance there has been but little change.† The clock on the organ gallery was cleaned in 1783, and is supposed to have been placed there long before the Revolution.‡ One of the chief treasures of this church is its valuable communion service, a part of which was presented by King George II. in 1733, through the influence of Governor Belcher. A folio Bible (one of the so-called Vinegar Edition of 1717) and several prayer-books were included in the royal gift. Other pieces of plate have been given by Thomas Tudor, Leonard Vassall, Arthur Savage, and Hannah Smith.

* In 1759, instructions signed by J. Pigeon and Thos. Ivers, wardens, were given to James Greaton, the minister-elect, who was about to proceed to London for ordination. Regarding an organist they ask: "that you would endeavour, when please God you arrive there, to find a person that understands to play well on an Organ, that is a Tradesman, a Barber would be most agreeable, one that has the character of an Honest industrious man, that will be willing to come to Boston on the following Conditions, to have fifteen or not exceeding Twenty pounds sterling ℔ annum to play on the Organ in said Church at the usual times, to have his passage paid, and to have the encouragement of the Congregation improveing him as they have occasion in his Occupation."

† Through the legacy of William A. Howard, of Warwick, Mass., the church received $8,358.75, which was judiciously used in the work of repairs and renovation.

‡ The following entry appears under date of Nov. 16, 1749: "Voted, that y^e^ Clock which Capt. Southwark gave to Christ Church be finished with all Speed."

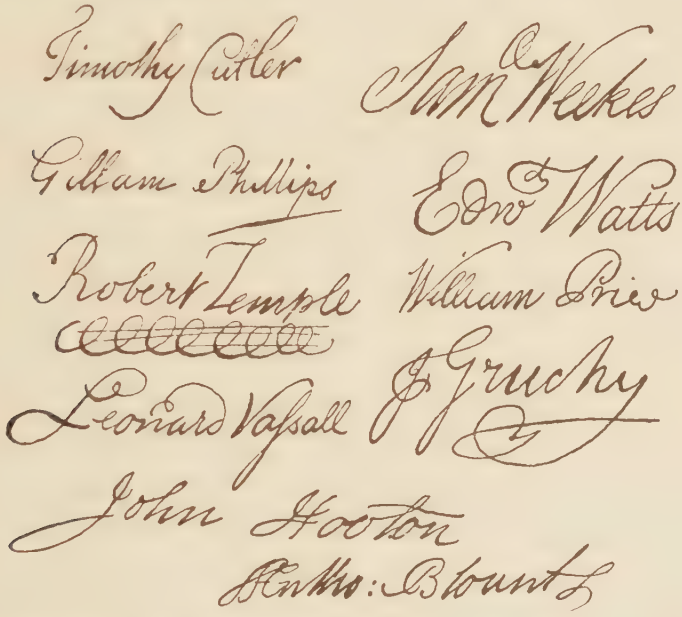
The altar-piece, the decalogue, and the marble bust of Washington were given by Shubael Bell.

Among the early acquisitions of this church was "the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America." These bells were eight in number, each one bearing a device, and were obtained from England by subscription in 1744. They have been well used and are in good condition to-day. Their welcome chimes are rung not only on the ordinary occasions of church services and festivals, but whenever a wedding march is wanted or a funeral requiem; whenever there is a celebration of local or patriotic interest, calling for a jubilant or solemn expression of the popular feeling, such as these voices of the tower can give. They proclaimed the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act at one o'clock in the morning, May 19, 1766, when the steeple was gayly hung with flags. They also rang at the opening of the Charles River Bridge, June 17, 1786. Many persons remember hearing the chimes all over the city and as far out as Harvard College, in the earlier days when the sound was not broken by the tall buildings which have since been erected. Charlestown and Chelsea can hear the tunes to-day better than most parts of Boston.

The ministry of this church, in the order of succession, has been as follows: Timothy Cutler, 1723–1765; James Greaton, 1759–1767; Mather Byles, Jr., 1768–1775. Church closed from April, 1775, to August, 1778.* Stephen C. Lewis, 1778–1784; William

* The church was practically closed until 1783. During the interval, services were held occasionally to prevent the property from falling into other hands. So poor did the church become, that in 1789 its communion plate, weighing 343 ounces, was mortgaged for the sum of £46 10*s*.

Montague, 1786–1792; William Walter, 1792–1800; Samuel Haskell, 1801–1803; Asa Eaton, 1803–1828; William Croswell, 1829–1840; John Woart, 1840–1851; William T. Smithett, 1852–1859, John T. Burrill, 1860–1868: Henry Burroughs, 1868–1881; William H. Munroe, 1881–.



AUTOGRAPHS OF THE FIRST MINISTER AND SOME OF THE EARLY SUPPORTERS OF CHRIST CHURCH.*

* The following items are extracted from the early records: Voted, April 6, 1724, that Thomas Wells "sett in the Gallerys and keep the boys in order, that no Disturbance be in time of Divine Service, and that Fifty-two Shillings ℔ annum be paid him out of the Contribution."

July 4, 1726. Voted to take a contribution for the benefit of Dr. Cutler, he being "in mean circumstances," and his "present allowance" not being "sufficient to maintain his family." Voted to pay Mr. Hunt for horse-hire for Dr. Cutler and clerk to Scituate, to preach, 40*s*.

Nov. 21, 1726. "Voted, that for the future the sexton shall keep y^e^ rails at the Altar clear from Boys and Negroes setting there." "Voted, that no Nailes nor pinns be put in the Pillars nor the front of the Gallerys with a design to hang hatts on."

May 15, 1727. "Voted, that all the Gold and Silver which shall be put in the Contribution boxes be for the Future laid by to make plate for the Church's use."

1728. "Voted, that the Rever^d.^ Doc^r.^ Tim^o.^ Cutler, in consideration of y^e^ great experience he is at by reason of numerous Familly, have Twenty Shillings ℔ week added to his Salary."

One of the first Sunday-schools in the country was established by Dr. Eaton in June, 1815, in the small academy building which formerly stood next to the church on the north side. Joseph W. Ingraham was for twenty years its superintendent.

Under the church are buried many families of the early time. Thirty-three tombs, arranged in rows, occupy all the available space.* In the one marked 20 was deposited the body of Major Pitcairn until its removal to England.

The steeple has a history, fully as interesting to the general public as the church itself. When finished, in 1740, it was 191 feet high.† Revere's engraving of Boston, executed in 1768, shows how it dominated over everything else at the North End. From its upper windows General Gage is said to have watched the progress of the Battle of Bunker Hill. From the same windows rockets were thrown on the arrival of the news of the surrender of Cornwallis, while the bells in the tower rang out their merry peals. In 1804, on the evening of the 9th of October, the steeple was blown down in a violent gale, and fell on a house near the corner of Love Lane, doing much damage. The roof of the tower of King's Chapel was taken off in the same storm, and carried two hundred feet through the air. Revere's foundry, in Lynn Street, was stripped of its wooden covering; and a stage on West Boston bridge was upset by the force of the wind, and several passengers were injured. In Charlestown, Dr. Morse's

* Tombs were first built under the church in 1732. Lots were sold only to proprietors and contributors, at a cost of £5 each, the construction to be according to a uniform plan.

† The charges for rum during the building of the steeple are curious and suggestive, to say nothing of such items as "sugger, butter, eggs, Beefe, bread, Veile, mutton, Lamb, Greens and Roots for the Raiseing Dinner."

spire, though a new and strong one, was badly bent, and the Baptist meeting-house was partly unroofed.

A new steeple for Christ Church was erected in 1807, upon the old model, though not so high by sixteen feet, under the direction of Charles Bulfinch. Forty years afterward the spire, being in need of repairs, was taken down, put in order, and hoisted back into position. This was considered a triumph of mechanical skill. The clock was not added until 1870. These brick walls, which in the tower are three and a half feet thick, are among the few examples of the English bond remaining in Boston. The old State House and the remnant of the Province House are of the same construction.

In the course of time this church, being the most northerly place of worship in the town and the only Episcopal Church at the North End, naturally began to be known as the North Church. There is abundant evidence that it was sometimes called by this name even before the Revolution. The name of Old North Church, however, was not applied to it until quite recently, and historically does not belong to it, but to the ancient church of the Mathers, organized in 1650 as the Second Church in Boston, and located in North Square. That church, being the only one at the North End for more than half a century, acquired the name of North Church; and when the New North was organized in 1714, the elder sister, by way of distinction, was called the Old North Under that name it flourished until the untimely destruction of its edifice, by order of General Howe, for fire-wood during the winter of the siege. The congregation afterward united with the new Brick or "Cockerel Church," as it was often called, and so the Old North technically ceased to exist in name, although

represented to this day by the Second Church. Yet its place in the history of Boston is so conspicuous, that the associations which cluster around its name ought not to be disturbed. It would prevent much confusion therefore, in the future, if people would call Christ Church by its proper name, and remember that the habit of calling it by any other has been the occasion of needless controversy.

Some doubt has been expressed as to the building referred to by Revere in his narrative of events, printed in 1798, when he spoke of his plan of showing the lantern signal "in the North Church steeple." He evidently used the name which at the close of the last century (more than twenty years after the demolition of the Old North) had come to be commonly applied to Christ Church. The theory has been advanced that he meant the Old North Meeting-house, which stood in North Square. Against such a theory there are three serious objections: first, the venerable building in North Square was not commonly called the North Church, but the Old North Meeting-house, or simply the Old North; secondly, it had no "steeple," but only a belfry; thirdly, it did not command a good view of Charlestown, as Copp's Hill lay directly between. Moreover, all the traditions of the North End, without exception, are that the signal was given from the church in Salem Street. The objection that this church was under English influence, and could not therefore have been used for such a purpose, disappears when we remember that Dr. Byles, its rector, was obliged to leave on the very day of the signal, on account of his tory proclivities; and that the sexton, who is believed to have performed the deed, was one of the North End mechanics, and always in sympathy with the patriot cause.

The city authorities, after hearing all that was to be said upon the subject, decided that this was, beyond a doubt, the place of the famous signal; and wishing to commemorate so important an event, they caused a tablet to be placed on the front of the tower, in 1878, with the following inscription:—

THE SIGNAL LANTERNS OF
PAUL REVERE
DISPLAYED IN THE STEEPLE OF THIS CHURCH
APRIL 18, 1775
WARNED THE COUNTRY OF THE MARCH
OF THE BRITISH TROOPS TO
LEXINGTON AND CONCORD

"Not for thy pomp and pride of place,
Not for thy relics rare
Of kings and ministers of grace
Whose names thy vessels bear:
Not for thy boast of high degree,
Nor charms of gorgeous style,
Hast thou been ever dear to me,
O thou time-honored pile!
But for thy constant truth, which still
Preserves from age to age
Unmoved, through good report and ill,
The fathers' heritage.
For eightscore years thy lofty vaults
With those ascriptions ring
Which lift the soul, while it exalts
The Christ, of Glory King.
And well might walls, so taught, cry out,
If human lips were dumb,
And aisles spontaneous swell the shout
Until the Bridegroom come."

The Gift of His Majesty King George II
To Christ Church at Boston in New England
At the Request of His Excellency Governor Belcher
1733

This Bible measures 19 x 13 inches and is 4¼ inches thick, and the flagons are 13 inches high. The articles were obtained and shipped by Henry Newman, July 13, 1733, "on the New Cambridge Galley, Capt. John Crocker, commander, in one chest markt and number'd as in the margent and consigned to Mr. Andrew Belcher, merch't at Boston." The charges were £26 16*s.* 10*d.*

THE GALLOUPE HOUSE.

DIRECTLY opposite Christ Church is a quiet, respectable, ancient-looking street, with its wooden houses undisturbed and familiar chiefly to people who know Copp's Hill Burying-ground, to which it leads.

This street was cut through the old pasture of John Hull, the mint-master, according to a deed signed by his daughter Hannah and her distinguished husband, Judge Sewall, in 1701, conveying the strip of land as a gift to the town "to be forever hereafter called and known by the name of Hull Street." All honor to the learned Judge and his liberal wife, not only for giving Boston a good street with a good name, but for their singular wisdom in providing that the name should never be changed. Well does Mr. Bowditch say that the Judge, in this matter, "was decidedly in advance, not only of his own age, but of our own." If our municipal authorities only knew the endless difficulties created by the frequent and capricious changes which have been made in the names of our streets, they would no longer repeat the folly.

One of the oldest and best-preserved houses on Hull Street stands on the south side at No. 16. It is a good specimen of a style of wooden dwelling which became very common in and around Boston. Built at a time when each house could have its plot of land, it was placed endwise upon the street so as to

front upon the garden, which in this case left an unbroken view to Salem Street. In 1724, one year after the erection of Christ Church, Ebenezer Clough, a selectman and one of the founders of the New North, sold this land to Philip Howell, who soon after built upon it the house which is seen in the picture. The frame is of oak, filled in solid with brick and clay. The original windows on the street were but one in each story; and they were quite small, like that in the gable, which has not been changed.

After passing through the hands of Samuel Whitman, David Black, and Benjamin Lee, the estate was purchased, in 1772, by Benjamin Gallop, grandson of the Benjamin — sometimes called Benadam — Gallop, who, in 1688, as second officer of the sloop "Mary," captured the notorious pirate Tom Pound, who was hung in chains at Nix's Mate in Boston Harbor. Benadam was the grandson of Captain John Gallop, the noted Boston pilot, who, in 1636, after a desperate encounter off Block Island, recovered the vessel which had been taken by the Narragansett Indians from his friend John Oldham, whom they had murdered. Of this plucky pilot, Cooper in his "Naval History" says, that he fought "the first engagement that probably ever occurred between the inhabitants of the American colonies and enemies afloat." He owned Gallop's Island as well as Nix's Mate, which at that time contained about twelve acres of land, though now it has wholly disappeared.

In 1775 this house was occupied by British troops, the Gallop family retiring to Saugus. During the Battle of Bunker Hill General Gage made this his staff headquarters, — a convenient place for the purpose, being near his battery yet somewhat under cover of the hill. Mr. William Parkman remembers hearing his

grandmother, who lived near by at the time, often speak of this house as having been occupied, on that eventful day, by "old Gage," as she called him. Several other persons have confirmed the tradition.

Benjamin Gallop died the next year, shortly after the Declaration of Independence, leaving two sons, Benjamin and Richard, in whose time the name was changed to Galloupe. Richard bought his brother's interest in the homestead, and lived here many years. His eldest daughter Mary married John Weiss, and became the mother of the Rev. John Weiss, of Watertown. Another daughter married William Marble, the well-known decorator, who purchased the estate and lived here from 1844 to 1877. Isaac Harris was a tenant for a short time after his marriage in 1802.

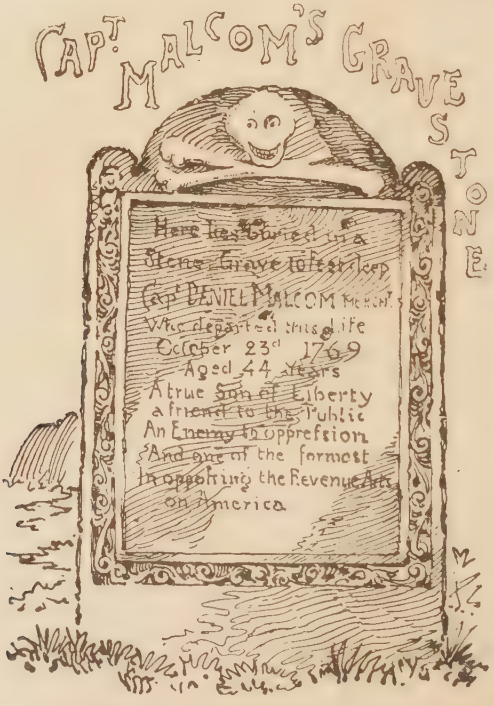
On the opposite side of the street, in the area once known as Jonathan Merry's pasture, and now annexed to the old Burial-ground, formerly stood the gun-house of the Columbian Artillery Company, which was removed to this lot in 1810 from its earlier site farther up the hill beyond the cemetery. Hull Street is now so little used by vehicles that the grass is growing on the pavement, reminding one of what Byron says of Ferrara's

> "grass-grown streets
> Whose symmetry was not for solitude."

And yet this solitude seems in keeping with the repose which belongs to this outlying city of the dead. It would be well if it might always remain, hallowed by the memories of the past, and uninvaded by the rude bustle of workshop and factory.

Among the interesting stones in Copp's Hill Burying-ground is the one which marks the grave of Daniel Malcom, a prominent

merchant of Fleet Street, and a warden of Christ Church. He was pronounced in his opposition to the Revenue Acts, and presided at a meeting of business men in February, 1768, at which it was resolved not to import ordinary English goods for a year and a half. A few months later he, with John Matchet and Captain Hopkins, led the mob which resisted the seizure of Hancock's sloop by the boats of the "Romney." Consequently Malcom was not in good odor with the government officers; and, as he died the next year, his gravestone, with its patriotic epitaph, was too good a target for the British soldiery to overlook when they had possession here. The marks of their bullets can be distinctly seen in the old slate grave-stone.


CAPT. MALCOM'S GRAVE STONE
Here lies Buried in a
Stone Grave (after) deep
Capt DANIEL MALCOM Merch.
Who departed this life
October 23d 1769
Aged 44 Years
A true Son of Liberty
a friend to the Public
An Enemy to oppression
And one of the formost
In opposing the Revenue Acts
on America

THE HARTT HOUSE

THE HARTT HOUSE.

PASSING up Hull Street, we come to another gambrel-roof house (Nos. 24, 26) which originally resembled the one just described, and was probably built at about the same time, though the wing on the right was added subsequently. For the greater part of this century it has been in the Hartt family, although none of them have lived here of late years.

Boston has had no family of shipwrights so numerous or so widely known as the Hartts. Zephaniah and Ralph Hartt, who lived in Charter Street, both achieved distinction in their day. Captain Edmund built at his own yard (the Government then having no navy yards) the famous frigates "Constitution" and "Boston," the brig "Argus," and many of the finest ships of his time. The cost of the construction of the "Boston" was defrayed by the merchants of the town, who subscribed liberally; and who were so well pleased with the frigate when finished, in 1799, that they gave Captain Hartt an elegant silver service, inscribed "as a memorial of their sense of his ability, zeal, and fidelity in the completion of that ornament of the American navy." The articles presented were a teapot and stand, a sugar-bowl, a cream-pitcher, two tankards, and a variety of spoons.

Edmund, son of Aaron Hartt, was born at Lynn in 1744. He was descended from Samuel, who came from England in 1640 and settled at Saugus River. He married Mehitable Lambert, of Wiscasset, and lived in a wooden house (now removed) on the west side of Ship Street, opposite his "naval yard," or "Hartt's ways," as it was called, the space being now included in Constitution Wharf, so named in honor of the frigate. He died in 1824, and was buried at Copp's Hill. Of his eleven children, several were associated with him in business and afterward acquired a reputation of their own. At one time there were no less than seven members of the Hartt family who were naval constructors at different yards throughout the country.

Edward, the oldest son, bought this house on Hull Street in 1803 of the heirs of Alexander Baker, calker. He married, on Christmas day, 1796, Sally, daughter of Samuel Webb, bookbinder. They both belonged to the Second Baptist Church. Much of his time was spent at the West in the construction of large river boats, and he died in Kentucky, in 1823, leaving two sons, Edward and William.

His widow continued to live in this house during the rest of her life, having for a companion her sister, Mary Webb (born 1779, died 1861), a woman of rare character and great practical benevolence, although of humble means and a helpless cripple. She was an active member of Dr. Baldwin's church; and by the energy of her will and the promptings of her heart, she was able to do a charitable work among the poor which is deserving of high praise. Before the development of our city missionary societies, our Sunday-schools, and the organized charities of the present day, Mary Webb was a society in herself, devising plans and executing

them with surprising facility. Many of the former generation can remember her little hand-carriage, covered with green baize, in which she had herself wheeled about town on her errands of kindness to the needy and the suffering. Such an example could not fail to inspire others with her spirit of devotion; and the enterprises which she began in feebleness grew to large proportions by the generous support of the Christian public. The case is somewhat like that of Anna Gurney, of Northrepps Cottage, on the east coast of Norfolkshire in England, near the home of her relative, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. Miss Gurney, too, was a cripple, and went about in a perambulator; yet she overcame her natural disability so far as to render the most efficient personal aid to the seamen of her neighborhood, looking after their families in their absence, providing for them in case of shipwreck, going, even at midnight in winter, down to the strand in her little carriage, with a company of strong men, to carry food or restoratives for the perishing. Indeed, she inaugurated by her own exertions an elaborate system of life-boat service on that stormy coast, which has since been incorporated in the work of the Royal Humane Society.

The life of neither Mary Webb nor Anna Gurney has ever been written, and the two probably never heard of each other; but their trials and their triumphs were singularly alike, and their record is on high.

A large portion of Hull Street was formerly given up to gardens, which have now almost wholly disappeared. Near the Hartt house lived Michael Dalton, Rev. Edward Beecher, Edward B. Walker, Capt. William F. Clark, Charles H. Porter, John Goddard, and Henry Robinson; and, in the earlier times, Henry Swift, John

Robinson, Daniel Ballard, and others, chiefly of the guild of shipwrights, and mast and spar makers, — a sturdy race of men, who by their enterprise and thrift generally owned the houses they lived in, and became influential citizens of the town.

On the eastern corner of Hull and Snowhill Streets, overlooking the grounds of the Eustis estate, was the monitorial school kept by Mr. Fowle. Directly opposite, on the western corner, lived Rev. Sebastian Streeter. Below him, on Snowhill Street, came William S. Bridge, Rev. Asa Eaton, Henry D. Gray, Capt. Erasmus Thompson, Rev. John Woart, Caleb Eddy, and Ninian C. Betton, whose houses were considered among the best in Boston for their situation, commanding as they did an unbroken view over Charles River and the Mill Pond. Everything on that side has now been swept away by the levelling of the hill.

The Hartt estate is defined in an old deed as "situate in Hull Street near Corpse Hill," — a grim way of spelling the familiar name, and apparently not uncommon even among those who might have known better. Doubtless, in the imagination of some who live in the neighborhood to-day, there is no other way of spelling it.

This was the lowest of the three hills of Boston, and was originally called Windmill Hill, or Mill Field, the first windmill in the town having been placed here. Afterward for a time it was called Snow Hill, and then it took the name of Copp's Hill, which has since clung to it, probably after William Copp, the industrious cordwainer, whose homestead was a half-acre lot on the extreme north-western end of the hill, now dug away.

In 1775 the British threw up a redoubt on this hill, and planted a battery of heavy guns here, which they handled effectively in the Battle of Bunker Hill. The remains of these works afforded a good play-ground for boys until about fifty years ago, when the whole western slope beyond Snowhill Street was removed. During the mayoralty of Dr. Green, bronze tablets were placed at the entrance of the older burial-grounds of Boston, Roxbury, and Dorchester, giving their names, the dates of their establishment, and the names of prominent persons buried in them. The tablet on the Hull Street gate is as follows: —

COPP'S HILL BURIAL GROUND

1659

HERE WERE BURIED

Ministers

INCREASE MATHER 1723, COTTON MATHER 1728,
SAMUEL MATHER 1785, ANDREW ELIOT 1778;

and

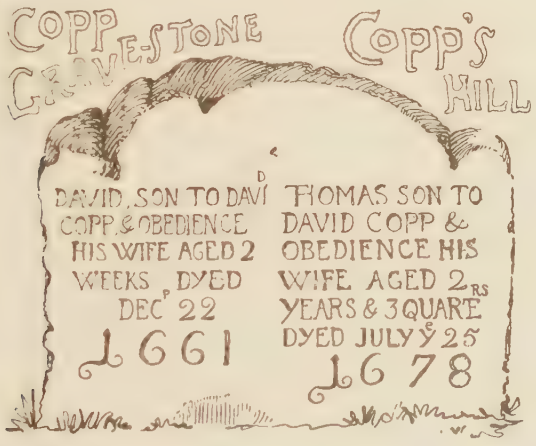
THOMAS LAKE, DAVID COPP, NICHOLAS UPSHALL,
JOHN PHILLIPS, ANTHONY HAYWOOD, JOHN CLARKE,

and others of the early inhabitants
of Boston.

On this ground were planted
the British Batteries
which destroyed the Village of Charlestown
during the Battle of Bunker Hill,
June 17, 1775.

Although only about fifty or sixty feet above the sea, Copp's Hill was a conspicuous elevation, rising abruptly on the northern side, like some of the island bluffs in the harbor, and sloping gently in other directions. The summit was a convenient plateau for burial; and a part of it was taken for this purpose as early as 1659, being the second place of burial in Boston. Additions were made by purchase at different times. For about a century its usual designation was the North Burying-ground. Here, it is estimated, nearly half the population of the town was buried during that long period. There is hardly a name among the old North-End families that is not represented here. The study of these epitaphs, meagre as many of them are, will furnish valuable missing links in the history of families and of the town. The rich and the poor, the merchant and the artisan, the minister and the flock, lie near together. Of the greater number not even a stone now remains to reveal the name. And yet the ground is covered with stones, many of them bearing quaint inscriptions and some of them heraldic devices. The tomb most frequently visited is that of the three Mathers. The coats-of-arms which are found in the yard belonged to the Goodrich, Clark, Watts, Gee, Hutchinson, Mountfort, Martyn, and Greenwood families, though some of them have been appropriated by others. The oldest stone yet discovered is that erected by Elder David Copp, son of William, to his two young children. This Elder Copp, whose wife was Obedience Topliff, became a noted man in his day; and at his funeral, in 1713, a distinguished company assembled to pay their respects to his memory. Judge Sewall, who was present, says in his Diary that there were "a pretty many Men, but few Women," there.

Copp's Hill has long been a favorite promenade for the people of the neighborhood, owing to its fine view, its sea-breezes, its well-kept walks, and its refreshing shade. The gates are open, free to the public every day, and the obliging superintendent is often on hand to give information to strangers, and to carry out the wise design of the city government to make this ancient ground sacred to the memory of the fathers, and useful to the generations that come after.



Near this group of houses on Salem Street lived Captain Robert Gray, the first merchant captain who carried the United States flag around the world. On his return in 1790, with the Crown Prince of the Sandwich Islands on board as a guest, he was received with distinguished honors by General Lincoln, Collector of the port, and by Governor Hancock at his residence.

Two years later Captain Gray discovered the Columbia River, and named it for his ship. Gray's Bay, in lat. 46° 58′, perpetuates his exploit. By this discovery Oregon was finally secured to the United States. The "Columbia" was a ship of two hundred tons; she was navigated by a crew of thirty men, and mounted ten carriage guns. She was built in Scituate, by James Briggs, in 1773. There are extant several interesting drawings of the ship, and of an attack made upon her by the natives.

Captain Gray married Martha, daughter of Silas Atkins, of Prince Street, and has left many descendants.

NORTH BENNET STREET.

THIS unpretending little street, not much longer than an ocean steamer, and not so long as some of our great railway stations, has made for itself a name hardly second to that of any street at the North End. Here were three churches, a noted school, and an engine-house, — enough to give a local character to any street, — besides the dwellings of some of the most substantial citizens of the town.

The name comes naturally from the early owners, Richard and Peter Bennet, the former being mentioned in the Book of Possessions. Some of the houses now standing can be traced back to the first quarter of the last century. Among them is the large brick mansion, seen on the left in the accompanying picture, taken before the recent changes were made converting the old homestead into cheap tenements and drinking-shops. The line of the original gambrel roof can be discerned in the drawing. It was probably built by Thomas Lee, who bought the land of Jonas Clark in 1715, and afterward sold it, with the house upon it, to his father, Thomas Lee, Sr., who in 1734 sold it to John Steele, merchant and subsequently for many years one of the selectmen. Justice Steele used to hold his court in the front east room. In 1791 it became the home of Colonel Edward Proctor, whose heirs sold it, in 1815,

for $5,500 to Isaac Harris, who lived here until his death, in 1869, at the advanced age of ninety.

No man in this century has been identified with the North End by residence and occupation for a longer period or with a more honorable record than Isaac Harris. He was born in 1779, one of ten children of Samuel Harris, mast-maker, who had served an apprenticeship with an uncle, Nathaniel Greenwood, and who afterward formed a partnership with Jonathan Cary. At the reception of President Washington, in 1789, Samuel Harris was chosen to carry the mast-makers' flag, which is still preserved in the family. On the same occasion the young Isaac participated with the boys of the public schools in doing honor to the distinguished visitor. They were ranged in two lines on the mall through which Washington passed on horseback. Each boy held a quill pen in his left hand, and was to take off his cap with the other when the President approached. Harris agreed with the boy next him that, as soon as they had made their bow, they would stroke their pens across the President's boot. They did it successfully, and kept the pens as mementos of a famous event.

In 1792 Harris was one of the six boys of the North Grammar School who received the first Franklin medals. After the expiration of sixty years, these original medal scholars were all living, and all in Boston; and they were entertained at a dinner given by Mr. Harris at his house, nearly opposite the old school. It was a memorable occasion, and created much interest at the time. Their names were Isaac Harris, Robert Lash, John Snelling, Isaac Parker, William Savage, and John Lewis. Another old school-mate, Samuel F. McCleary, was with them, and also their venerable usher, Nathan Webb. Such a group is not likely to be gathered again;

although it is an interesting fact that all the graduates of 1836 at the Boston Latin School, eight or nine in number, of which class the present Samuel F. McCleary is one, are still living to celebrate their fiftieth anniversary. Our Boston schools, in these instances at least, seem to have taught their pupils how to live; and our Boston climate, abused as it is by many, is proved to be not unfavorable to longevity.

Mr. Harris was a public-spirited man, and not only wise in counsel, but energetic in action. He served many years as one of the firewards of the town. In 1810 the roof of the Old South Meeting-house took fire from a burning stable near by. Such was the progress of the flames that it was feared the ancient edifice would have to be sacrificed. Mr. Harris, however, appeared upon the scene, and with characteristic energy mounted a ladder, and by the skilful use of the axe and buckets managed to save the building. For this brave act a silver pitcher was soon after presented to him, with a view of the fire engraved on one side, and on the other the following inscription: "To Mr. Isaac Harris. For his intrepid and successful exertions on the roof of the Old South Church when on fire, December 29th, 1810, the Society present this token of their gratitude. Boston, January 29th, 1811." Many persons can remember the buckets and fire-bags which used to hang in the entries of our houses, ready for instant use. The steam fire-engines and the admirably equipped force to man them, with which the Boston of to-day is familiar, have long since displaced the primitive and inadequate method of passing buckets from hand to hand; but the fathers managed to put out fires even with such limited appliances.

For many years Mr. Harris was a member of the city govern-

ment, and he also served as a representative in the Legislature. He was one of the guests of the city at the inauguration of the Franklin statue, in 1856. During the greater part of his life he was devoted to his business as a mast and spar maker, at his well-known yard next to the Winnisimmet Ferry. He was a man of the old school of manners, dignified, courteous, and hospitable. His garden was one of the best at the North End, producing an abundance of flowers, plums, apricots, rare-ripe peaches, and sweet-water grapes, besides currants, gooseberries, pepper-grass, and parsley. These valued luxuries were generously shared with the sick and poor of the neighborhood.

In his early life Mr. Harris was connected with the Sandemanian Church, of which his father was an active member; but on the dissolution of that body, he became an adherent of the New Brick, or Second, Church, on Hanover Street. He was one of the leading promoters of the plan for the new brown-stone building erected by that Society in 1845 and afterward sold to the Methodists.

The house next to Mr. Harris's, on the west side (unshaded in the picture), once belonged to Captain John Charnock, and was sold by his grandchildren, in 1759, to John Leach, an eminent teacher of mathematics, who occupied it until his death, in 1799. Although the name of Leach has not been known on Bennet Street for three generations, the fact that a man of distinction, bearing the name, in the last century lived here forty years with a large family would lead us to inquire still further about him.

John Leach was born in London, opposite the Tower, in 1724. He sailed around the world three times before coming to Boston in 1748. Here he won the affections of Sarah Coffin, a relative of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, and a sister of Lydia Coffin, who

afterward married Master Tileston. Her father refused to give his consent to their marriage until Mr. Leach should furnish satisfactory credentials of his character and family connections. The young man, not to be daunted, hastened back to England, and soon after returned to Boston with the necessary letters, and secured his bride. They were married by Andrew Eliot, and became members of the New North Church, where all their children, seventeen in number, were baptized. The little lace christening cap, which is said to have served each one in turn, as well as portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Leach, are in possession of their descendant, Mr. Henry Herbert Edes. Mr. Leach opened a private school on Fore Street, opposite French & Farrar's wood-wharf, where he taught navigation and civil engineering. The story is told of him that being addicted, in his later years, to wearing an indifferent kind of hat, his pupils noted his appearance one day in a new one, and signalized the event by writing with chalk on the fence near by, "Master Leach has got a new hat." Seeing it as he passed soon after, the good-natured master wrote under it, "And it is paid for."

Mr. Leach was one of the earliest to espouse the patriot cause; and as it was known that he corresponded with the friends of John Wilkes, he naturally fell under suspicion at the outbreak of the war.* On the 29th of June, 1775, he was arrested a few steps from

* The following letter, written to Mr. Leach by his cousin in London, sheds some light upon the political situation there at the time: —

D^R. COZN,— I had the Pleasure of receiving your political Creed accompanied with the Presents, the One agreeable to my Sentiments, the Other to my Fancy. Your Letter I presented to Mr. Wilkes, who read it with much Satisfaction; desired me to leave it with him & begg'd I would present his best Respects to you unknown & hoped there were many of the *same Opinion* as yourself; it was shown to Mr. Serj^t Glynn, the only worthy Member for the County of Middlesex, who thought it rather too dangerous for the Press except the *Inflamatory Paper* I now publish entitled the *N^o. Briton*, the Government having after a serious of Insults upon the People deprived me of printing The London Evening Post, & that Paper is now become the tame Vehicle for Ministers and their Ductiles. The Duke of Grafton promised me in private that nothing should be done prejudicial to

his door, and obliged to go to his house and surrender his keys, and have his desks and papers searched. Major Cane of the Regulars told him he had a great deal to answer for. He replied that he was ready to meet any accusation. He was then conducted to the stone jail, and his drawings were taken to General Gage. He remained in jail ninety-seven days, during most of which time he was allowed only bread and water. Among his fellow-prisoners were Master James Lovell, Peter Edes, John Hunt, and William Starr. Leach and Edes kept journals during their confinement, showing the rough treatment which they had to endure. After their release an attempt was made by a party of Dragoons in midwinter to demolish Leach's wharf and school-house for fuel. They pulled down his chimney, and carried off the bricks in transports for ballast. They stole his valuable books, instruments, and plans; and what remained of his property was spared only through his personal intercession with General Howe. In closing his journal, the struggling patriot says: "These and many other personal abuses I have received. I suppose I must sit down by the loss with this consolation, that it was done by the ministerial army and their associates, under the auspicious reign of His Most Sacred Majesty, King George the 3d, of blessed memory. My dear sons of America! Put not your trust in Princes."

me or my Interest, but are Jockeys Words to be taken? but alas! our Ministry consist of few others than that class — but to return. Mr. Wilkes has been three Times elected Member for the County of Middlesex & was refused his seat in any House (except the King's Bench). He was chosen by the Inhabitants of the Ward, Alderman for Farringdon Without (the largest in the City), in which I reside; the Court of Aldermen would not swear him in; the Inhabitants rechose him, Ditto, so that the Ward being without an Alderman, the Inhabitants will not pay the Taxes, not being properly represented & the Ward Books not signed by Mr. Alderman Wilkes.

I could add much more of the above Gentle[illegible] sufferings, but cannot write with propriety being much afflicted with the Gout. . . . I remain,

Your Lovg. Cozn.

J. MERES.

Old Baily, May 21, 1769.

In 1780 Mr. Leach drew an important plan of the new streets in Charlestown, including the changes around the Square, authorized by the General Court. This plan is valuable, as it gives the names of all abutters, and accurate measurements of each lot.

Beyond the Leach house is a higher one, built by the late Noah Lincoln for some of his family, his own residence being the next one, on the corner, an account of which is given elsewhere. On the opposite side of Salem Street, the Newman house, already described, is seen facing Bennet Street. On the right hand of the picture, at the corner of Short, now Wiggin, Street, is a brick block erected by Job Turner on the site of the old home of the Pitman family. In one of these houses lived Abel B. Munroe, a wealthy citizen, who held many public offices.

Bennet Street has acquired its greatest distinction from the school which was established here in 1713, and which, under various names, has continued to the present day. The original building was the gift of Thomas Hutchinson, and bore his coat-of-arms on the front. He was one of Boston's greatest benefactors; and his name would probably have been given to the school in 1790, at the time of the reorganization, had not his son, the Tory governor, incurred the popular displeasure. At that time no name was more in favor at the North End than that of the pastor of the New North Church, John Eliot, whose father had adorned the same position before him; so that the Eliot School came naturally by its name, although historic justice and municipal gratitude would have preferred that of the founder.

The long list of teachers, beginning with Recompense Wadsworth, down to our own time includes many names of note; and the list of scholars would reach tens of thousands.

Adjoining the old garden lot of Isaac Harris stands a large wooden house endwise on the street, formerly numbered 7, but now 32. This house was built about 1796 by Simeon Skilling, the ablest wood-carver of his time. The classic cornice over his front door, sketched in the above cut, is a good specimen of his work, and has been much admired and widely copied. It may be considered the archetype of that style of ornamentation which afterwards became quite common in the larger towns of New England. The interior decorations of the house have suffered from the rough usage it has received in recent years, but there are still traces of elegant workmanship to be seen in the front parlor and chamber. Most of the figure-heads that issued from the port of Boston for many years were made by Mr. Skilling. Such was his genius that he might be called an artist rather than an artisan. Innumerable chairs, sideboards, and desks, adorned with the favorite claw feet and other tasteful ornaments, were the product of his chisel. Many churches contain examples of his work, among which may be mentioned the Corinthian capitals of the New North, made in 1804.

Mr. Skilling died in middle life, leaving no children. His widow married Captain Nathaniel Goodwin, and during his life lived at the corner of Portland and Hanover Streets; but after his death she returned to the Bennet-Street house, which meanwhile had been occupied by William Palfrey, Deputy Naval Officer in the Custom House, father of the Rev. Cazneau Palfrey, and son of Colonel William Palfrey, who was at one time an *aide* to General Washington, and subsequently paymaster of the army. He was appointed Consul-General to France, and was lost at sea while on his voyage thither.

Just beyond this estate are two old wooden houses, not by any means as interesting as they once were. In the first lived Benjamin Luckis, a coppersmith; and in the next, directly opposite the old Eliot School, the well-known cooper, Alexander Vannevar, father-in-law of the late Charles W. Slack. These homes, like the others on Bennet Street, were very attractive fifty years ago. They all had large fireplaces, brass andirons, and fenders. On Sundays and Thanksgiving Days especially there were bright wood-fires within; and, as the windows were low, passers-by could look in upon very cheerful scenes. It was not considered necessary to draw the curtains then as soon as the lamps were lighted.

At No. 20 stands one of the older class of brick houses, belted like many others of its age, and fairly well preserved. The narrow window in each story over the front door and the water-table are noticeable features. The interior finish is exceptionally good. This house was long owned by Captain John Howe, who commanded some of the best ships out of Boston. Like many sea-captains, he had a powerful voice, said to resemble thunder in its tones. Returning on one occasion from a voyage to the Baltic, he brought his vessel up to Hancock's Wharf, where he was greeted by a num-

ber of friends, one of whom intimated that they had been previously informed of his approach. "How did you know I was coming?" shouted the captain in his usual stentorian voice. "Oh," said his friend, "we only heard you whisper outside the Light."

The next house to Captain Howe's was Captain Ezra Eaton's. The side entrance then faced a fine garden, now built over. This was the home of Henry Ware, Jr., the beloved pastor of the Second Church, shortly after his marriage. He afterward lived nearly opposite his church, in Cotton Mather's old house on Hanover Street. Between Captain Eaton's and the church on the corner was the estate once belonging to Thomas Lee. Here the late J. M. S. Williams spent a part of his boyhood in the family of his grandfather, Deacon Ephraim Snow, a merchant on Long Wharf.

The corner property was originally used for church purposes in 1741, when Samuel Mather colonized with a portion of his flock from the old church in North Square, and built a wooden structure here, with a plain front and a high, open steeple. After his death, in 1785, the building was bought by Shippie Townsend, John Stoddard, John Page, Josiah Snelling, and others in the interest of the First Universalist Church of Boston. There are a few North-End people still living who can recall John Murray, the first pastor of this church. One of them says he used to see him, when enfeebled by paralysis, carried by his father's house in an arm-chair, in order to be present at public worship. His successors, Paul Dean and Sebastian Streeter, are remembered by many. The original building, which had undergone several changes at different times, including the loss of its steeple, was taken down in 1838, when the present brick edifice was erected. It is now used as the Baptist Bethel.

The building nearly opposite on Bennet Street, now used by the Portuguese Church, was the second home of the First Methodist Church of Boston. The land was bought of Levi Melcher and Simon Wilkinson. At the laying of the corner-stone, April 30, 1828, while the preacher was giving an address almost prophetic in its allusion to the time when the walls of the edifice should crumble into dust, suddenly a portion of the flooring gave way, precipitating about two hundred people into the cellar. Many were injured, but no one was killed. This church became the scene of much spiritual power and growth during the next twenty years, under an earnest and able ministry. Its pulpit is now in possession of the Methodist Historical Society.

THE MATHER-ELIOT HOUSE.

Few persons in Boston are aware of the great interest belonging to this fragment of an ancient wooden dwelling, crowded almost out of sight by the larger brick buildings, at the north corner of Hanover and Bennet Streets.

This was the house built by Increase Mather in 1677, after he was driven from North Square by the great fire which burnt his church and residence there. Here he remained until his death, in 1723. His son, Cotton Mather, spent several years of his boyhood and youth here, and afterward moved into a large brick house near by on Hanover Street, which he bought in 1688, and which was not taken down till four years ago, although, like this house of his father, it underwent several changes in our time.

It would be fame enough for any house to have been the home of the Mathers; but it was reserved for this one to be the abode, for an equally long time, of Andrew and John Eliot, father and son, ministers in succession of the New North from 1742 till 1813.

It is safe to say that no other house in Boston has sheltered for so long a time four such distinguished doctors of divinity.

NOAH LINCOLN'S HOUSE.

IF the lives of private citizens who have given character to Boston by their personal worth and honest toil could be preserved to us, even in outline, we should be far richer in our inheritance than we can ever hope to be. We know something of the great personages who have exercised authority in political or military life; but how scanty is our knowledge of the much larger number who, in the homes and workshops of the town, on the farms in the country, or, it may be, on our ships at sea, have been the truest representatives of New England life and character!

In the quaint diaries which have recently been printed we get so many delightful glimpses into the every-day life of the people that we could wish every man in those days had kept a diary, and a full one too. But, unfortunately for us, they did not; neither did they seem to think that we should ever care to have such mementos as drawings of their houses or portraits of themselves and their children. Perhaps, in most cases, the children were so numerous, and the artists so few, and the money so scarce, that all such luxuries were considered out of the question, if indeed they were ever considered at all.

But our real demand of the times gone by is not alone for Smiberts and Copleys, nor for Sewalls and Belknaps, but for any detail

of common life, however rudely sketched by pen or pencil. To meet, in some partial way, this historic want, and to save from oblivion the memory of some ancestral homes, yet standing among us, has been the purpose of the present work. Houses of interest from their age or family connection have been sought out, even in the most forbidding parts of what is now the foreign quarter of the city, and their story has been diligently sought for like hidden treasure, though often, it must be confessed, without a ray of light.

The house before us, however, is not so unintelligible, since its later record is fresh in the affectionate remembrance of some among the living. Yet even here, where so much is supposed to be known, no one has traced back the pedigree of so ancient and time-honored a house. After careful searching, we find that the land was originally a part of "the close or pasture ground" of Richard Bennet, for whom the street is named; then of Jonas Clark, a large proprietor; and then of Richard Sherren, a butcher, who sold it in 1715 to Robert Orange, who the following year petitioned for liberty "to build with timber," but was "disallowed by the selectmen," probably on account of the objection against wooden buildings, as so many of them had recently been swept away by fire, including the town-house and the First Church. Orange accordingly built his house of brick, and was licensed as an innholder. His widow sold it in 1734 to the Rev. Peter Thacher, of the New North Church, for £1,450. The next owner was John Proctor, schoolmaster; and after him the Avis family for the long period of seventy-eight years, until 1820, when it was bought by Noah Lincoln, who lived here till his death, in 1856. With him, therefore, our interest in the house is chiefly associated.

Many changes have come over the place since it passed into other hands, and the corner-shop is an uncongenial intruder where the old family sitting-room used to be; yet it is the same house, with its ample proportions, its original walls, and panelled chimneys, — a fair representative of the better class of dwellings known in Boston fifty years ago.

Noah Lincoln was born in Hingham in 1772, one of nine children of David and Elizabeth Fearing Lincoln, and a descendant of Stephen Lincoln, the progenitor of various branches of that distinguished house. At the age of fourteen he came to Boston, a poor boy, and apprenticed himself as a calker and graver to Joshua Pitman. After serving his time, he engaged in journey-work four years; and so industrious and frugal was he in all his habits that, by the time he was twenty-five years old, he had laid up eighteen hundred dollars, — a large sum for those days. With this he bought the graving-ways where he had learned his trade, and there he remained throughout his long career as ship carpenter and subsequently as dealer in wood and coal. Lincoln's Wharf takes its name from him, and is a monument of his enterprise and sagacity. As coal did not come into use in Boston until after 1820, and then only in small quantities, all the dwellings and shops were warmed by firewood. Thrifty citizens would lay in their winter's supply early in the fall, when wood-sawyers were seen on every street sawing wood in front of a house and then piling it up in perfect order in the yard, wood-house, or cellar. To supply this demand the wood-wharves were stocked with huge piles of firewood, and were much cleaner and more attractive than their successors the coal-wharves are to-day. When Mr. Lincoln commenced, all the property along the shore was held in small narrow

strips. The first important change was made by the Marine Railway Company, organized for hauling vessels up for repairs and launching them. To get land enough for this purpose, the Company had to buy out several estates, including Truman's, Isaac Ridley's, and one half of Noah Lincoln's. It became a prosperous business, but in the march of improvement it was superseded by the dry-dock system. The East Boston Ferry Company afterward established its landing here.

Mr. Lincoln was married, by Dr. Lathrop, in 1802, to Sally, daughter of John and Susannah Greaves Howe. After living several years in Unity Street, it became necessary, with the growth of his family, to seek larger quarters; and he purchased this corner house, and changed the old gambrel roof by carrying up the front walls and making a third story,—a common custom of the time. Mr. Lincoln was devoted to his family and to his business. He never sought public office, but was content patiently and systematically to perform his daily round of duties, with a scrupulous regard to those principles of honor and integrity which had been taught him in his childhood. He was fond of music, and was often heard humming the old psalm tunes. His pleasant home became the scene of many reunions. Twelve children and an increasing number of grandchildren brought constant light and cheer to the house. On Thanksgiving Day and New Year's the celebrations were genuine and hearty. On Independence Day a large tent was usually erected in the back yard on Salem Street, gayly decorated with flags and flowers; and there this patriarchal family, to the number of fifty and more, sat down to dinner. Each one was expected to make a speech, sing a song, or offer a toast. This practice was continued for twenty years with a single excep-

tion. The joy of the house, however, was not without its counterpart of sorrow. The death of Mrs. Lincoln, in 1832, was an event the gloom of which did not soon pass away. Mr. Lincoln lived to be one of the oldest men at the North End, and left not only a large property, but a name unsullied and a work well done. A sermon commemorative of his life was preached by Dr. Robbins from the fitting text: "*That we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.*"

Mr. Lincoln's youngest daughter became the second wife of Frederic W. Lincoln, grandson of Paul Revere, and Mayor of Boston for seven years. He was the son of Louis Lincoln, — who lived on Hanover Street, near the ferry, — and the grandson of Captain Amos Lincoln, who came from Hingham to Boston and engaged in house-building, being subsequently employed as carpenter for the new State House. Amos participated in the tea party of Dec. 16, 1773, obtaining his Mohawk disguise through the assistance of his master, Crafts, who, it is said, at family devotions prayed "for the young man out on a perilous errand" that night. He commanded the Company at Fort Independence which fired the salute at the first celebration of the Fourth of July in Boston. Amos Lincoln had four brothers, one of whom, Levi, moved to Worcester, and became Jefferson's Attorney General.

On the opposite corner of Bennet Street, where the Industrial Home now stands, was the Salem Church, organized in 1827. The roll of its ministry contains the names of Justin Edwards, George W. Blagden, Joseph H. Towne, Edward Beecher, and George W. Field. This church took an advanced position in matters of reform, and was always active in benevolent work at the North End. During its comparatively short life it was an efficient

means of grace to many; and it is remembered with sincere affection by all who have been identified with it. In 1871, owing to the gradual removal of most of its members, it was united with the Mariners' Church for a time, and then disbanded.

On the same spot once stood a large rough-cast house with a generous porch and ample grounds embowered in foliage. This was the residence of Daniel E. Powars, a well-known baker, and, before him, of Deacon Edward Edes. Long before, it was the home of the Rev. John Webb, the first minister of the New North Church; and here the council for the installation of the Rev. Peter Thacher met, January 28, 1720.

The following cut is described on page 207.

UNITY STREET.

IN strolling through the North End, one finds a congenial relic of the past in Unity Street, — a kind of "sleepy hollow" between Tileston and Charter Streets. Not being a thoroughfare, this ancient way is undisturbed most of the time by passers-by; and vehicles are seldom seen, except those of the loud-mouthed fruit venders, who are, indeed, never out of sight in these parts.

Unity Street was laid out before 1710 by a syndicate composed of Ebenezer Clough, Solomon Townsend, Matthew Butler, and other enterprising men, who owned a considerable tract of land in this vicinity which they cut up and sold in house-lots. Their new street appears on Bonner's map of 1722, though without a name. It was sometimes called Elit's Street, probably after the Eliots, who were early land-owners here. By 1753 it had come to be commonly known as Unity Street.

The most interesting building here architecturally, and the best-preserved specimen in Boston of the early style of brick houses, at once substantial and modest, is at No. 23. It is built of large imported brick — the largest to be seen in Boston — laid partly in the English bond, with the usual heavy belt. The windows are very wide, and the panes are square, resem-

bling those of the Tremere house, seen on page 17. The entrance is back from the street, and the old door-knocker is still in use. The staircase is ornamental, and the great beam in the parlor is in keeping with the massive walls. The corner house formerly corresponded with this, but was remodelled a few years ago.

This location, as late as 1707, was a part of "Bennet's pasture." John Love, mariner, and Susannah his wife, sold the land to Ebenezer Clough; and he, with Thankful his wife, sold it, in 1711, to Ebenezer Kimball of Wenham, bricklayer. Kimball doubtless built the house, as it passed from his hands in 1724 to Caleb Parker, whose descendants have held it down to the present day.

Jedediah Parker, a son of Caleb, was a graduate of Harvard, and a son-in-law of the Rev. Nathaniel Eells, of Scituate. His daughter, Mary Adams, married Thomas Knox Emery, a silversmith; and, after a widowhood of sixty-three years, she died, in possession of this house, in 1878, at the advanced age of ninety-two. When she was twelve years old, she made twelve linen shirts for her father, — an example of juvenile industry not as rare in those days as it would be now.

From this venerable woman several facts were obtained which are worthy of record. At the outbreak of the Revolution, her grandfather's family left the town and went to Saugus. The British took possession of the house and occupied it during the siege. It is said that they opened a small grocery shop on the premises. When the owners returned, after the Evacuation, they found much of their furniture injured and some of it missing. The troops left a parting remembrance, however, in

the shape of a cannon-ball in the cellar. A valuable mahogany desk had been taken to the barracks on the Common. After much searching it was discovered and restored to its place, and it has been in use ever since. It was made in England, and is finely carved with classic faces and claw feet. It contains the usual pigeon-holes and drawers, including an adroitly concealed secret drawer.

Among other antique treasures from this house may be mentioned a Bible, a punch-bowl, samplers of 1741, a tea-caddy, a coffee-mill, two silver porringers made by Paul Revere, a light-stand, and several chairs of excellent workmanship. These articles have now passed to the children of Captain Samuel Leach.*

The house next to this on the right exhibits some rather eccentric architectural features, one of which is that while the *voussoirs* and keystones of the first-story window arches are generally of brick, those on each side of the key are of solid wood. The reason for this is not apparent. Above the door is a carved brick lintel; and along the whole front is a unique attempt at ornament by an irregular relief in brick. The moulded water-table and the solid plank sills are noticeable. The upper story was not a part of the original building.

The brick house adjoining this (No. 19), and identical with it in age and style, though not as wide, is the one which Benjamin Franklin owned for many years, and which was the home of two of his sisters, Elizabeth and Jane. It came to him as collateral upon a loan which he made, in 1748, to Richard Dowse, the second husband of his sister Elizabeth, who had received the

* The coffee-mill and the front door lock (a foot long) have recently been given to the Bostonian Society.

estate from her first husband, Joseph Berry, who died in 1719. Berry had bought the house, in 1716, of Deacon John Barrett, who probably built it, as he speaks of it as "newly formed for habitation."

On the death of Dowse, Franklin allowed his sisters, both of them being widows, to occupy the house together. As there was a difference of thirty-five years in their ages, — Elizabeth being the oldest and Jane the youngest of seventeen children, — and a still greater difference in their tastes and habits, they did not get on very well together. The younger sister wrote to their brother in Philadelphia, begging him to provide some other home for Elizabeth, who had become very troublesome in her old age. Franklin sent the following wise letter in reply: —

"As *having their own way* is one of the greatest comforts of life to old people, I think their friends should endeavor to accommodate them in that as well as in anything else. When they have long lived in a house, it becomes natural to them; they are almost as closely connected with it as the tortoise with his shell; they die if you tear them out of it; old folks and old trees, if you remove them, it is ten to one that you kill them; so let our good old sister be no more importuned on that head. We are growing old fast ourselves, and shall expect the same kind of indulgences; if we give them, we shall have a right to receive them in our turn. . . . *Old age*, *infirmities*, *and poverty*, joined, are afflictions enough. The *neglect* and *slights* of friends and near relatives should never be added."

The old lady died soon after; and Jane lived here undisturbed nearly forty years longer. More than any of the family, she is said to have resembled her famous brother in strength of character and practical good sense. She seems to have developed early, for she married Edward Mecom at the age of fifteen. Benjamin, who was only a few years her senior, was interested in the event, and sent her a gift, with the following note: —

". . . I have been thinking what would be a suitable present for me to make, and for you to receive, as I hear you are grown a celebrated beauty. I had almost determined upon a tea-table; but when I considered that the character of a good housewife was far preferable to that of being only a pretty gentlewoman, I concluded to send you a *spinning wheel*, which I hope you will accept as a small token of my sincere love and affection."

In 1802 the house was sold by John Lathrop, D.D., and Benjamin Sumner, executors of the will of Jane Mecom. Noah Lincoln bought it and lived here till 1820. For the last fifty-five years it has been the home of Elias W. Goddard, the well-known cooper and one of the few living representatives of the old-time Boston mechanics. His yard, which is directly behind Christ Church, has the best-kept vines and plants of any at the North End, reminding one of the care which was formerly bestowed upon all the gardens in this neighborhood.

Among former residents in Unity Street may be mentioned Joseph Bassett, Jacob G. L. Libby, jeweller, John J. Swift, President of the Fitchburg Railroad, Joseph Rogers, Cotton Thayer, John D. Howard, Colonel Peter Dunbar, Commander of the Lancers, Samuel Melendy, Henry Fowle, Deacon Jacob Hiler, Stephen Vialle, Jr., and Charles A. Vialle, President of the Bank of the Republic.

Robinson's Alley — now called Webster Avenue for reasons not given — is one of the narrowest, darkest, and most repulsive lanes in the city, suggesting the Ghetto of Rome or the old Judengasse at Frankfort-on-the-Main. This used to be the headquarters of the colored people before they migrated to Belknap Street. They kept poultry, ducks, pigs, monkeys, parrots, and

other live-stock in great numbers. When the celebration of peace took place after the War of 1812, the denizens of this alley were not to be outdone in their illuminations. They put lights in all their windows, and then went up town to see what others had done. Meantime their candles burned low and set fire to some of their houses; and soon the whole alley was ablaze, giving them indeed the grandest display of all, but leaving them without a single house for shelter the next morning.

Tileston Street received its present name from the veteran pedagogue, whose school was hard by. In honoring him, however, the town fathers seem to have forgotten the ancient Love family, whose name the street had borne for more than a century. Perhaps "Love Lane," as it was generally called, having lost its original meaning, was not considered sufficiently romantic as a place of resort for the modern Johns and Susannahs. Copp's Hill Burial Ground seems to have answered their purpose much better.

Love Street did not extend through to Salem Street until 1734, when, after much discussion, a strip of land was taken from Jonathan Jackson and Jonathan Loring, and a "highway of six feet laid out." No doubt the neighbors were glad to see the old "fence removed," as previously they had been obliged to pass around through Bennet Street. On the corner of Love and Salem Streets lived Doctor Timothy Cutler, very near his church. Other residents in this street at various periods have been John Ripley, Captain William Ward, Benjamin Cushing, Samuel Auckley, Joshua Ellis, Benjamin Coomey, Samuel Brown, James Damon, James Wright, and Edward H. Dunn.

It is said that Mather Byles was born on Tileston Street, in the brick house still standing (No. 12) near Hanover Street. His father, Josiah Byles, was a saddler, and came from Winchester, England, about 1695. He married, for his second wife, Elizabeth, widow of William Greenough, and daughter of Increase Mather. Their distinguished son was born March 15, $170\frac{5}{7}$, and baptized the next day. As the father had made his will two or three years before, and died soon after the birth of this child, leaving him nothing, the deficiency was remedied by Judge Sewall, who ordered the executor to give Mather an equal share with the other children. The will gave the mother's Bible to the oldest son, and an Indian boy, named Winchester, to the youngest.

Mather Byles attended the school in Bennet Street; and took his first degree at Harvard College in 1725. He joined the Second Church the same year, and was settled as the first pastor of the Hollis Street Church in 1733, remaining in office forty-three years. He was the foremost wit of his time, and many of his local puns will never be forgotten. He was a powerful and persuasive preacher withal, and a poet of no mean repute; and had it not been for the persistent toryism of his later years, his whole career would have been better known. His first wife was a niece of Governor Belcher, and his second a daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Tailer. His home was on Tremont near Nassau Street, where his two unmarried daughters lived many years after his death, always maintaining their father's views, and clinging to the past with great tenacity. They would usually take their tea on a table which had been used by Dr. Franklin, they would blow the fire with bellows two hundred years old, and would go to church in dresses of exceptional antiquity.

Another name of some note is connected with this same house. John Dixwell, son of the regicide, came here from New Haven, and was one of the founders and officers of the New North. He was a goldsmith by trade, and was highly esteemed among his contemporaries.

The oldest-looking house on this street is the one given in the following cut. Though it has long been in a moribund condition, it seems to defy the attacks of time and hard usage. It was a comely homestead in its day, but it has outlived its dignity if not its usefulness. The roof is very undulating, and the whole structure is shaky enough to satisfy any artist. The clapboards have scarf joints and moulded edges, and are fastened with wooden pins and wrought nails. The ground-floor windows are about as low as those given on page 48. Among the former occupants of this house may be mentioned William S. Baxter, Captain of the Montgomery Guards.

CHARTER STREET.

ONE of the widest, sunniest, and most respectable streets in Boston was at the extreme end of the town, ascending by an easy slope from Hanover Street and passing along the brow of Copp's Hill by the old Burial Ground. This has long been known as Charter Street, so named in memory of the Charter of William and Mary, brought over in 1692 by Sir William Phips, whose house was on the corner of this street and Green Lane (now Salem Street).

In the Colonial time this, like many other streets, seems to have had no particular name. It was variously designated as "the way leading from Rainsford's corner to the North Burying Place;" or "the street leading up to the mansion house of Sir William Phips, Knight;" or, a little later, as "the highway leading up to the mansion house of the Lady Phips." Its present appropriate name was given by the selectmen in 1708, and happily it has been allowed to remain. From this street a few narrow lanes led down to the water's edge; the bluff at the northern end being so steep that for a long time there was no public way laid out below it, until Lynn (now Commercial) Street was extended around by Hudson's Point to the Charlestown Ferry at the foot of Prince Street.

Until recently one could find in Charter Street quite a number of ancient dwellings well worth examining. They are disappearing from year to year, as the demand for larger and more modern tenements increases. The house selected for illustration here is No. 23, on the corner of Vernon Place, and is familiar to all old residents of this vicinity. It was owned for many years by Mayor Wells, and is now the property of the heirs of Joshua Bennett. There has been a tradition at the North End that the Colonial Charter was concealed in this house at the time of its revocation by Charles II.: but tradition must give way to fact; and the fact is that there was no house here at that time. Nicholas Upsall owned the land, and in 1694 willed it to his grandson, Nicholas Cocke, who two years later sold it to William Clough; and he, doubtless, built the house immediately after, as he sold land and house in 1698 to John Pulling, who lived in it a long time, and left it to his sister Grace, widow of Richard Pitcher. She sold it, in 1739, to William Merchant, a brother-in-law of Governor Hutchinson. In 1758 it was bought by Captain Fortesque Vernon, and remained in his family for nearly three quarters of a century. He was the owner of Vernon's Wharf, afterward Goddard's, then May's, now Union Wharf. His son, William Vernon, had at one time a plantation called Boston in the Colony of Essequibo. He provided that his "negro woman named Mary" should be set free at his death; "but I enjoin her," he says, "never to leave my children. She may live with any of them she chooses, and shall be allowed and paid out of my estate ten pounds lawful money per annum, besides her clothes, for and during her natural life." His oldest son, Fortesque Vernon, was a graduate of Harvard College.

The west wall of this old house is built of brick, strengthened by anchor-heads, and pierced irregularly for small windows. The rest of the building is of wood in good preservation. The interior finish is substantial and quite artistic. A private school was kept here by Elizabeth Vernon, the last of the name to occupy the house. Some of her scholars are still living. This was also the home of Nathaniel Woodward, whose three daughters were famous singers in the choir of one of the North End churches, and whose granddaughter, Clara Louise Kellogg, has achieved a still wider distinction.

Greenough's Lane, on the left, is an ancient passage-way leading down to Greenough's Wharf, named for Captain William Greenough, who established here one of the earliest and largest ship-yards in the town. He was a member of the Second Church, a tithing-man, a constable, a liberal subscriber to public improvements, and a worthy pioneer in the long roll of intelligent and prosperous mechanics who have made the ship-yards of the North End resound with the busy hum of industry, and have added a large proportion to the solid wealth and prosperity of Boston. The sectional view on the right of the picture is taken from a point below in Greenough's Lane, looking up toward Charter and into Unity Street. The tree overhanging the roofs of the houses stands in the yard of the old Swift estate. In the house on the west side of the Lane lived, at the close of the last century, Samuel Mills, one of the founders of the Methodist Church in Boston. On the east corner of Vernon Place lived Henry Hutchinson, the well-known sail-maker; and also Nathan Hobbs, his son-in-law. Beyond this, toward Hanover Street, lived Jairus Pratt and Samuel N. Cushing, calkers and gravers. Next to them came

two of the Rhoades Brothers, hatters. William Eaton, housewright, was their neighbor. A little farther on was a large wooden house belonging to Joseph Chandler, painter, and to his descendants until it was taken down, about thirty years ago, to make way for a modern brick block.

On the corner of Hanover Street has been a famous apothecary-shop for several generations, kept by Archbald, Hunt, John Thayer, Richardson, Isaac Fowle, and others, each in turn receiving the title of doctor. Many are the stories told of these men, some of whom must have been original characters. Their shop was always open, not only to customers but to people in general who wanted to learn the news of the day or discuss public affairs. This hospitality was naturally agreeable to the small boys of the neighborhood, who sometimes, in Dr. Thayer's day, congregated in such numbers around the door and under the bow-window as to disturb his equanimity. He would bear it for a while, and then, suddenly seizing a whip, which he seems to have kept on hand for the purpose, he would rush out of the door and chase the youngsters, who would take to their heels and disappear around the corner, only to return again at a favorable moment to renew the sport. It is not strange that the old gentleman's temperament became somewhat irascible under such provocation; but it is likely that the boys would never have thought of vexing him, if they had not enjoyed his comical efforts to drive them away.

On the south side of Charter Street, just west of Revere Place, stood the house of Paul Revere, where he lived during the last twenty years of his life. It was a large three-story brick mansion, standing back from the street and painted a light yellowish tint.

It was built by Captain Newman Greenough before the Revolution. There was an iron fence in front, with hanging chains from the gate to the door. The estate was about sixty-four feet wide and one hundred and forty feet deep, containing a large yard in the rear, where bells were often placed for inspection after being cast in the foundry. Purchasers would come to hear them sounded; and boys would often gather around out of curiosity. One of their number remembers being present with others on such an occasion, when they were probably in the way; for Mr. Revere pushed them aside with his cane, saying: "Take care, boys! if that hammer should hit your head, you 'd ring louder than these bells do."

In 1824 the estate was bought by the Penitent Female Refuge Society; and in 1843 it was taken down to make room for a new block of houses. So thoroughly was it built that when the workmen pried off the upper story wall, it fell in one mass to the ground and broke only in the middle, — an example of solid masonry not unlike the famous "Blown-up Tower" of Heidelberg Castle, which, when undermined by the French, was detached by the explosion, and, instead of crumbling to pieces, fell unbroken into the moat, where it has ever since remained.

Between Revere's house and Unity Street lived William Thompson, Thomas Hudson, printer on the "Centinel," and Simon Wilkinson, whose garden yielded an abundance of grapes. Farther up lived, in adjacent houses, two well-known sea-captains, William Burrows and Samuel B. Edes, who used to sail on long voyages, leaving their families to keep each other company.

On the east corner of Henchman's Lane, in the large wooden house built by his father, lived George Darracott, a prominent citizen, who was identified with many public interests, such as

the Marine Railway, the Boston Gas Works, and the new Fire Department. The latter was organized largely through his influence, and he was appointed second in command, with William Barnicoat chief. Mr. Darracott's family numbered eight sons and eight daughters, many of whom are still living. On the opposite corner lived Zephaniah Sampson, the father of George R. Sampson; and a few doors back, on Henchman's Lane, was the home of Jonathan Cary, of the firm of Cary & Brown, spar-makers. Several sons have honored the name in various positions. William H. Cary, who moved to Brooklyn and established a successful business, had a summer residence in Lexington, where his widow, Maria Hastings Cary, founded the Cary Library for the free use of the town. Isaac H. Cary is well remembered as a large real-estate owner in Boston. Beyond the Cary house lived John Trench and Thomas Lewis. These houses have long since lost their original air of neatness and comfort.

Opposite Salem Street lived Joseph Bassett, and, a little farther up, John B. Wells, his partner. William Lee, of Lee & Shepard, lived at No. 61, and in the next house George Carpenter, whose grandfather, Richard Carpenter, died a prisoner of war, during the Revolution, in the hands of the British. His wife, Hannah Brackett, was Governor Hancock's housekeeper. George O. Carpenter was born here. Immediately in the rear, on a court, lived Oliver Ditson, whose mother kept a private school, which is still pleasantly remembered by some of her old scholars.

Among the residents of Charter Street in the last century were Captain Alexander Sears, Foster Cruft, Captain Jonathan Lord, William Jepson, Captain Ozias Goodwin, Colonel Robert Gardner, Samuel McCleary, Joab Hunt, and Commodore David Porter,

son of Captain Porter, of Revolutionary fame, and father of the Admiral. More recently may be noted Edward Cruft, Captain John Cruft, James Washburn, William Grammer, Deacon David Parker, Captain of the Bennet Street Engine Company, and father of Robert Parker, of the Parker House, San Francisco, John Singleton, Humphrey Chadbourn, John Howe, Captain Thomas G. Hiler, father of the President of the Faneuil Hall Bank, Peter Hemmenway, James L. Mills, Deacon Samuel Tenney, President of the Merchants' Insurance Company, John Ritchie, Charles H. Stearns, and John P. Ober.

Many of the houses on Charter Street formerly commanded an extensive view over Charlestown, Chelsea, and East Boston. On the day of Bunker Hill they were thronged with spectators, anxiously awaiting the result of the firing. As the wounded were brought over in boats they were taken to the nearest available houses for treatment. There are persons now living who can remember seeing the marks of blood left by the wounded British on the floors of houses in this street. The Governor Phips mansion was used for officers, one of whom was brought there on a litter, flourishing his sword, and vociferously cursing the Yankees.

The same day, in the morning, Mrs. William Palfrey, then an infant in arms, was carried by an elder sister up Middle Street, between two lines of soldiers who were waiting to be ferried over to Charlestown, and eating what to many of them must have been their last meal. One of them called out, "Is that your child, my dear?" which, of course, frightened the poor girl, and quickened her steps to get to a place of safety as soon as possible.

Opposite the burial-ground, on Charter Street, stood, until a

few months ago, a small one-story house, of which a sketch is given below. Most visitors to Copp's Hill will remember it. In the last century these little "ten-footers," as they were called, were quite common in the vicinity of Boston, especially along the south shore. Only a few of them can now be seen. In style and size they are a remnant of the primitive houses of New England, which were much smaller than is generally supposed. The wonder is how they could ever shelter such large families as many of them are known to have done.

VERNON PLACE

VERNON PLACE.

AS early as 1698 William Clough, who built the Vernon house in Charter Street already described, was living in the rear, and probably in the oldest part of the long wooden building here given; for he reserved to himself and his heirs forever "full and free liberty and privilege of ingress, egress, and progress to and from said tenement; . . . and to fetch water from the pump and out of the well." This ancient passage-way was named Vernon Place in 1825, when Charles Wells was interested in improving the adjacent estates which he had recently acquired.

The principal door is uniquely panelled, and the window frames are of solid wood. The side on Greenough's Lane has a number of very small swing-sash windows opening outward, — mere port-holes. The antiquity of the house is seen at the farther end, in the overhanging second story, of which there are very few specimens left in Boston. The interior retains its Colonial character. Any modern house would be richly adorned with these large chimney-panels and this superb beaufet, built into the corner nearly two hundred years ago, with its shell-shaped canopy, carved cherubs, and fluted pilasters.

Among the later occupants of this estate were the families of George Hiler, Nathaniel Nottage, and Alexander S. Chandler. Dr. Thomas H. Chandler, of Harvard University, was born here.

In their time the land opposite, now covered with tenements, was an open space where children played. At the end of the court stands a small brick block, with gardens in front still kept up. Here lived Samuel Mansur, Major Daniel Henderson, who served in the War of 1812, from Dover, N.H., and John B. Hillard, whose distinguished son, George S. Hillard, went from here to the Latin School and Harvard College, where he won so many honors. His first notable achievement was the winning of the Lloyd gold medal, inscribed: SCHOLAE LATINAE FILIO DIGNO GEORGIO S. HILLARD AB URBE PRO MERITIS DATUM MDCCCXXIV. On the reverse was a figure of Minerva crowning youths in front of the Parthenon; and for a legend the words: PALMA NON SINE PULVERE. These medals were awarded only two years, — in 1823, to Davis of the Latin, and Dixwell of the English High School; and in 1824 to Hillard and Simonds.

FOSTER STREET.

FOSTER STREET, like Lime Alley, was an old passage-way leading from the upper part of Charter Street down to the water. It was a favorite coasting-place with the first generation of young North-enders, and for a long time was called Sliding Alley. Another name for it in the last century was Brewer's Hill.

John Foster, for whom it is now named, was an opulent merchant of the early time who owned a large tract of land on this slope, "having the old footpath leading to Charlestown running" through it. The ancient brick house on the right-hand corner, which has just given place to a new structure, is said to have been Foster's residence during the Andros troubles; and it was believed by many to have been the house in which the first charter was concealed. Foster was a parishioner and warm supporter of Dr. Increase Mather, and urged his appointment as special agent to England to obtain redress of grievances. This friendship proved of great value to the Colony; for when the Governor forbade Mather's departure, and placed a sentry at his door, Foster contrived an ingenious plan for his escape, which proved successful. He called in the evening at the Doctor's house, and was admitted. He then confided to him his secret, and offered to lend him his clothes, and wait for them to be

returned in the morning. As the two men were of nearly the same size there was no difficulty in carrying out the scheme; and Mather put on Foster's garb, including his red cloak, tie-wig, and cane in hand; and thus disguised he readily passed the sentry and walked to the boat which was in waiting for him by Foster's order. The next morning the clothes were returned, and Citizen Foster sallied forth, to the astonishment of the guard, who had thus lost his prisoner. By this time, Dr. Mather was on board the ship in the outer bay, with sails set for England.

In 1792 Paul Revere established his foundry at the lower end of Foster Street, on the east side, bordering upon Lynn Street, where he carried on an extensive business.* The buildings were damaged by the October gale of 1804, and he never rebuilt here, but moved the works to Canton, where the Revere Copper Company has since remained.

Major William Harris, a brother of Isaac Harris, owned the west side of Foster Street, and erected several houses upon it. For neighbors he had such men as John Williston, Samuel Aspinwall, Henry N. Hooper, James S. Wiggin, Charles Hammatt, and Jeremiah Wetherbee. In the large corner house, seen in the picture, on the opposite side of Commercial Street, was born John M. Fiske, the present Deputy Collector of the Port, whose grandfather, Benjamin Fiske, was long the owner of Fiske's Wharf. Many of the Boston merchants, in those days, lived down by the water, to be near their ships and superintend the loading and

* His business card, neatly engraved about this time, announces that "Paul Revere and Son at their Bell and Cannon Foundry at the North part of Boston Cast Bells and Brass Cannon of all Sizes and all kinds of Composition Work. Manufacture Sheets, Bolts, Spikes, Nails &c. from Malleable Copper and Cold Rolled. NB Cash for Old Brass and Copper."

unloading. The population was almost wholly of the New England element, and a residence here was considered, in many respects, as desirable as in any part of the town.

Directly across the river we get a glimpse of Charlestown, a near neighbor, yet always formerly maintaining its independent character and dignity. In the minds of many the name of Charlestown will recall the old inherited feud between the North End boys and the "Charlestown pigs," — one of the unwritten chapters in the history of Boston. Ordinarily the guerilla mode of warfare was adopted, as affording the widest range for individual prowess, and being at the same time less exposed to the dreaded eye of the constable. Scouts would be sent out to watch by the bridge for any stray "pig" who ventured that way. Sometimes, on a Thursday or Saturday afternoon, the rival forces would meet in open combat, especially in winter when Charles River was frozen over, furnishing a capital ground for their manœuvres. Armed with clubs and snow-balls, each party under recognized leaders, they would rush to the attack, and often keep it up "until the going down of the sun." Such an engagement would be long remembered, as many sore heads were the result.

When the "Copp's-hillers" had settled a score with the "pigs," they had not far to go in the other direction to find the "Prince-streeters" ready to meet them, or the "Ann-streeters" (a rough set), or the "West-enders," or even the "Fort-hillers" and the "South-enders." These various rival factions would sometimes combine as allies, on the one side or the other, and form two great camps of observation on the Common under the command of experienced generals, who would lead forth the juvenile armies

to a regular pitched battle. This kind of fun became at last too serious to be permitted by the authorities, and Mayor Quincy interfered and put a stop to it.

Other sports, involving less danger, but requiring equal ingenuity and courage, were always in favor. One of these was the game known as "Follow the Leader." Some boy was chosen to lead wherever he pleased, and all the others were bound to follow or fall out. On one occasion young Brown was the leader, and he took the boys over all the fences and sheds he could think of, without being able to shake them off. Finally, coming to Mr. Eliot's house on Salem Street, he saw the front-door standing open, and in he walked, followed by all the rest, through the hall and into the dining-room, where the family were seated at dinner. They looked up with astonishment at this cool proceeding, wondering what it all meant, when suddenly a shout was raised, "Follow your Leader!" and the boys all rushed for the door. Mr. Eliot sprang after them just in time to give the last boy a vigorous kick as he crossed the threshold. Fifty years after this, the leader was in New York one day, and met a gentleman who inquired if he was not Fred Brown, who used to live at the North End of Boston. He replied in the affirmative, whereupon the gentleman said, "Do you remember playing 'Follow my Leader' once when we all went into Mr. Eliot's house, and the last boy in coming out received a tremendous kick?" "Yes, indeed I do," said he, "and you must be Henry Ward Beecher, for he was the boy that got it." And so, in fact, it was. At that time he was living on Sheafe Street and attending the old Salem Street Academy. Whatever he may have learned, or failed to learn, there, he certainly took his degree very early on the playground

as master of the art of leadership among his peers. Once only did he come off as the scape-goat at the fag-end of the line; and that may easily be accounted for by his extreme youth. It was a lesson to be learned, and he learned it well. After that, he was advanced rapidly to the head, where his fertile genius and unfailing pluck gave him the acknowledged pre-eminence.

On one occasion young Beecher led a string of boys through a number of back-yards and blind alleys, and over Copp's Hill to a place where it was being dug down twenty or twenty-five feet perpendicular. He had managed to throw off all the boys but one, and, being determined to leave him also behind, he jumped over this steep embankment, with an even chance of breaking his legs; but his undaunted follower came down plump behind him, and the end was not yet. Beecher arose, shook himself like a young lion, looked about for a moment, and then dashed down "Billy Gray's" Wharf, at the end of which lay a large ship. He ran aboard, mounted the rigging, crept out to the end of the yard, and — all heated and out of breath as he was — jumped into the river. It seemed as if he would never come up; but what was his delight, when he rose, to see the other fellow standing there on the deck, not daring to follow, and all the sailors gathering around to see what had become of this audacious duck. His ability to lead was never doubted after that.

Beecher was a great runner as well. Once he went all the way to Roxbury with Eliot Lillie to get green apples. The owner spied them, and gave chase for nearly a mile, but had to give it up. All this was the effervescence of a richly endowed nature, — frolicsome and mischievous, to be sure, but never selfish, coarse, or mean. It was bubbling fun, and could hardly have been

restrained, even by his worthy father, who must often have smiled inwardly as he saw these endless pranks. And there was a touch of gentleness mingled with it all, and a high sense of honor, which gave him the unbounded respect and affection of all his playmates. Young as he was, this knight errant fell in love about this time with one Nancy E., but was too bashful to kiss her even when she gave him encouragement. She was indeed a pretty girl, and became an excellent woman, of whom, if she be now alive, he would no doubt ask pardon for his timidity. His whole boyhood, reckless as it seemed, was tempered by profound religious emotions, especially after he entered the Latin School, where he made rapid progress in his studies. There was often a feeling of sadness, a deep yearning for something better, that took possession of him after long sunshiny days as regularly as the night follows the day. He was sent to Amherst at fifteen to prepare for the Navy, and brought up in the Pulpit, — a very different port from the one he sailed for.

AN ANCIENT TUNNEL.

ON the water side of Commercial Street, leading from the cellar of the house No. 453, is a singular and somewhat mysterious arch, about which there is yet abundant room for speculation. It rises from a stone springing, and is built of large imported brick laid in the English bond. It is about five feet high, and fourteen feet wide. The bottom level, like some of the streets in Rome, has evidently been raised by the gradual accumulation of rubbish, and by its long use as a receptacle for wood and coal. The line of the tunnel is not at right angles with the house, but bears off in the direction of Salem Street. When Commercial Street was widened some years ago, the workmen found this extraordinary subterranean passage extending across the street, and blocked it all up except the end given in the picture.

The inquiry is, what was this for, and when and by whom was it made? Shaw, writing in 1817, speaks of it as being under a house in Lynn Street, demolished by the British during the siege. He says the arch had the same width as the house, and was continued under the street to the cellar wall of the building on the opposite side. Nothing positive, he says, was known about it. There had been a conjecture that it was designed as a retreat for pirates; but so large a piece of masonry could hardly have been

constructed without the knowledge of the authorities, particularly as the whole street must have been laid open to accomplish the work.

Shaw concludes his brief account as follows: "In examining the ruins of that part of the town, I accidentally went into it, and being struck with its unusual situation and size, I made inquiry of an aged friend respecting it. He informed me that he had long known of the arch; that the estate had formerly belonged to a merchant named Cheever, who was a ruling elder at one of the churches at the North End, who had been suspected of having concern in the smuggling trade; and that this arch, communicating so directly with his wharf, was supposed to have been very convenient for that purpose. When constructed he could not tell."

Drake, following Hannah Crocker, gives the theory that the arch was built by Captain Gruchy during the French wars, and used as a place of deposit for contraband goods. Speaking of Gruchy as owning Governor Phips's house, he says that this "privateering merchant built an underground arch of brick, leading all the way from his house down to the beach; and on the first night after a vessel dropped anchor, his boats, loaded with valuable booty, pulled with muffled oars to the shore, where the goods were taken by the sailors up to the Captain's house through the arch, lighted by flaring torches. The mouth of the arch, which was large enough for boats to enter, was concealed by a wharf running out into the river. And so the king was cheated of his share."

It is not necessary to doubt this solution of the problem. We have so little of this kind of romance in our history that it is best

not to disturb the tradition, especially as there is just enough of solid fact to allow it. Whatever Cheever may have been, Gruchy was certainly a character sufficiently picturesque to be handed down in song and story. It is a wonder that Mr. Longfellow missed him. Some friend should have pointed him out. The materials are all here for an epic poem. A Jersey adventurer cruises along the Spanish Main, and captures valuable prizes, which he brings to Boston and sells to great advantage. Becoming rich, he concludes to make this his home, and buys of John Ruck, Esq., in 1745, the famous mansion of Sir William Phips, with its fine equipment of ball-room, guest chambers, servants' hall, coach-house, stables, gardens, terraces, and shade trees.

Having set up such an establishment he has no difficulty in finding friends. His entertainments are gay and costly. He becomes one of the great men of the town, a benefactor of Christ Church, a tithing-man, a fireward, a chairman of committees, and a subscriber to public improvements. He owns wharves at the foot of the hill. He buys Peter Butler's warehouse and Dumaresq's great distillery, extending his possessions along the shore by the old ferry-way, so that "Gruchy's Flats" are still remembered as a once familiar name for that section.

But all this glory comes to an untimely end. Whether his ships cease to come in, whether ill-gotten gain becomes a snare, whether the secret treasure-vault gives out, or is discovered, no one knows. But his light is extinguished. He does not die; he makes no will; he leaves no children. He simply disappears from the scene; and his riches, like the old hulks at his wharf, are sunk out of sight. The stately mansion, with all his equipage, is sold for the creditors; and the name of Gruchy appears no more in Boston annals.

The moral is here, and the story will live, and the smugglers' tunnel will serve to perpetuate it. The facts, so far as they are known, are all given, and the reader is at liberty to draw his own inferences. It should be said that other arches, not unlike this, though smaller, have been known at the North End, and some can still be pointed out, but they are generally supposed to have been wine-vaults or milk-cellars.

The Phips house afterward became the residence of the Rev. William Walter, and, later, of Jonathan Merry, who sold it, in 1814, to the Managers of the Asylum for Indigent Boys. Twenty years later this institution was removed to Thompson's Island, and the old estate was built over with modern brick dwellings.

Immediately adjacent is the house (190 Salem Street) of the Dodd family, well known to three generations of North-enders, and still kept up with becoming pride. Timothy Dodd, who died here ten years ago at the age of ninety-five, was considered the oldest merchant, in active service, in the United States. He began as an apprentice to Governor Hancock's nephew on Long Wharf, in 1795. During the greater part of his life he was engaged in the wholesale fur business on Milk Street. He was regarded as an authority in antiquarian matters, and is often quoted by his former neighbors.

The old Josiah Snelling house, which stood next, has already been referred to. Mrs. Mary Whitlock Snelling was a high-spirited and patriotic woman of the Revolution. On one occasion when she was alone, preparing her dinner, a British soldier entered the house and was insolent to her, whereupon she put him

out by main strength. At another time a British officer rode into her yard, and on his refusing to leave at her bidding, she deliberately seized his horse and led him out into the street, while he ignominiously remained mounted.

The Dillaway house, next to Christ Church, has long been one of the pleasantest homes in this neighborhood. Mrs. William Dillaway, who has recently died, was a connecting link with the social and domestic life of the early days of the republic. The mother of twelve children, she lived to count twenty-five grandchildren, and (what is more rare) twenty-five great-grandchildren. She was a woman of strong character and saintly virtues, always young in spirit and active in her benevolence. Although the ebbing tide had carried off most of her friends to other parts of the city, she clung tenaciously to the home of her youth, which to the end was illumined by her presence and cheered by the ministrations of loving and devoted kindred.

On the east corner of Salem and Charter Streets, opposite the Phips mansion, stood the house of John Baker, an influential citizen, selectman, and ruling elder, who has left many descendants. Immediately back of his estate was the long wooden house given below, still standing on Charter Street (No. 38),—a good example of a style once very common in Boston. The beams are of hard pine, hewn, and perfectly sound after their long service. In the first cellar is a brick arched recess, and in the second a very large old fireplace eight feet long, with a brick oven inside two feet deep. There is a similar fireplace in the cellar of the old Whitman house on Prince Street. The original appearance of the house here given is best seen in the rear, where the brick end and pitch roof are unchanged.

This estate has been in the Watson family since 1794, when Edward Edes sold it to David Watson for £350. The little one-story "ten-footer," on the left of the yard, is one of the few remaining instances of a class of modest but cosey tenements once quite popular among the artisans of the North End.

SALUTATION ALLEY.

THE very name of this place has the flavor of antiquity about it, and the place itself is in no sense disappointing. You turn out of busy, glaring Hanover Street, which seems never to be at rest day or night, and here you are in as narrow and shady a retreat as could well be imagined. It is much more like some *stradetta* or *vicolo* in Genoa or Naples than like any of our ordinary streets. If a loaded team goes through it, people have to go into their houses to get out of the way. They make calls on one another by sitting in their windows and talking back and forth. It is a capital whispering gallery, — like the Ear of Dionysius, — in which you can hear all that is said in the neighborhood.

The name comes from the old Salutation Tavern, which stood at the lower end as early as 1693 and probably earlier, and which, in the last century, was a popular resort of the North-End mechanics and others for political discussion. Here they organized their caucus, which proved such an annoyance to the royalists, and paved the way for the united action of the patriots in the Revolutionary movement. William Campbell was then the landlord, and Dr. Thomas Young the first president of the Club. Samuel Adams was often here, with the inspiration of his fiery zeal and his incontrovertible logic. Warren drew up the regulations, and Hancock lent his encouraging presence, no doubt with a good subscription to the funds. To this old Salutation Inn can be traced some of the most important plans and committees of that eventful period.

The sign represented two men in ancient dress accosting each other with great formality, "bowing and cringing to each other," and so they were called the "Two Palaverers." The tavern and its sign have gone; but the alley remains, though they must needs call it street, since nobody in Boston to-day is willing to live on an alley.

Of course this whole precinct is now given up to the poor, who know nothing of the history of the houses they live in; but the time was when these houses were occupied by their owners, who were among the most respectable and influential people in the town. Their homes were as neatly kept and as truly attractive as are the more costly and luxurious ones of their prosperous descendants at the West End to-day. Indeed Salutation Alley had some advantages of which even Commonwealth Avenue cannot boast. Each house here had its own individual features, and did not lose

its identity by being one of a long block. It had a garden, too, in front or behind, or often on one side, in which case the house was built facing the garden and not the street, and the entrance was frequently through an arbor of grape-vines or under a trellis of morning-glories; while the tall sunflowers, hollyhocks, and poppies would stand sentry in their gay colors, and receive the stranger with becoming dignity and grace.

The quaint little house sketched in the above cut is one of the two or three oldest houses now standing in Boston. The rear is even more venerable in appearance than the front. It is known to some of the present generation as the old home — *cunabula gentis* — of Nathaniel Greenwood and his interesting family. Three daughters were married here in one year (1802) and a fourth soon after, namely, — Eunice to Isaac Harris, Rebecca Snelling to Robert Lash, Jr., Elizabeth to Daniel Taylor Lewis, and Priscilla to Elisha Wild.

The house adjoining was Captain John Lambert's, and the one beyond that (now raised to four stories) was the home of Robert Lash, Jr., the well-known teller of the Boston Bank for more than sixty years. He was the son of Robert Lash, ship-carpenter and a Revolutionary soldier, and was baptized on the day of his birth, in 1779, by John Eliot. He attended the North Grammar School, and received one of the Franklin medals the first year they were awarded. He was a deacon of the New North, Secretary of the Star Fire Society, of the Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys, and other benevolent organizations. In the Masonic fraternity he obtained high honors, receiving a silver cup for his services as grand commander of the Boston Encampment of Knights Templars at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument.

Mr. Lash was a courteous and hospitable gentleman of the old school. He had a well-developed literary taste, and was particularly fond of the English classics. During the long winter evenings he was accustomed to read Shakspeare aloud to his family. He used to say that Dickens and Thackeray could not compare with Oliver Goldsmith.

Over the gateway of his house was a fine head of Julius Cæsar, carved by Simeon Skilling. The parlor, with its large fireplace set with Scripture tiles, was in the rear of the house on the sunny side, overlooking a grass-garden, which extended back to the Methodist meeting-house. The neighbors on all sides could often hear the services there, especially when the eloquent Maffit was officiating. The crowd that gathered to hear this earnest preacher was sometimes so great that he could only reach his pulpit by going around through Salutation Alley and getting in at the back window, as was the case with Warren at the Old South when he delivered his second oration on the Boston Massacre.

This was the first regular place of worship for the Methodist Church in Boston, and was located in Ingraham's Yard, afterward called Methodist Alley, and now Hanover Avenue. It was a plain wooden structure, thirty-six by forty-six feet, with simple benches for pews, and galleries on three sides. The dedication, in 1796, was an act of faith which subsequent years more than realized. The work began in poverty and weakness, but went on with increasing power.

Salutation Alley, like all our streets in those days, had no side-walks, — indeed there is no room for any to-day, — but there was a gutter running through the middle, like those still seen in the mediæval towns of Europe. The houses on the north side stood

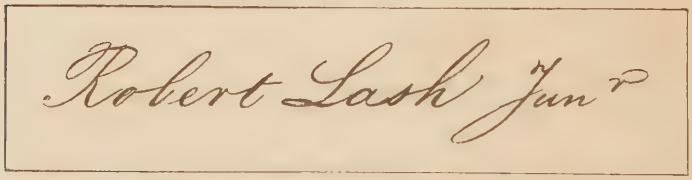
back in their gardens twenty or thirty feet, and they were never more than two stories and a half high; so that the alley, narrow as it always was, did not present that crowded appearance which it does to-day. Beside the families already mentioned, there were living here, early in the century, John Day Howard, Dr. Thayer, the apothecary, Cyrus Buttrick, Stephen Rhoades, Peter Hemmenway, and Nathaniel Woodward.

Grocery stores always abounded on Hanover Street in this vicinity, where the travel by the ferry furnished additional patronage. There were no shops for the sale of fish at the North End until about sixty years ago, when a small establishment was built on the site of the present Chelsea Ferry drop. The townspeople were informed of this by a man who perambulated the streets every morning with a tin horn, crying, "Fresh cod, haddock, and mackereel, at the head of the ferry-ways! Fresh and new, come in this morning!" Large codfish were then caught from Charlestown bridge, as well as flounders and perch, and even bluefish and tautog. Oyster men usually appeared in the evening, carrying their heavy burden, in the shell, on their shoulders in a kind of saddle-bag, crying, "Oys! Finey Oys! Buy any Oys?" They opened the bivalves at the purchaser's door, throwing the shells into another part of the bag. Hand-carts were afterward introduced, and were found a great convenience. Many people declare that they have never had such delicious oysters as those that were sold in this way. The first cooked oysters in Boston were sold by Peter B. Brigham under Concert Hall at the head of Hanover Street. The business proved so remunerative that its enterprising founder became a millionnaire.

Many families were supplied with milk, at that time, from the

famous Williams farm at Noddle's Island, now called East Boston, where in 1823 there was but one dwelling-house. Mr. King, the tenant, kept about thirty cows; and every morning he and his man rowed over to the ferry-ways with two dory-loads of milk in wooden kegs, holding about a gallon each. These they would carry around in wheelbarrows to sell at private houses.

The Chelsea Ferry service at that time consisted of two sail-boats, one of which was commanded by "Uncle Jeff" Williams. The landing was a long inclined plank way, which was covered with water at high tide, and consequently very slippery when the tide was out. It was no unusual thing for persons to lose their foothold and slide off into the water. In the case of a head wind and contrary tide nearly two hours would sometimes be required to make the passage.



FLEET STREET.

SCARLET'S WHARF LANE, or "the street leading from Williams's Corner, nigh Mr. Jonas Clarke's, easterly down to the sea by Scarlet's Wharf," received its official name of Fleet Street in 1708. The name was probably borrowed from the familiar thoroughfare in London, and perhaps was meant to be significant of the relative importance of this convenient highway, connecting the most densely settled part of the town with the principal wharves and ship-yards.

Fifty years ago the street was widened about one third on the northern side, to accommodate the travel to the Eastern Railroad Ferry. Several of the older houses had to be sacrificed, but there were two which stood together, well back from the line, with a grass-plot in front, directly opposite Moon Street. As these have been conspicuous objects in Fleet Street down to the present year, they are drawn in the accompanying sketch, although they are just being pulled down to make room for a new block.

This was the property of Edward Langdon, deacon of the Old North, and of his son, John Langdon. It was then but one house, with two stories. In 1792 it was sold to Elisha Bangs and William Cordwell, who divided the estate between them, Bangs taking the eastern end, which was afterward sold to Joab

(popularly called Job) Hunt, ship-joiner, who made extensive changes in its appearance. Mr. Hunt was a stout, genial, high-minded man, and much respected for his sterling qualities. His daughter, Harriot K. Hunt, M.D., encouraged by her friend Mrs. Mott, took up the study of medicine, and had an extensive practice in Boston for nearly forty years.*

In the second house below this lived one of the best-known Boston pilots, Matthew Hunt, — a strong, square-built man, calm and resolute, a born leader and a great favorite with sea-faring men. For more than half a century he was a prominent figure at the North End. He was often selected to take charge of new vessels on their first voyage out of the harbor; and ships of war, outward bound from the Navy Yard, were usually intrusted to him. His own pilot-boat, for a long time, was the "Hornet," a fine craft of fifty-three tons, contemporary with the "Wasp," the "Spy," the "Favorite," the "Boston," and others.

Among Captain Hunt's associates in the pilot service were Lovell, Saunders, Gurney, Sullivan, Ayres, Lakin, Stubbs, Nash, Parsons, Oliver, Swett, Bruce, Baker, Coombs, Vincent, Knox, Fowler, Burt, Hayden, Tewksbury, McField, Dolliver, Martin,

* She has given an interesting account of her life and times in a book entitled "Glances and Glimpses," in which, referring to the scenes of her early home, she says: "The quaint streets and houses and gardens have been gliding by in phantasmal procession; now come other revered forms, — I know them all! — Cordwell, Howard, Stanwood, Rogers, Barnard, Dickinson, Harris, Bray, Smith, Lash, Goodwin, Palfrey, King, and many more, — they are nearly all gone. A blessing rest on their descendants, and may they prove worthy their North End origin! I am proud of mine. . . . I am thankful for the freshness and the life I drew from those morning walks with my father on the wharves, and through the ancient streets and pleasant gardens of that old North End he loved! It was in that Fleet Street home my sister and myself grew up to youth. . . . Time has never weakened my love for the North End. There is a fascination now, at fifty, in living over in memory those years, that childhood, that home, associated with those ancient streets and wharves."

Phillips, Tremere, and Wilson. Several of these pilots lived in or near Fleet Street. The last-mentioned, Captain John Wilson, occupied for many years the house partly seen in the picture on the extreme left. He was a typical Boston pilot, of sturdy frame, keen intellect, clever wit, and honest heart He lived to be eighty-seven years of age, and left a large family of children.

A row of brick houses formerly stood in this part of Fleet Street, built by Edward Hutchinson, the Governor's uncle. Just above them, where a stable now stands, was a large three-story brick mansion, of some note in the last century as the residence, for a few years, of Commodore Samuel Tucker, of the Revolutionary Navy. The house had a spacious front yard, and a cupola, commanding a fine view over the bay. A curious feature within was a small secret staircase near the chimney, which was discovered by Joshua Ellis, who afterward had possession of the place.

The brave Commodore, who had captured an incredible number of prizes at sea, and become both famous and rich thereby, set up his establishment here, and dispensed a lavish hospitality. He was a fine-looking man, and naturally conspicuous in the gay society of that period, dressed in his naval uniform of blue and scarlet. He was generous to a fault, as sailors are apt to be, and easily imposed upon by the friends who gathered about him. Old shipmates and others were continually borrowing his money, and of course never able to return it. The result was that in six years this hero of many battles had to strike his flag and seek a home elsewhere. It was hard for such a man to be conquered in such a way, but he made the best of it, and retired first to Marblehead, his birthplace, and then to a farm in Bristol (now Bremen), Maine, where for forty years he followed the example of Cincinnatus, and doubtless found

more real enjoyment at the plough than he ever obtained in his luxurious and extravagant home in Fleet Street. He received the thanks of Congress for his gallant services in the war, and was honored by his fellow-townsmen with important public positions. At the time of his death, in 1833, he was said to be the highest surviving officer of the Revolution, with the exception of Lafayette, who died the next year.

Opposite Garden Court was "a very handsome house," which had belonged to Captain Henry Atkins, selectman, and which afterward came into the possession of John White, the wealthy baker, whose daughter married Redford Webster, the well-known apothecary, who lived here many years. The family name was borne by his son, Professor John White Webster, of Harvard College.

The first Industrial School for girls in Boston was established in an old house next to Dr. Webster's, long since removed. Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Joab Hunt were especially interested in it. Several private schools, called sometimes academies, were kept in this vicinity seventy-five years ago,—one by Hannah and Elizabeth Brown, and another by Mary Dobell on the grounds of the Governor Hutchinson estate. This famous property, which, together with the Clark-Frankland estate, occupied the whole area between Garden Court and Hanover Street, underwent an entire change in 1832–34, and there is now no trace left of its former glory. Happily, however, we have tolerably full accounts of the appearance and furnishing of both these houses, with views which are considered fairly accurate.

Opposite to the Frankland estate, on the west side of Middle (Hanover) Street, lived Deacon John Atwood, a man whose

upright and benevolent character entitles him to lasting remembrance. He was a grandson of William Copp, and was born in 1647. His titles were cordwainer, lieutenant (in the Artillery Company), captain, and deacon (of the North Church for twenty-one years). His well-known interest in the wants of the poor made him the almoner of much private bounty. "Pious souls deposited their alms" with him for distribution as he thought best. A beautiful and touching proof of this genuine Christian charity prevalent in his time is the well-authenticated fact that, for ten years, every fall the sum of twenty pounds was brought to his door by an unknown hand in the dusk of the evening, to be distributed among the needy.* The preaching of the Mathers certainly produced good fruit among their parishioners at the North End. Unfortunately most of it, being, according to the Scripture injunction, unrecorded, has been forgotten, while the few cases of the hanging of witches have been trumpeted the world over.

Early in the last century, John Frisell (Frizell), a wealthy merchant, owned a large part of the land between Garden Court (or Frizell's Lane, as it was sometimes called) and Moon Street, and built his own residence upon it, near the corner, and also a row of brick houses still standing on the south side of Fleet Street. He was a courteous gentleman, a devout Christian, and one of the

* The Rev. John Barnard described Deacon Atwood as "a Man in whom the Truth and Sincerity of Religion shone with a Peculiar Luster: a Devout Man full of Faith and of the Holy Ghost, and Exemplary in the Exercise of many Particular Graces. A Man Conscientious and Careful in his whole carriage towards his Neighbours; Just even to the Criticalest Exactness; His Word might be depended on; and his Fidelity was Immovable."

The good Deacon died in 1714. His son, John Atwood, removed to Haverhill, where his descendants are well known. One of them was Harriet (Atwood) Newell, the youthful missionary martyr.

most generous benefactors of his time, giving frequently hundreds of pounds in charity, not only for worthy objects in Boston and throughout the Province, but for those of distant lands. The City of Glasgow sent him, unsolicited, the honorary titles of Esquire, Burgess, and Guild Brother. He was one of the few men who kept a carriage; and the first brick stable in Boston was the one he built on Moon Street, afterward purchased by Sir Harry Frankland. North Square was often called, after him, Frizell Square. He gave the New North Church its bell, which was used from 1719 till 1802. At his death, in 1723, he bequeathed a large communion flagon to the Second Church. His widow, Dorothy Frizell, afterward gave another, besides one to the New Brick Church.

On the north corner of Fleet and Ship Streets, near Scarlet's Wharf, Major Thomas Savage had his house and garden in the early years of the Colony. He was a man of note, and the founder of the Savage family of New England. After his death, in 1682, the King's Head Inn was located here. It was burnt in 1691, but rebuilt of wood, and continued a large and flourishing hostelry until the beginning of the Revolution, when it was converted into barracks for the Marines, and then taken down for fuel. Joseph Austin bought the site of the heirs of Thomas Lee, and established here his large bakery, which is well remembered by old North-enders.

Among the residents of Fleet Street, besides those already mentioned, many persons will recall the names of Henry Fowle, Martin Bates, Benjamin Dodd, Thomas J. Goodwin, William P. Greenwood, Captain Thomas Rogers, Benjamin I. Leeds, Abraham Low, Moses Miller, Captain Benjamin Wayne, Thomas Badger, William

Nash, Benjamin Abrahams, William Parkman, and Captain Josiah Barnard. Otis Norcross, the late Mayor of Boston, was born in one of the Frizell houses, which were used by British naval officers during the siege.

Martin Bates was a genuine North-ender,—a bright example of what energy and purpose can accomplish when allied with other qualities of a high order. In his earlier business life he occupied the old Frizell mansion, next to the Spragues, on Fleet Street, with a garden in front. At this time he was a practical hatter, with a small old-fashioned shop on the drawbridge in Fore Street. By his ability and courtesy he secured the patronage of most of the dons of the town, who appreciated the excellence of his work, and encouraged him in his plans of enlargement. He subsequently went into the fur trade with the Astors of New York, and became one of the leading merchants of the country.

Mr. Bates was a man of quiet dignity and self-possession, industrious, persevering, generous; fond of his home and proud of his children. Most of his Fleet-Street contemporaries have passed on; but there are a few, yet living in other parts of the city, who have much to say of him as a neighbor and friend both here and in Bennet Street, where he afterward lived many years.

In the brick block, built on the Hanover-Street side of Governor Hutchinson's garden, lived Edmund Smith, Nathan Carruth, Valentine Simmons, William R. Carnes, Dr. Joseph C. Ayer, and the Rev. Chandler Robbins.

In Moon Street, on the site of the present Roman Catholic school, lived the Rev. Samuel Mather in a large wooden lean-to. His brother-in-law, Governor Hutchinson, took refuge here on the night of August 26, 1765, when his house in Garden Court was

sacked by the mob. On the corner of Sun Court stood, until within a few years, one of the most primitive-looking houses in Boston, with a prodigious chimney, an over-hanging second story, diamond-shaped window-lights, and a quaint outside staircase. In the annexed cut we have a peep through a gateway leading to the old house of the Milk family, once a fine residence, but now given up to a poor class of foreigners.

ODDS AND ENDS.

FEW contrasts in architecture are more striking than that which is seen in North Street, opposite Sun Court, where, under the shadow of lofty modern warehouses, stands a wizened little two-story gambrel-roof house, built soon after "the Great Fire" of 1676. It is sadly wrinkled by age, scarred by hard usage, and disjointed by an earthquake of the last century. This forlorn waif would have been removed fifty years ago, when an effort was made to extend Prince Street through to the water, but legal obstacles prevented. It has been for about a hundred years in the hands of the Ellis family. A tenant's sign over the door informs the impecunious stranger that lodgings may now be had here for ten cents.

At No. 362 North Street, near the old North Battery, may be seen a narrow section of an ancient three-story brick house, cut off in 1860 when the street was widened. It is of the early English-bond period; and on account of its small, oval-shaped windows, resembling port-holes (now bricked up, as may be seen in the accompanying sketch), it has given rise to the theory that it was built for a garrison house. Such windows, however, were not uncommon in substantial dwellings and even in churches of the period, both in this country and in England. The Cradock house at Medford is an example.

THE SHIP TAVERN.

About twenty years ago, Boston lost one of its most interesting landmarks by the removal of the old Ship Tavern on the southerly corner of Ship (North) and Clark Streets. This famous "ordinary" was built as a private residence, about 1647, by the celebrated Captain Thomas Hawkins, who owned a large area between Hanover Street and the water. He lost his life at sea the following year, and upon the division of the estate soon after we find John Viall, the vintner, established here under the sign of Noah's Ark. It was a frequent rendezvous of the royal commissioners sent out by Charles II. to settle certain questions which were agitating the Colony. Clothed with such power, the commissioners, instead of seeking to allay the existing bitterness, only increased it by their arrogance. One of their number, Sir Robert Carr, at a gathering in this tavern, so far forgot himself as violently to assault a constable of the town. Upon a demand of the Governor for his appearance to answer for the offence, Carr, in a written reply, coolly declined to acknowledge his jurisdiction. Another warrant was issued, and again he refused to obey the summons. The affair created a stir in the Council, and other measures were taken to secure the arrest, but apparently without effect. The tavern afterward passed into the Hutchinson family, and was last known as the James estate. It was originally two stories high, and built of English brick, laid with shell and clay mortar. There was an old crack in the front wall, said to have been caused by an earthquake in 1663, "which made all New England

tremble." The quaint projecting eaves and dormer windows are well remembered.

On the corner of Ship Street and White Bread Alley lived Major John Ruddock, selectman and Justice of the Peace, and a zealous Whig. He was the largest man in Boston, weighing, it is said, over four hundred pounds. At his death, in 1772, considerable difficulty was experienced in entombing him at Copp's Hill, where an elaborate inscription in his honor may be seen. His family has long been extinct.

Near the Ship Tavern lived Thomas Berry, who married Grace, daughter of Major John Hayman, ropemaker. Her gravestone is frequently pointed out at Copp's Hill, and has perplexed many, on account of its date, 1625; but it was originally 1695, and was purposely mutilated by some unknown ghoul who easily converted the "9" into a "2," as can be seen in the drawing at the beginning of this chapter. The stone is a well-preserved specimen of old Welsh slate, and the carving is very distinct. No arms are quartered upon the shield. The holes seen on the face of the stone are credited to British bullets. Copp's Hill furnished many convenient targets for idle guns during the siege.

THE NORTH-END COFFEE-HOUSE.

Between Fleet Street and Sun Court, on the west side of Fish (North) Street, and near the head of Hancock's Wharf, stood an imposing three-story brick mansion built and occupied by Edward Hutchinson, brother of the Governor. At the close of the Revolution it was known as the North-End Coffee-House, a first-class establishment, kept by Captain David Porter, grandfather

of Admiral Porter. Afterward it became the residence of Jonathan Amory, who was succeeded by Colonel John May, a brave and enterprising man, who had a hand in the memorable tea business, and who served as Major of the Boston regiment of militia in a division of the army under Rochambeau, in Rhode Island. In 1788 and 1789 he made journeys to "the Ohio country," where he owned land, and built the first frame-house near the present site of Marietta. Maysville, Ohio, was named for him. He was a selectman and a fireward of Boston, and owned May's Wharf. Four fire-buckets and his warden's staff always hung in the front hall, ready for instant use. At his funeral wine was passed, according to the old custom not then extinct. One of his descendants, a young girl at the time, remembers wishing it were cake.

Colonel May's residence subsequently became the Mariner's House, under the direction of the Boston Port Society. A fourth story was added to the building. The top was flat and leaded. It served as a capital outlook and promenade, being well protected by a railing all around. The house stood some distance back from the street, and was approached through an arched iron gateway by a flight of broad stone steps. A wide hall extended through the centre, opening into a spacious yard in the rear. The rooms were very large, the walls were panelled, and the windows recessed with broad, low mahogany seats. The tiling around the fireplaces was varied in shape and color Most of the materials for the interior were brought from England. On the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, the house was used as a hospital; and many of the wounded were placed on the long dining-room table for amputation. As long as the house stood, the blood-stains were

distinctly seen on the floor. In the upper story, a door was discovered in a panelled closet, which was found to connect by a secret passage-way with several rooms, and by a dark, narrow staircase with the ground-floor. A similar contrivance in Commodore Tucker's house, on Fleet Street, has been already noticed. The May estate afterward passed into the hands of Amos Binney.

A NORTH-END FAMILY.

At the head of Hancock's Wharf, nearly opposite Fleet Street, a humble home was established in the last century which proved to be the cradle of an illustrious house. Among the British soldiers sent over to Boston was a young Scotchman named McKean, in whose heart the love of liberty was too strong for any long-continued adhesion to the crown. He instinctively imbibed the sentiments of the people among whom he was thrown, and soon availed himself of an opportunity to desert from the army. With the aid of friends he managed to conceal himself till the British left, and then he set up in his trade as a tobacconist. His niece, Agnes McKean, came over from Glasgow and kept house for him until his marriage. He was very enterprising and successful in his business, and became one of the most respected and wealthy men of the North End. One of his daughters married a prominent citizen and lived in Charter Street. Another, being an invalid, remained at home, where the influence of her refined and gentle nature was deeply felt. The only son, Joseph, was settled in the ministry at Milton, and afterward became the Boylston Professor of Rhet-

oric in Harvard College. Professor McKean had three sons, William, Henry, and George, all graduates of Harvard. One of his daughters married Dr. Worcester, author of the Dictionary. Another married Charles Folsom, successively librarian at Harvard and at the Boston Athenæum.

The little home on Fish Street, where honest William McKean, the founder of this family, lived, bore outwardly the plainest aspect. The front was wholly taken up by the shop, through which was the only access to the room which served as sitting-room, parlor, and dining-room, and from which the stairs led up directly to the chambers, as they did in many a New England house at that day. The furniture was of the most ancient type. Everything was kept with the most scrupulous neatness; and the whole place, small as it was, had an air of good old-fashioned comfort, because it was always lighted by genuine Scotch kindness and hospitality.

The McKean family worshipped at the New North Church, where their pew was in front of Deacon Simpkins's. The Deacon and Master Tileston were the last of the congregation to wear wigs. Tileston's was a full-bottomed white wig; the Deacon's a snug, dark-gray tie. On one occasion, when a contribution had been taken, the Deacon was ascending the narrow pulpit stairs to give the minister a chance to contribute, when unfortunately he stumbled and spilt the contents of the box over the floor, and knocked his wig very much awry. The gravity of the congregation was severely tested, and the situation continued critical while the poor man proceeded to gather up the scattered treasure and readjust his wig. Dr. (then Mr.) Parkman, who had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and who caught a bird's-eye

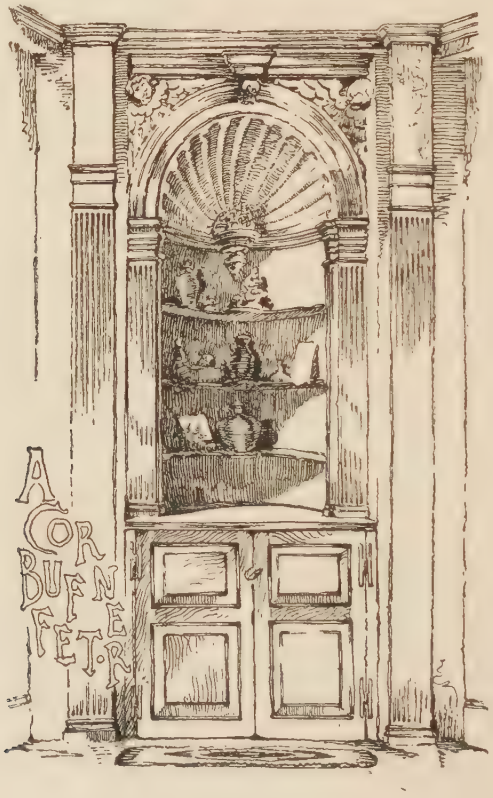
view of the affair, could scarcely command himself to give the benediction.

THE NEW NORTH CHURCH.

The New North Church dates from 1714, when a small wooden edifice was built at the corner of Hanover and Clark Streets. This was enlarged in 1730, so that it was said to contain more seats than any other place of worship in town. That building remained until 1802. It had two rows of galleries, which were always occupied. The pulpit was on the north side, about twelve feet from the wall. In front was the elders' seat; in front of that, the deacons'; and then came the "long seats" on each side of the broad aisle, — one side for men, the other for women. Pews were arranged against the wall, all around the house, even behind the pulpit. On the removal of this building, a brick structure took its place in 1804, and has remained, with some changes, to the present day. It was modelled after one of the Renaissance churches of Rome, and was considered a great advance upon the early style of New England architecture.

The ministry of this church in the order of succession has been as follows: John Webb, 1714–1750; Peter Thacher, 1723–1739; Andrew Eliot, 1742–1778; John Eliot, 1779–1813; Francis Parkman, 1813–1849; Amos Smith, 1842–1848; Joshua Young, 1849–1852; Arthur B. Fuller, 1853–1858; Robert C. Waterston, 1859–1861; William R. Alger, 1863. The New North sold its edifice to the Roman Catholics and united with the Bulfinch Street Church, and soon after became extinct.

indulging in some of their familiar songs, which the occupants of the house were not unwilling to hear. Descending through the chimney they collected the soot in the blanket and gathered the corners together, and went off with a load on their backs often as large as a feather-bed. Sambo was a marked figure on the street and a terror to little children, enveloped as he was in so much blackness, and apparently delighting to reveal the white of his eyes and the broad rows of his pearly teeth, which only made the rest of him darker still. Certainly there was much that was picturesque in the old-fashioned chimney-sweep.



SALUTATION ALLEY
METHODIST [HANOVER AV.] ALLEY
MEETING HO.
WHITE BREAD [HARRIS ST.] ALLEY
NORTH
CLARK
NEW NORTH MEETING HO.
Alexander Hill
Oliver Everett
ST.
NORTH ST.
SHIP ST.
KING'S HEAD INN
SCARLETT'S WH'F.
CLARK'S WH'F. [HANCOCK'S WH'F.]
SHIP IN DISTRESS
Joab Hunt
Tucker
Redford Webster
FLEET
LOVE LANE [TILESTON ST.]
N° BENNETT ST.
Thos Lee (Block maker)
Increase Mather
Andrew Eliot
John Eliot

NORTH SQUARE.

IT is no easy matter for a stranger to find this ancient spot, once so famous in the history of Boston. No horse-car goes by it. No view can be had of it from any of our principal streets. No notice is taken of it on many of our recent maps. And, beside, it is no square at all, and never was, but only a narrow triangle, not as wide, even in its widest part, as some of our modern streets. Few persons of this generation, living in other parts of the city, have ever been here. It is, to be sure, no longer attractive in its appearance or surroundings. Long ago the whole locality was given up to cheap tenements and sailor boarding-houses, almost every one of which was flanked by a drinking-saloon. When the friends of the "North End Mission" sought to plant their benevolent enterprise where it was most needed, they came to Ann Street, and secured a building within stone's throw of this Square. Their well-directed efforts, together with the vigorous measures of the city government and the co-operation of an efficient police, — and, it might be added, the introduction of electric lights, — have, to a certain extent, removed the stigma which rested too long upon this time-honored ward.

The best way to approach North Square is to follow the old marginal Ann (now North) Street until it bears away to the right,

along the old shore-line. At this point, instead of turning, one has only to keep straight on a few steps through a narrow opening, — formerly known as Mountfort's Corner, — and he will find himself, before he knows it, in the old Square. The transition is very marked from the noisy business street, filled with rattling teams, left behind, to this sleepy and untraversed precinct, where the grass grows on the old cobble-stone pavement.

It is not unlike a market-place, on an off day, in some provincial town in England. In fact, this was the old market-place of the North End; and it has preserved its character uncommonly well, although the traffic has gone elsewhere.

The first great event connected with the Square, in which we are specially interested, was the establishment here of the Second Church in Boston, in 1650. For sixty-four years this was the only church at the North End except the Baptist. The "New Meeting-house," or "North Meeting-house," as it was also called, was built of wood, and stood at the top of the gentle slope about half way between Mountfort's Corner and Fleet Street, occupying most of the space between Moon Street and Garden Court where they enter the Square. All the streets meeting here were laid out with reference to the new church, around which some of the best houses in the town were soon built.

It is significant of the custom of the times that the first year after the planting of this church, John Vyall was allowed to keep a house of entertainment, provided he kept it near the New Meeting-house. We do not know how this sacred edifice looked. Unfortunately, no description of it has come down to us. Probably it was a plain, square building, not very large, with the usual

high pulpit and wall pews. We know that some of these pews had private doors connecting with the street. Ladders hung on the outside for use in case of fire, branded with the town mark. Whoever took one away for any other purpose was liable to a fine of twenty shillings. The attendance at public worship was large, embracing, indeed, the whole community in this part of the town. The customary rules of order prevailed, and persons were appointed to look after the behavior of the children.*

This building was burned "to ashes" during the ministry of Increase Mather, in the great fire of 1676, which swept away all the houses in the vicinity. The following year it was rebuilt of wood, with a rather low belfry on the north side. The position and relative size of this structure, which stood for a century, are given on the plan of North Square accompanying this work. It was provided with a bell and a clock. The bell was rung at five o'clock in the morning, at one o'clock,—the hour for closing the market,—and at nine o'clock in the evening. The town's powder was stored here for a long time. An engine-house was built on the northwest side, and a watch-house near by.

No small part of the history of Boston is connected with this ancient church. It became, from the very beginning, a stronghold of liberty, renowned throughout New England. The preaching of the Mathers during their long pastorates had a powerful influence

* The following is an official order, issued in 1666, to John Dawes, who had for several years been appointed "to oversee the youth:" "You are hereby impoured to take care of the Youth and such persons att the new metting house, that are disorderly in the time of God sollem worship, to compell such as ar without doors to goe into the metting house & such as ar disorderly within with a small wand to correct them, & in case of contempt. Yo^{u} are to take such p^{r}sons names, & by the helpe and assistance of the Counstable to bring them befor Authority that they may be delt with according to the demerritt the day following. this order signed the 21 : 2 ; 66. by y^{e} Gouerno^{r} & He : Vsher in the name of the Select men."

in moulding the opinions of the people. All the great questions of the time, political as well as theological, were searchingly handled in the pulpit, and abundantly illumined by quotations from the Old Testament Scriptures. We can imagine the throngs of people, from the highest ranks of wealth and fashion to the humblest mechanic, assembling here every Lord's Day to listen to the teachings of these learned and revered men.

When the New North Church was organized, in 1714, this older church was called, by way of distinction, the Old North,—a name which it retained as long as it had an existence, and under this name it has passed into history. The ministers who were settled over the church on this spot were as follows: John Mayo, 1655–1673; Increase Mather, 1664–1723; Cotton Mather, 1685–1728; Joshua Gee, 1723–1748; Samuel Mather, 1732–1741; Samuel Checkley, Jr., 1747–1768; John Lathrop, 1768–1775. After the 19th of April, 1775, the services in most of the Boston churches, including the Old North, were discontinued in consequence of the departure of so many of the townspeople and their ministers. In December of that year, owing to the severity of the winter and the scarcity of fuel, General Howe issued an order for the demolition of the Old North and one hundred of the older wooden buildings in the town. This measure was deemed the more urgent, as several transports were about to sail for England with the sick, and had to be supplied with fuel. Another reason has been alleged by old North-enders for the destruction of the meeting-house. They say that the space was needed for military purposes. There was no place short of the Common where the troops could be properly drilled. Large numbers of them were quartered in and around North Square, and by the removal of this edifice they obtained

a good parade-ground extending from Mountfort's Corner through to Fleet Street.

The Old North was never again rebuilt. The venerable sanctuary, which had been "considered a model of the first architecture of New England," and which had become endeared to three generations of her sons, was one of the many costly sacrifices made to the Revolutionary War. On the evacuation of Boston by the British in March, 1776, Mr. Lathrop and his scattered parishioners were invited to worship with the New Brick Church, on Hanover Street, whose membership had been greatly reduced by the war, and whose pastor, Dr. Pemberton, was already quite feeble from age. The result was a formal union, effected between the two churches in 1779, under the corporate name of the Second Church, with Mr. Lathrop as the pastor.

The land on which the Old North had stood was sold for £210, under a special act of the Legislature, in 1786, by John Tudor, Samuel Ridgway, and William Bell, deacons of the Second Church, to their minister, Dr. Lathrop, who built for himself a fine residence here. Presents of money to aid in its erection were given him by numerous friends, among whom were Deacon Tudor, Deacon Ridgway, Gibbs Atkins, Isaac White, and Deacon Henderson. It was a large, square, frame house of three stories, painted white, or cream color, with green blinds. A well-kept grass-plot, with the usual fence, separated it from the Square, and the entrance was through a generous porch. The roof was flat and protected by a balustrade, like many of the stately dwellings immediately about it. The family used to sit there on summer evenings to enjoy the cool breezes and the extensive view. In the front yard was a row of poplars, and a large weeping-willow on the Moon-

Street corner. These were all blown down in the September gale of 1815, when many trees on the Common and several of the Paddock elms were also destroyed. On the death of Dr. Lathrop,* in 1816, the estate was sold to Daniel Dickinson. A block of brick houses now occupies the ancient site.

In the early time this Square was called Clarke's Square, after Major Thomas Clarke, a wealthy merchant, who owned considerable land immediately about the old meeting-house, and who lived in a large brick house enclosed by a brick wall. His daughter Elizabeth married Elisha Hutchinson, the grandfather of the governor. Later on, Clarke's Square was known as Frizell's Square, after John Frizell, who bought a portion of Clarke's land in the rear of the meeting-house and built several houses upon it. For the past hundred years North Square has been the accepted name, and it would seem likely now to continue, though of that there is no certainty.

Among the prominent names of early residents here may be mentioned Thomas Joy, Isaac Cullimer (Collamore), Richard Rawlins, Anthony Checkley, Bartholomew Barnard, Richard Martyn, Captain Edward Martyn, Robert Howard, Captain James Pitts, Moses Pierce, John Farnum, Jeremiah Condy, Captain John Sunderland, John Parker, Jonathan Rainsford, Daniel Turine, Henry Cooley, Peter Gee, Deacon John Barnard, and the Mountforts and Holyokes. The Martyns lived on the west side of the Square, where the Mariners' House now stands. They were large landholders. There is a stone at Copp's Hill bearing the Martyn arms.

* There are two good portraits of Dr. Lathrop, — one, by Stuart, in England, in the possession of John Lothrop Motley's daughter, Mrs. Harcourt; and the other, by Williams, belonging to John Lathrop, Esq., of Boston.

At the entrance to North Square, opposite Mountfort's Corner, is the well-known Hichborn house, an ancient three-story brick dwelling, shown in the accompanying picture, with the characteristic belts and panelled chimneys such as we have already noticed in houses of the same age. It was built in 1711, or soon after, by Moses Pierce, glazier, who bought the land of his mother, who inherited it from her father, John Jeffs, mariner. In 1747 Pierce sold it to William Shepard, gentleman, who in 1781 conveyed it to Nathaniel Hitchborn, boat-builder, son of Deacon Thomas* and Isannah (Fadrée) Hitchborn. Isannah Fadrée was of French parentage, and is said to have been one of the first players on the harpsichord in America. Benjamin Hichborn (H. C. 1768), the eminent patriot and orator and Colonel of the Cadets, was a brother of Nathaniel, and lived at Dorchester in the old Governor Oliver House, now owned by Mrs. Walter Baker. A sister, Frances, married General John Glover. Nathaniel sold the house in 1805 to his son, Samuel Hichborn, sailmaker, who lived here many years. His four daughters were married to H. K. Loring, Isaac Thacher, John J. Swift, and Elisha D. Winslow. Their mother, soon after she became a bride, was invited to play cards one evening at Paul Revere's, and was his partner at whist; but being young and shy she naturally made some mistakes, which irritated the old gentleman so that she never dared to play with him again. She was always proud of a silver teapot, a wedding gift, made by Revere.

* Deacon Thomas Hitchborn was the third in descent from the first Thomas, who is recognized as the ancestor of all the Hichborns in the country. Among his descendants are many who bear the names of Curtis, Goold, Greeley, Cook, Fernald, Cordwell, Crocker, Lee, Stevens, Stevenson, Bruce, Cunningham, Fosdick, Revere, Jackson, Hamlin, Greenough, Blight, Gray, Lincoln, Robb, Douglas, Merritt, and other families well known in Boston.

The next estate south of the Hichborns once belonged to Francis Shaw, the ancestor of the well-known Boston family of Shaws. Next above the Hichborn house stood, until recently, an old wooden dwelling almost exactly like Revere's, which joined it. This was the residence of Commodore Downes, and previously of the Barnard family. Captain John Barnard (born 1746, married Mary Lowell), when in command of an American vessel (Dec. 12, 1778), was overtaken by a British man-of-war, and shot dead by one of its officers on his own quarter-deck after he had surrendered. For this cowardly act the officer was subsequently tried by court-martial at New Orleans, and hung at the yard-arm of his own vessel.

The Seamen's Bethel, on the corner of Sun Court, is associated with the life of Father Taylor, whose original and vigorous eloquence attracted multitudes of sailors, and in many cases helped them to lead a better life. He lived in the brick house on the west corner of Garden Court. The old town pump near the Bethel, and the shade-trees that once lined the Square, have now disappeared.

John Tudor — Sam'l Ridgway

Gibbes. Atkins

PAUL REVERE'S HOUSE.

IT is fortunate that, amid all the changes that have taken place in North Square, this interesting house (Nos. 19–21) has been spared to us. Nearly all of its old-time neighbors have gone, and other buildings have taken their place; but this quaint and genuine relic of the seventeenth century seems to be endowed with exceptional longevity, as if the memory of former days had clung to its walls and forbidden their destruction.

The house was built soon after the great fire of 1676. Its predecessor on the same spot was the parsonage of the Second Church, bought for the use of Increase Mather by the trustees,* in 1670, of Anthony Checkley, who had built it on land purchased of Bartholomew Barnard and Richard Martyn. Mather had accumulated here a fine library, numbering over a thousand volumes, most of which were saved from the fire. To repair the loss of those that were burned he was generously requested by Madam Bridget Hoar to take such books as he pleased from the library of her deceased husband, Leonard Hoar, who had been president of Harvard College.

* The names of the trustees were Sir Thomas Temple, Kt. and Baronet, Captain Thomas Clarke, Captain Thomas Lake, Captain Richard Walker, Mr. John Richards, Mr. Thomas Kellond, Mr. John Treake, and Lt. Richard Way.

The present building, like those that formerly stood on either side of it, and like many others of its time in different parts of the town, was constructed on the then favorite Dutch plan, with an overhanging second story. It has naturally undergone some changes in the course of its long life. Instead of four chamber windows in a row, there were originally three; and instead of three front entrances, there was but one. The present unsightly shop leaves little trace of the quiet colonial parlor which it has invaded. The interior has been remodelled several times, although the kitchen seems to have been left very much as it was.

The first person to occupy this house for any length of time was Robert Howard, who bought it in 1681 of Daniel Turell and Thomas Walker. Howard's daughter, Sarah Wyborne, sold it in 1741 to Captain Andrew Knox, who mortgaged it to John Erving. In consequence of the non-payment of dues, Erving took possession in 1763, and held it as a tenement till 1770, when he sold it to Paul Revere for £213 6*s.* 8*d.*, taking a mortgage of £160, which was redeemed in good time. It is possible that Revere lived here some years before he bought the house. We know that he lived here thirty years after he bought it, and then moved into the larger house which he purchased in Charter Street Jonathan Merry bought the old place in 1800, and sold it again soon after to John Loring, whose family have held it until recently. For many years it was known among seamen as a well-kept American boarding-house, patronized largely by men from the Cape, who in so many instances became captains of the best ships sailing out of Boston.

The chief interest connected with this ancient house is the fact that during the most eventful period in our history it was the

residence of the distinguished patriot whose achievements in the cause of liberty are so widely known. Paul Revere was born in Boston, Dec. 21, 1734 O.S. His father, whose original name was Apollos Rivoire, belonged to a Huguenot family living in the Island of Guernsey, to which they had fled from St. Foy, in France, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Coming to this country at an early age to seek his fortune, the young Apollos selected Boston as his home, and established himself in the goldsmith's trade. He soon found it convenient to change his name from Apollos to Paul; and gradually, in common use, Rivoire was shortened into Revere, the two names being used interchangeably for several years. He was married, June 19, 1729, by Joseph Sewall to Deborah Hitchborn, and had several children. The son Paul was brought up at his father's trade, to which he added considerable military experience, serving, at the age of twenty-one, as second lieutenant of artillery under Colonel Gridley, at Crown Point, and remaining on duty at the fortifications around Lake George for nearly a year. In 1757 he married Sarah Orne, who died in April, 1773, leaving six children. The same year, on the 11th of October, he was married by Samuel Mather to Rachel Walker, by whom he had eight children.

Before moving into North Square the family lived on Fish Street, near the head of Dr. Clarke's wharf, where Revere carried on his business as goldsmith and engraver, adding at one time the practice of dentistry, — so far at least as to make and set artificial teeth, then a new invention, which he had learned of one John Baker, who is supposed to be the first surgeon dentist who ever practised in Boston. Revere made a large number of gold and silver cases for Copley's miniatures, and designed almost all the

solid wooden frames that we see around the large Copley portraits, preserved with such care in New England families to-day.

Revere had the good fortune to come upon the stage of action just at the time when the controversy with the mother country demanded prompt and vigorous measures at the hand of every true patriot; and he stood ready to throw himself into the conflict with all the resources of his ardent and versatile nature. It only needed such utterances as those of Otis and Thacher in '61 to fire the hearts of the young men of Boston with a determined purpose to resist, at whatever cost, the oppressive measures of the British ministry. In the clubs which were organized to give expression to this feeling, Revere's influence was felt from the first. His strong will, positive opinions, and ready wit made him a leader, especially among the mechanics who knew him well. He seemed to delight in great emergencies, and he was always quick to catch the striking features of the hour. We are indebted to him for the only illustrations that exist of many of the exciting events that preceded the outbreak of hostilities. His technical training in the goldsmith's art had given him an acquaintance with important scientific principles, which he cleverly applied to the service of his country. His bold attempts at copperplate engraving are rude enough, to be sure; but they were considered good at the time, and were vastly better than nothing. His keen sense of humor found congenial employment in the caricatures of political events which issued frequently from his shop and obtained a wide popularity.

Our knowledge of the Boston Massacre would have been far less exact but for Revere's well-known engraving, together with his plan of the scene in King Street, which was used in court at the trials that followed. The first anniversary of the Massacre was

a day of profound solemnity in Boston. All the bells in town were muffled and tolled. Early in the evening a crowd assembled in North Square, in front of Revere's house, to see the transparent paintings which he had prepared, illustrating the event. There were then three windows in the second story. In the one on the right sat the genius of America, holding in her left hand the cap of liberty erect on a staff, and trampling under foot a grenadier who was grasping a serpent, the emblem of tyranny. With her right hand she pointed to the massacre, which was vividly portrayed in the middle window. The remaining transparency contained an obelisk, bearing in front the bust of young Snider, and on the pedestal the names of the five persons who were killed in the tragedy. Snider's ghost was finely drawn in the background, with a group of friends standing near by weeping. The effect of this exhibition upon the spectators is said to have been deep and lasting. The old house was probably never looked at so intently and by so many eyes as on that memorable evening.

In all the patriotic movements that followed in such rapid succession, Revere was a conspicuous figure. Of course he was among the Mohawks at the Tea Party; and we can well believe that no one of that famous company was ahead of him, either in planning or in executing such a superb *coup de main.* And no sooner were the chests emptied into the sea than he started off on horseback to carry the news to New York and Philadelphia. The grass certainly did not grow under his feet. The following May he rode again an express to Philadelphia, with the votes of Boston concerning the Port Act, accomplishing the distance in six days. In September he went again, to carry the Suffolk Resolves to the Continental Congress; and again, still later, to learn how to make

gunpowder. Horsemanship was a necessary accomplishment for an active man in those days. The various committees of correspondence were continually sending messages by confidential couriers in advance of the ordinary post-riders. Revere was just the man for this business. It suited him even better than his trade. His courage, agility, and tact were unsurpassed. He never betrayed the confidence of his friends, nor blundered in the execution of a trust. His Lexington ride, immortalized by the poet, will always be considered his greatest achievement, though it was only one of a series of exploits, some of which were more arduous, and many of which were equally brilliant and successful.

After the Evacuation, Revere was appointed Major, and afterward Lieutenant-Colonel, of Crafts' new Regiment of Artillery, and he remained in the service till the close of the war. He accompanied the ill-starred Penobscot expedition, but was never charged with any responsibility for its ignominious failure, as he held a subordinate command, and had no opportunity to show either his skill or his courage.

On the return of peace the soldier resumed his craft as a goldsmith, and manufactured a great number of articles, especially silver-ware for table use. His teapots, pitchers, tankards, porringers, sugar-bowls, ladles, and spoons all bear his mark, and are highly prized as heir-looms in many New England families. He soon after erected an air-furnace near Foster Street, where he cast church bells, brass cannon, and all kinds of iron ware, including stoves, chimney-hearths, anvils, forge-hammers, etc. With the rapid growth of ship-building, he also turned his attention to the manufacture of copper sheathing, bolts, and spikes, for which there was a great demand.

With all his private business, Colonel Revere still found time to attend to various matters of public importance. He presided at the meetings in the Green Dragon Tavern in favor of the new Constitution in 1788, and was generally regarded as the chief representative of the mechanical interests of the State. He was chosen the first president of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association in 1795. The same year, at the request of his old friend Samuel Adams, then governor, he laid the corner-stone of the new State House, as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. Soon after, he had an interesting official correspondence with General Washington, which has been published. In 1798 he was one of the incorporators of the first successful Fire Insurance Company in Boston, organized under the name of the Massachusetts Mutual Company. He was also connected with many useful and benevolent institutions which did much to promote the prosperity of his native town.

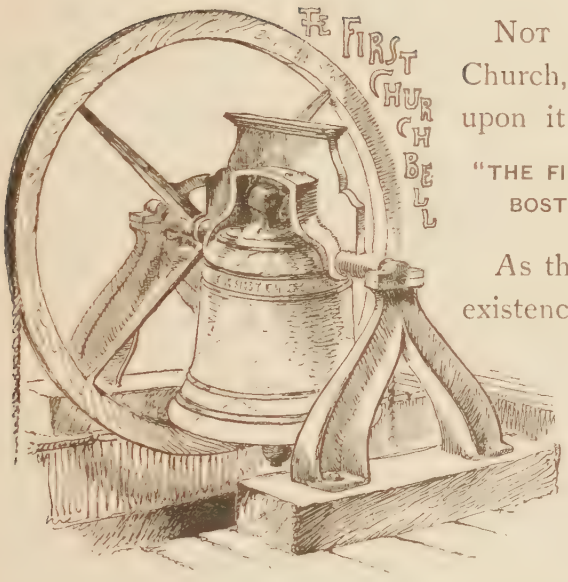
All this time his home was in North Square, where a large family of children had grown up about him. With all his industry and enterprise, he never outgrew the charm of domestic life,* but returned to it with increasing pleasure as the cares and responsibilities of his incessantly active life crowded upon him. He had a workshop in the rear of his house, where he kept a set of tools at which he could work at odd times; his regular place of business,

* In a letter to his wife from Rhode Island, in 1778, Revere wrote as follows: "My dear Girl, — Your very agreeable letter came safe to hand. . . . Pray take care of yourself and my little ones. . . . I am in high health and spirits and [so is] our Army. The enemy dare not show their heads. We have had about fifty who have deserted to us, Hessians and others. . . . It is very irksome to be separated from *her* whom I so tenderly love, and from my little lambs; but were I at home, I should want to be here. . . . I trust that Allwise Being who has protected me will still protect me and send me safely to the arms of her whom it is my greatest happiness to call my own. . . . My duty to my aunts, my love to brothers and sisters, my most affectionate love to my children."

after the Revolution, being in old Cornhill. He was an habitual attendant at the New Brick Church, as his father had been before him. There was a private passage-way through his yard, by the old pump, leading to the church. There are persons living who remember seeing him every Sunday in his pew with his family. That venerable sanctuary has gone, with all the houses immediately about it; but this time-worn homestead of the illustrious patriot is still here to tell us a little longer its familiar story, which America will never tire of hearing, — the ever fascinating story of the grand heroic age in which the Republic was born.

Paul Revere

A NOTED BELL.



Not the bell of the First Church, but, as the inscription upon it reads, —

"THE FIRST CHURCH BELL CAST IN BOSTON, 1792, BY P. REVERE."

As this ancient bell is still in existence, — stored in this city, — it deserves a place, with the famous weathercock, in any description of the New Brick Church to which they both belonged, and of which they are almost the sole survivors. This church was organized, in 1719, by the "aggrieved brethren" of the New North. The building committee consisted of John Frizell, Thomas Lee, Jonathan Montford, Alexander Sears, James Tileston, James Pecker, and Edward Pell. Captain Pell was the architect. The first choice of pews was given to John Frizell and William Clark, "for their good will and great benefactions to said work." The new edifice was dedicated in 1721. The clock, given at the same time

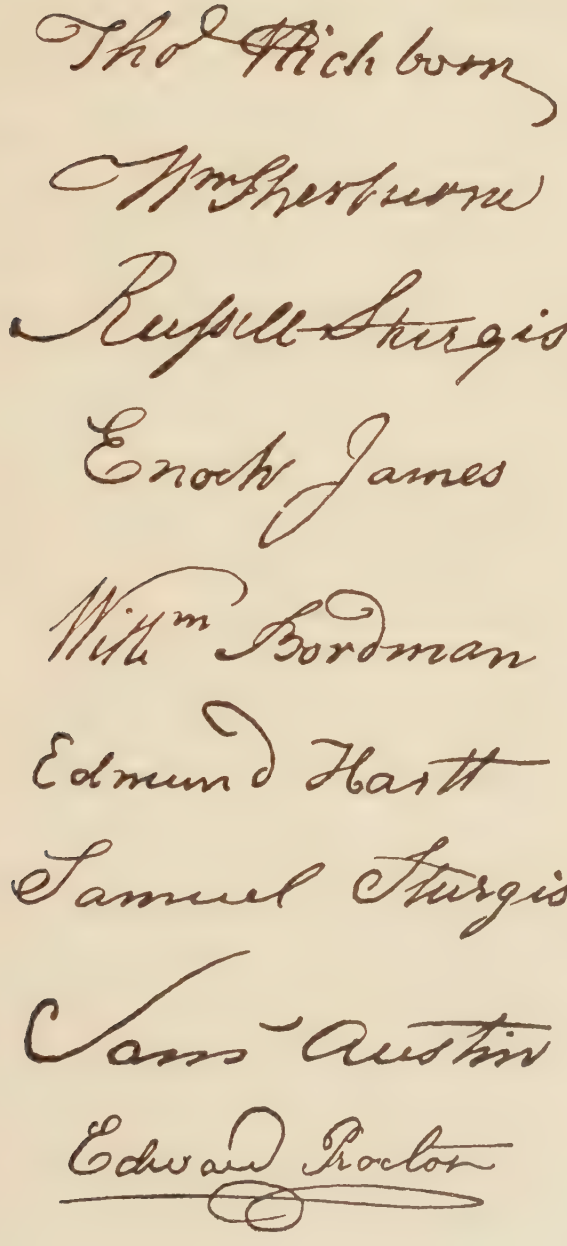
by Barret Dyer, remained in its place opposite the pulpit a hundred years, when it was replaced by a new one presented by Deacon Samuel Parkman.

The church had no bell until 1743, when the building was first painted. That bell, being a small one, was sold in 1780, and in its place was hung the larger bell, secured from the Old North when that structure was pulled down by the British. This bell being injured in 1792, it was given to Colonel Revere to be recast at his new foundry. The expenses were met by the following subscription list: —

"Boston, June 18, 1792. Whereas the Bell belonging to the New Brick Society being so essentially injured as to require its being cast anew, and the same is considered of public utility — Therefore, to defray the expense thereof, we severally agree to pay the sums affixed to our names respectively for so beneficial [a] purpose, and he that does not pay is not to hear the sound thereof."

Signed, John Tudor, Sam^{l} Ridgway, William Bell, Tho^{s} Hichborn, Samuel Parkman, W^{m} Sherburne, Paul Revere, Russell Sturgis, Enoch James, Joseph Clark, Isaac White, Lemuel Gardner, Isaac Townsend, Willi^{m} Bordman & Son, Willi^{m} Williams, Joseph Howard, Daniel Merry, Jon^{a} Merry, Edw^{d} Tyler, Joseph Roby, Sam^{l} Hichborn, Elisha Bangs, Eben^{r} Burditt, Ebenezer Ridgway, Tho^{s} Lewis, Miles Barnes, Gibbes Atkins, B. Henderson, Jn^{o} Coles, Edmund Hartt, Ira Green, Sam^{l} Howard, Samuel Sturgis, Caleb Wheaton, John W. Folsom, Sam^{l} Austin, Edward Proctor.

The subscribers contributed sums varying from six shillings to nine pounds each. Some of their autographs are here given: —


Thos Rich born
Wm Sherburne
Russell Sturgis
Enoch James
Wm Bordman
Edmund Hartt
Samuel Sturgis
Sam Austin
Edward Proctor

The old bell weighed five hundred pounds, and the new one nine hundred and twelve. The whole cost of recasting and enlarging it was £74 7*s.* 8*d.* A part of this expense came from "chaise hire" to Abington "several times," to get men and implements to aid in preparing the moulds for casting. When completed, the bell was again hung in its place, and after remaining there as long as the brick building stood, it was transferred, in 1845, to the bell-deck of its stone successor, which in 1849 was purchased by the Methodists, and used by them until 1871, when all the buildings in that vicinity had to be removed to make room for the widening of Hanover Street.

Few bells have such a record as this. It has hung on three conspicuous churches, either in its original or enlarged form. It has summoned six generations of worshippers to the sanctuary. It has tolled for the dead, and awakened the living from their morning slumbers. It has opened the daily market, announced the hour for lunch, called the hungry to their dinner, and the weary to their beds. It has broken the stillness of the night by its dread alarm of fire. On momentous occasions it has rallied the citizens to meet in defence of liberty. It has sounded the tocsin of war, and rung merrily on the return of peace. It has assisted in the patriotic celebrations of the Fifth of March, the Seventeenth of June, and the Fourth of July. Truly such an active and faithful participant in the affairs of Boston during so long a period of our history deserves a place among the famous bells of the world.

Tradition says that the bell of the original North Church building was saved in the fire of 1676, and hung in a temporary belfry near the watch-house at the head of North Square until the new meeting-house was completed. This circumstance is said to have

given the name of "Bell Alley" to the old narrow passage-way, sometimes called "Mutton Alley," and now, since 1833, widened and known as New Prince Street. If this was the bell which Revere recast, its connection with the Colonial period would add to the interest of the relic here described, which is also remarkable as being the first of a large number of church bells cast in Boston. Over two hundred are known to have followed from Revere's foundry, many of which are still doing service all over New England. One of them, on an old church in Maine, has tolled for the death of every President since Washington.

Although the New Brick Church is no longer in existence, yet this brief review of a part of its history would be incomplete without reference to its long and eminent line of ministers. Of the original church the pastorates were as follows: William Waldron, 1722–1727; William Welsteed, 1728–1753; Ellis Gray, 1738–1753; Ebenezer Pemberton, 1754–1777.

After the union of the New Brick with the Second (Old North) Church — formally consummated under the name of the Second Church in 1779 — the pastorates were: John Lathrop, 1776–1816; Henry Ware, Jr., 1817–1830; Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1829–1832; Chandler Robbins, 1833–1849. In 1849 the Society sold its building and removed to Bedford Street.

The changes which took place in the building on the old site, resulting in its final demolition, have been already described. A stranger passing through Hanover Street would not now readily find the spot so long consecrated by the worship of the fathers.

AN ANCIENT WEATHERCOCK.

ANOTHER and still more famous relic of the New Brick Church is the old weathercock which crowned it during the whole period of its existence, and which, indeed, gave to the edifice its popular name of "The Cockerel Church." No object in Boston was more conspicuous to the townspeople, or to the mariner coming into port, than this familiar bird. Standing aloft on his high perch day and night, summer and winter, through sunshine and storm alike, he kept watch and ward over the town like a faithful sentinel for a hundred and forty-eight years.

"Roosted upon his ancient ball,
Last night, sat the Old North* cock,
In the midst of a terrible northeast squall
Which made the steeples rock,
And waked the watchmen, one and all,
As the bell tolled twelve o'clock.

* The author of these lines, Dr. William Croswell, writing in 1830, used here a convenient, though technically incorrect, term. Properly speaking, the name of Old North could not be applied to the New Brick Church, although the latter inherited from the former its corporate name of the Second Church in Boston. As referring, however, to the only prominent weathercock at the North End, the term "old North cock" might be permissible.

With head erect and unruffled form,
The hearty and tough old cock,
Through wind and rain, and cold and warm,
All weathers continues to mock;
And he whisked him round to face the storm,
And breasted himself to the shock."

This renowned crower is believed to have been made in 1721 by Deacon Shem Drowne, the clever coppersmith and tin-worker, at his shop in Ann Street. As no bill of expense appears among the church papers, it may be presumed to have been the gift of some friend. Its design is supposed to have had an unfriendly personal reference to the Rev. Peter Thacher, of the New North. However that may be, the New Brick long went by the nickname of the "Revenge Church." According to the story, the cockerel was made out of old brass kettles, skilfully hammered into shape. His weight was 172 lbs., and his dimensions about 5 ft. 4 in. in height, 5 ft. 2 in. in breadth, and 1 ft. in thickness. When first erected, a merry fellow straddled him and crowed three times, to complete the ceremony.

Placed in such an exposed position, the bird has naturally required occasional repairs. He was taken down in 1785 by William Cordwell, and gilded by Samuel Harris, Jr. In 1823 he was put in order by Almoran Holmes, and furnished with a pair of glass eyes from the New England Glass Company, which very much improved his appearance. He was then transferred to a new spire on the same building. Again, in 1832, he was taken down by William Barnicoat, and regilded by Robinson & Smith. A steel bearing was then placed within the vane for the point of the shaft to turn on. When the old building gave way to the new one in 1844, the cock was repaired by Henry N. Hooper & Co.,

regilded by Vinal, Eaton, & Orcutt, and mounted upon the stone church on the same rod upon which he had stood from the beginning. In 1858 he became "spitted" by the yielding of the rivets which held the steel bearing, and was taken down for the fifth and last time, to be mended, gilded, and replaced by Clark & Brazier.

After this he remained in fine health and spirits until early one evening in September, 1869, when a violent gale visited our city, causing much damage to buildings and shipping. It struck this tall steeple so that it bent like a tree, and broke from the tower, and fell to the ground with a heavy crash. The rooster was seen, just before, to hop about in great distress, turning in vain for relief toward every point of the compass. Finding his support giving way, he parted company with his old rod and flew off on his own account about a hundred feet to leeward, alighting upon a house in New Prince Street, and descending unceremoniously into a cosey kitchen, where he frightened a timid girl who was preparing the supper. The visitor, however, suffered more than the girl; for his comb was flattened, his breast-bone fractured, and his plumage was seriously damaged. The surgeons again took him in hand, set his limbs and healed his wounds, and placed him on exhibition this time within the church, where he could enjoy a period of well-earned repose. Soon after, in consequence of the demolition of the building, his services were no longer needed here, and he was sold to the Shepard Memorial Church, of Cambridge, — a much older church even than the New Brick of Boston, and one that also had a weathercock for its vane in the early time. Our old friend, therefore, feels at home on his new roost, especially as he receives excellent care, and has just had a new overcoat, made out of twenty-four books of gold-leaf, which, with pardonable pride,

he thinks very becoming. He may be seen any day, standing guard over the Washington Elm and Harvard College with as much vigilance as he ever exercised over the homes and ship-yards of the North End.

In matters of theology, this gallinaceous fowl is said to be very tolerant and not in the least bigoted. He has been content with the Puritan doctrines of Welsteed and Pemberton, with the Unitarianism of Ware and Robbins, with the fervent piety of a succession of Methodist preachers, and now, with the ministrations of a church representing the old New England faith vitalized by the modern evangelic spirit.

In politics, this astute observer has always been in the front rank of the liberals. He sympathized warmly with the Revolutionary movement, and was often inclined to crow over the successes of the patriots. He is no partisan, but he believes in progress, and does all in his power to advance the highest interests of both church and state.

It is not known to all that the cock, as well as the cross, was a favorite ornament for church spires in the Middle Ages. There is a quaint Latin poem, supposed to be of the fourteenth century, designed to show the symbolic meaning of the weathercock on a Christian church. It was first published in the "Serapium," from a manuscript belonging to the cathedral of Oehringen. Dr. Neale has recently translated it as follows: —

MULTI SUNT PRESBYTERI.

"Many are the Presbyters
Lacking information
Why the cock on each church tower
Meetly finds his station.

Therefore I will now hereof
Tell the cause and reason,
If ye lend me patient ears
For a little season.

"Cock he is a marvellous
Bird of God's creating,
Faithfully the priestly life
In his ways relating:
Such a life as he must lead
Who a parish tendeth,
And his flock from jeopardy
Evermore defendeth.

"From what point the wind his course
On the tower directeth,
To that point the cock his head
Manfully objecteth:
Thus the Priest, where'er he sees
Satan's warfare waging,
Thither doth he turn himself,
For his flock engaging.

"Cock he more than other birds
Way through ether winging,
Heareth, high above the clouds,
Choirs angelic singing.
Thus he warns us cast away
Evil word and doing,
Thoughts and joys of things above
Evermore ensuing.

"On his head a royal crown
Like a king he beareth;
On his foot a shapely spur
Like a knight he weareth;
Waxeth golden more and more
As in age he groweth;
And the lion quakes with fear
When by night he croweth.

. . . . .

"Cock hath soldier's buskins on,
Strengthening and protecting,
Singularly every fault
Of his hens correcting:
So the Priest is bound to do,
Punishing transgression,
Making men in word and deed
Better by confession

"Cock he rules a tribe of hens,
Laws and customs giving,
And hath many cares of heart
For their way of living:
Even thus parochial cure
Whoso entertaineth,
Let him learn and let him do
That which God ordaineth.

"Cock he findeth grains of wheat,
And his hens he calleth,
Giving to the dearer ones
What to each befalleth:
Midst the people thus the clerk
Scripture nurture shareth,
And for sick and poor and maimed
Providently careth.

. . . . .

"When it draws to vesper-tide,
Cock neglecteth never,
But he goeth straight to roost
With his subjects ever;
So that then, when midnight comes,
He may well and truly
Call God's Priests to rise and sing
Matin service duly.

. . . . .

"Let the present things suffice
Of the cock related;
Only in the hearers' hearts
Let them be located.

This sweet musk, if fully chewed,
In its truth and meetness
Shall abound with more than all
Aromatic sweetness.

"Thus the cock hath preached to you:
Hear, with duty fervent,
Priests and Levites of the Lord,
Every faithful servant;
That at last it may be said,
'Come to joys supernal.'
Yea, bestow on all of us,
Father, Life eternal."

THE WADSWORTH TABLET.

THE oldest sign now exposed to view in Boston may be seen fastened into the wall of a modern brick house on the northeast corner of North and Richmond Streets. It was attached to the former building, also of brick, which stood on this spot; and it has wisely been preserved *in situ*, as an interesting though rather enigmatical relic of an early period in our history.

Among those who came to Boston in the ship "Lion," in 1632, was Christopher Wadsworth, who settled in Duxbury. His son, Captain Samuel Wadsworth, of Milton, was killed with his company by the Indians, at Sudbury, in April, 1676, in the fight known as "Wadsworth's Massacre." Among the Captain's sons were Benjamin Wadsworth, pastor of the First Church and President of Harvard College; Joseph Wadsworth, a distinguished citizen and the treasurer of Boston for many years; and Timothy Wadsworth, of whom this tablet is a mute memorial.

Timothy Wadsworth was born in 1662, and married Susannah, daughter of Joseph Cocke, and granddaughter of Nicholas Upsall, from whom he acquired possession of a part of the famous Red Lion Inn property on this ancient corner. By an agreement made between Upsall's heirs in 1693, Wadsworth secured the upper end

of Red Lion Wharf, with the shops standing upon it, and the adjoining warehouse on the town's slip. Being a gunsmith by trade, and needing a sign, he had this stone tablet made the following year, with the three initial letters, W[adsworth], T[imothy], and S[usannah], engraved upon it, according to the custom of the time, and the date, 1694, placed under the shield.

Wadsworth was a member of the Second Church, a tithing-man, a constable, and a clerk of the market. His daughter, Susannah, married Edward Langdon; and his son, Recompense Wadsworth, was the first master of the North Grammar School. The poet Longfellow was a descendant, on his mother's side, from the gunsmith's uncle, John Wadsworth. A branch of the family moved to Connecticut, where the name is associated with the Wadsworth Athenæum at Hartford, and Wadsworth's Tower on Talcott Mountain.

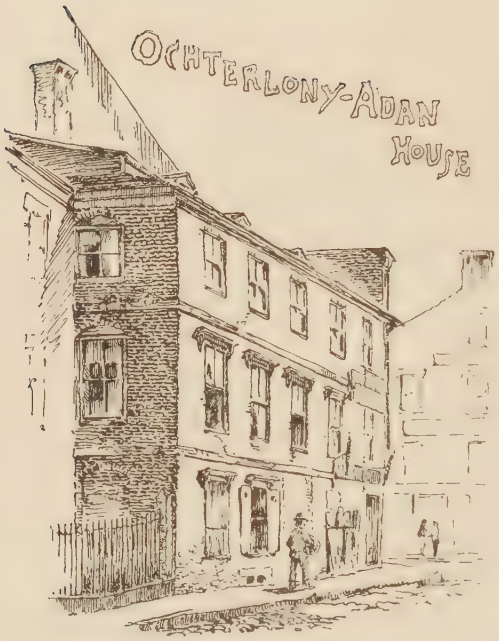
The old Red Lion Inn, once kept by Upsall, stood on this corner, and was burned in the great fire which originated near here in 1676. It was rebuilt in 1680 by Edward Wanton, a ship-builder, who had come from England in 1658, and who was the ancestor of four Rhode Island governors bearing the name of Wanton. The new Red Lion building is supposed to have been used for the Naval Office, or Custom House, established in 1681 by the irrepressible Randolph, whose officious devotion to the Stuarts made him "the evil genius of the Colony."

The Wadsworth tablet is the only thing remaining in all this locality to tell us of those days. It is hardly enough of a fossil for even an Agassiz to construct the original environment out of it. The building to which it belonged was of two stories, and served various purposes for more than a century and a half. It is not

easy to imagine the tide-water coming up close to this corner, but persons now living can remember when boys used to go in swimming close by. This part of Richmond Street was simply a cart-way leading to a wood-wharf. North Street was then about three feet lower than it is now, and very much narrower.

The following cut represents an old house standing in the rear of the one just described. The upper story has recently been removed.

OCHTERLONY-ADAN HOUSE.



THERE is but one old house left standing on North Street between the old drawbridge (Blackstone Street) and North Square; and that has lost its original front by the widening of the street, so that it can only be seen to advantage from Centre Street, on the corner of which it stands, and where a good side view is obtained, as shown in the above sketch. Here the walls remain precisely as they were built early in the last century, three stories high, and divided by the heavy belts of the period. The window-sills are firmly set in the brickwork, but the sashes have been changed. In the cellar are two massive vaulted arches, similar to those already described. The house was so substantially built that, although designed for a dwelling, it is strong enough for all the purposes of a warehouse.

North Centre Street was formerly called Ball's Alley, and also Paddy's Alley, after Captain William Paddy, one of the selectmen of the colonial town, and a merchant of note, who deserves an honorable place among the benefactors of Boston for having given the first legacy to the poor found on the town records. He died in 1658, leaving nine children and a large property.

Among the early occupants of this house were Edward Thomas, merchant, and Dr. John Perkins (H. C. 1695). The former sold it, in 1717, to Captain Edward Martyn, whose widow, Sarah, a few years later sold it to Andrew Tyler, goldsmith, whose wife, Miriam, was a sister of Sir William Pepperrell. The Tylers lived here forty years; and then, in 1762, the estate was sold to Captain David Ochterlony, a son of Alexander Ochterlony, laird of Pitforthy, Forfarshire. Captain Ochterlony had a son David, who, while living here, attended the Latin School with a set of boys who achieved wide distinction in subsequent years. They belonged to the class of 1766, and may be considered on the whole the most illustrious class that the school ever enrolled. Among them were Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., Dr. James Freeman, Judge Thomas Dawes, Sir Scrope Bernard, Bart., Dr. Jonathan Homer, Colonel Freeman, Judge Cooper, Colonel Bradford, and several noted merchants.

In this galaxy Sir David Ochterlony, Bart., has a place second to none. At an early age he entered the British army, and had a long and brilliant career in India, where he attained the rank of major-general, and was created a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Bath, and a baronet. He died unmarried in 1825. The title is borne by Sir Charles-Metcalfe Ochterlony, Bart., of Ochterlony, Forfar. The general's father died while the family were living in

this house, and the widow afterward married Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King of Arms.*

There is a tradition connected with this house that, on the evening of April 18, 1775, when Revere was secretly making his preparations for the ride to Lexington, he went to his house in North Square to get his boots and surtout, and while on his way to the boat it occurred to him that it would be well to have the oars muffled, as he would be obliged to pass the man-of-war lying in the stream. Accordingly he came around by this house, then occupied by intimate friends of the family, and made a peculiar signal. It was about ten o'clock, and all was quiet. Presently a chamber window was raised by gentle hands, and a brief communication was held in a whisper. The object was gained, and a woollen under-garment, warm from use, was soon forthcoming and patriotically placed at Revere's disposal. It dropped noiselessly into his hands; and thus armed, he went forth on his famous errand. Who shall say that the women of the Revolution were not as ready as the men to make sacrifices for "the common cause"?

Among the subsequent owners of this estate were Ezekiel Goldthwait, town-clerk, Mary Swift, and John R. Adan (H. C. 1813). Mr. Adan lived here during the earlier part of his life, and retained the property many years afterward. He was prominent in public affairs, and became president of the Common Council. He then abandoned a political career, and devoted himself to the practice of the law, in which he excelled. He is remembered by many as one of the leading men engaged in the laying out of Commercial Street, in 1827–29. His associates in the enterprise were Samuel

* Portraits of Sir David and his mother and Sir Isaac Heard are in possession of the New England Historic Genealogical Society.

S. Lewis, Dr. Gardner, Joshua Ellis, Robert G. Shaw, Dr. Stone, Thomas Thompson, Benjamin Humphrey, Nathaniel Faxon, Lebbeus Stetson, and John Day Howard. Fulton Street was planned at the same time, but not built upon for several years.

On the other side of Ann Street, near the old drawbridge, lived and died one of Boston's most zealous antiquaries, Thomas Pemberton, a man of great simplicity of character, who spent much of his time in literary seclusion, pursuing his favorite studies in local and New England history. He wrote much, and left a voluminous collection of manuscripts to the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which he was a charter member. He died unmarried in 1807. His benevolence exceeded even his fortune, which was large; and it is said that he gave away in legacies more than he was worth.

Adjoining the Adan estate on the north was an old mansion, which in its later years was much enlarged, and known as the Eastern Stage House. Originally it was the residence of Captain Thomas Lake, one of the most influential citizens of the Colonial time. He was killed by the Indians on the Kennebec in 1676. His daughter, Ann, wife of the Rev. John Cotton, of Hampton, N. H., and his grandson, Sir Bybie Lake, Bart., of England, sold the homestead, in 1712, to Samuel Wentworth for £1,800. Five years later, Wentworth sold it to Nathaniel Henchman for £2,159. It was then described as a stone dwelling, situated some distance back from the street, near Nannie's Buildings in Elbow Alley, and having in front four brick tenements, "two on each side the arch." This would show that the familiar arch of stage-coach times was no modern affair. In 1726 the estate was purchased by Colonel John Carnes, who was succeeded, in 1761, by Jonathan

Williams, and he, in turn, by John Codman, whose heirs have since held it.

The Eastern Stage House was a well kept and widely known hostelry, until the construction of railroads changed the whole character of our public houses. It was built mostly of brick, two and a half stories high, and stood about fifty feet back from Ann Street, the intervening space being occupied by stores. The main entrance was through an arched passage-way about ten feet wide, connecting with the spacious courtyard within. All vehicles entered the yard from Centre Street, and not through the arch.

This house was the rendezvous for the regular stages to Newburyport, Portsmouth, Dover, Exeter, Portland, and Bangor. The mail coaches carried only six passengers; other coaches took nine inside and two on the driver's seat. The fare to Portsmouth by the mail was four dollars, and by other coaches three. On the return trip, the mail came over Charlestown Bridge and through Prince Street to the Stage-House arch on Ann Street, where passengers who wished could alight. It was then driven directly to the post-office to deliver the mails, after which passengers were taken to any part of the town where they desired to be left. In setting out on the journey, persons were "booked" at the Stage House the night before, and called for at their residences, usually very early in the morning, as some old travellers remember very distinctly.

The tavern accommodated about a hundred guests, including some thirty of the drivers. It was the custom, on the arrival of stages and during the evening, for the townspeople to gather in large numbers at the house, to learn the news and receive letters or packages from the country. The drivers were then the centre

of attraction, as important business was often intrusted to them. They were usually a superior class of men, selected for their known intelligence and ability. Many of them afterward obtained the highest positions on our railroads. Good cheer prevailed at the inn, especially around the old fireplace in the evening, when stories were told and the topics of the day vigorously discussed. On Sunday evenings the company often joined in singing familiar hymns, under the spirited leadership of the popular agent of the Company, Captain Alexander Brown.

The stages were usually driven four-in-hand, six horses being used when the roads were heavy. They were expected to rattle along at the rate of ten miles an hour, with relays at Salem and Ipswich. Arrangements were made for three or four regular trips each way daily, besides occasional extra coaches. Fleet horses and chaises were also kept by the Company to overtake a stage, if required, half an hour after it had started, or to take single passengers any distance for a suitable consideration. During the great Eastern Land speculation and the financial panic of 1837, many special trips were made with all possible speed, regardless of cost, one hundred dollars and more being paid for going to Portsmouth.

A suitable sign for travellers is that of Mercury, sketched below from an original wooden figure, supposed to be as old as the Blue Ball or the Bunch of Grapes. Tradition says that it stood over the Provincial post-office, in Cornhill. Half a century ago it had found its way into a rigger's loft, and was taken for debt. It then had a wand and wings. Being suitable for a mathematical instrument store, it was for a long time utilized by Mayor Lincoln's firm

at the North End. When the wand became broken, a quadrant was put in its place. Long exposure to the weather has stripped the little figure of much of its beauty, but there is a classic grace and delicacy about it still which is certainly worth preserving. It has just been taken down, repaired and regilded, and presented to the Bostonian Society at the old State House, where it can be seen in the corner of the Council Chamber.

THE
BELL
IN
HAND

BELL IN HAND.

IN the very heart of the business life of Boston, between Washington Street and Court Square, is a dark and narrow passage-way known as Williams Court. Only the initiated ever think of entering such a gloomy and unsavory precinct; and yet it is a thoroughfare for reporters, pressmen, newsboys, policemen, and City Hall politicians, to say nothing of the "ruddy-nosed fraternity," and the small traders in peanuts and candy. Formerly it was even more forbidding than it is now, and gentlemen seldom went through it. One day Rufus Choate was picking his way along in these shadowy depths with nervous stride, when he was accosted by a friend who expressed surprise at seeing him in such a place. "Yes," said the astute lawyer, "ignominious, but convenient."

Doubtless many persons have threaded their way through this court without ever noticing, over a tap-room, a carved representation of a hand grasping a bell, with the date A.D. 1795 underneath. This unique sign has considerable interest to Bostonians from its connection with the old town-crier, James Wilson, an original character, who for nearly half a century was better known probably among men, women, and children than any other person in the town. He was a short, thick-set, red-faced man, with keen eyes

and a powerful voice. Although commonly known as the crier, he was a brush-maker by trade, and a good one too. The writer has seen a pair of clothes-brushes made by him, which have been in constant use in Boston for over seventy years, and are as good apparently as ever.

Wilson's shop was in the basement of the Exchange Coffee-House, fronting upon what is now Congress Square. At one period he sold ale, after the English fashion, in pewter mugs, and had a foaming "toby" painted on his door to indicate it; but his chief sign was this bell in hand, said to be a correct copy of the bell he carried so many years.

Never was a man better fitted for a town-crier. Nature had endowed him with ready wit, a good flow of language, an imposing presence, and a voice which could touch the tenderest feelings of the heart by its pathetic tones, or, if occasion required, could alarm a whole neighborhood like the roar of a bull. His custom was to appear on the street, and ring three times to attract attention. Then, putting his bell under his arm, he would produce a paper, and announce with great solemnity that somebody's cow had strayed away, or that certain articles of value were missing. Occasionally his cry would be like this: "Child lost! There 's a child lost! A boy, between the ages of five and six years, left his home on Salem Street about seven o'clock last night, and has not since been heard from. When last seen, he had on a black cloth cap and a short red coat. He had light hair and blue eyes. Whoever can give information of such a boy, either to his anxious parents at No. — Salem Street, or at the crier's office, will be suitably rewarded." Wilson would then ring his bell again three times, and move on to repeat the process in other parts of the town.

Nor was he left to go on his errand alone. It needed but the ring of his well-known bell to call out all the "rag, tag, and bobtail" element of the juvenile kind to hear his awe-inspiring eloquence and to enjoy the jokes which he would sometimes put in for their special amusement. The boys of the Latin School were always glad when Jimmy Wilson came along at recess time, for then they were sure of having some fun. The crier was always a match for them, however, in repartee, and heartily enjoyed being the object of so much attention. Deacon John Sullivan, a friend of children, once paid Wilson to go around to the different schools, and ring his bell and invite the scholars to go over to the Common and enjoy the new-mown hay.

Auction sales of furniture, foreign fruit, and other commodities were frequently announced by the crier, and he always succeeded in catching the public attention and creating an interest in the sale. No one could equal him in describing the excellence of a cargo of Messina oranges, Malaga raisins, and Smyrna figs. Often he would interpose some quizzical remark to a bystander, and set the whole crowd to laughing. Somebody has said that although Jimmy made his living by crying, he was always in a jovial mood. He announced the sale of old Master Tileston's effects in a most appreciative manner, and in conclusion said: "They were a good old couple, and lived together sixty-six years and never quarrelled. Now come, good people, do come and buy!"

Wilson used to treat his family in the summer to a trip up the Middlesex Canal on a packet-boat. Leaving Charlestown at eight o'clock in the morning, they would reach the terminus at Chelmsford (twenty-seven miles) by three o'clock in the afternoon. The passengers were always entertained by the crier's inimitable stories

on the trip. The next day he would return to Boston, much refreshed by the journey.

The crier died in 1841, at a good old age; and when the Exchange Coffee-House was torn down in 1854, the bell-in-hand sign and most of his stock in trade, including a number of old pictures, were removed to Williams Court.

The town-crier naturally suggests the old night-watch, whose duty included crying the hour and half hour through the night. Most comforting to a timid person was the slow, familiar step on the pavement, and then the plaintive, musical cry: "Half-past twelve o'clock, and a clear morning!" When the cry came, as it sometimes did, "One o'clock, and a severe snow-storm!" the hearer would reflect upon the advantages of a comfortable bed under such conditions of the weather, and would gladly turn over for a good sound sleep the rest of the night, regardless of snow-storms and watchman's cries.

KING'S CHAPEL.

THE chief object of this book has been to give the result of original investigation among the old buildings at the North End. The value of such a work, however, may be enhanced by including some of the famous historical buildings which, though not at the North End properly speaking, are grouped together very near it, and are so identified with the earlier life of Boston that it would seem unnatural not to notice them in these rambles.

And yet but little remains to be said about these conspicuous and time-honored landmarks, so fully have they been studied and so often described by others. This is particularly true of King's Chapel, which, by its position and fame, has constantly challenged public attention, and which has found a worthy annalist in its present minister, whose exhaustive account of the venerable sanctuary is a valuable contribution to American history.

The original edifice was a very small wooden building — appropriately called chapel — constructed on the same corner in 1689. The land was taken from the town's burial-ground, probably by order of Governor Andros, who was aided in the project by Edward Randolph, Robert Ratcliffe, Dr. Bullivant, and other zealous advocates of the Church of England. For ten years it was called His Majesty's Chapel; then King's Chapel; and in the reign of Queen

Anne, Queen's Chapel. William and Mary were liberal patrons of the enterprise. Among the royal gifts were a library, a service of plate, pulpit cushions, altar linen and carpet, a Bible, and several prayer-books.

Subscriptions were obtained, in 1710, for an enlargement of the building, more than half the amount being given by British officers stationed here. Each proprietor constructed his own pew. Opposite the pulpit was the governor's pew, richly decorated; and behind that was one for the use of masters of vessels, and another reserved for eight old men. Galleries were erected, and a clock took the place of the brass-mounted pulpit hour-glass. Escutcheons of the king and governors and other notables hung upon the walls and pillars. An organ — the first ever heard in New England — was bequeathed by Thomas Brattle in 1713.*

The Chapel, though twice as large as it had been, was still a small wooden structure, with three windows on each side, and three at the east end. It had a square bell-tower, surmounted by a tall mast, with a weathercock at the top, and a gilt crown half way up. Several tombs were built underneath at this period.

In 1749 the corner-stone of the present building was laid by Governor Shirley. The plans were furnished by Peter Harrison, an English architect of note, who came over with Smibert, and who also designed the Redwood Library, and Bishop Berkeley's

* His will offered it to the church in Brattle Square, "if they shall accept thereof, and within a year after my decease procure a Sober person that can play skilfully thereon with a loud noise. Otherwise to y^e^ Church of England in this towne, on y^e^ same terms and conditions." The Brattle Square Church, "with all possible respect to the memory of our deceased Friend and Benefactor, *Voted*, that they did not think it proper to use the same in the publick worship of God." Accordingly it was placed in King's Chapel. In 1756 this organ was superseded by a better one, and sold to a church in Newburyport, where it remained eighty years, and then was purchased for $450 for the use of a chapel in Portsmouth, N. H., where it has been in regular use ever since.

residence at Newport. To make room for the new edifice, the church purchased the site in the rear, then occupied by the Latin School. The stone came from Braintree. An elaborate steeple was to have been added, to give effect to the whole; but the funds were not sufficient at the time, and subsequently people became accustomed to the massive square tower as it was, and grew to like it; and now no one would think of reverting to the original plan. The columns of the portico date only from 1790.

The Revolutionary War, which wrought so many changes in Boston, was fatal to the maintenance of this church as an outpost of royalty and episcopacy. Dr. Caner, the rector, fled with the British at the Evacuation, taking with him the church registers, plate, and vestments.*

As the congregation had been composed mostly of loyalists, who were now scattered, the Chapel remained closed for a year and a half, and then was opened for the use of the Old South parish, whose meeting-house had been desecrated by the king's troops. This arrangement continued five years, during which time Joseph Eckley was ordained here as pastor of the Old South. For a long time after this the Chapel was commonly called Stone Chapel.

In 1783 the proprietors chose James Freeman as their minister, and consented to allow certain alterations in the liturgy. Soon after other changes were made, excluding the doctrine of the Trinity; and in 1787 the senior warden, in the name of the Society, ordained Mr. Freeman as "rector, minister, priest, pastor, teaching elder, and public teacher." Thus "the first Episcopal

* The plate, which was the gift of three kings, and amounted to 2,800 ounces of silver, was never recovered. The registers were obtained thirty years after from the Doctor's heirs.

church in New England became the first Unitarian church in America."

The interior, though rather low, has always been considered one of the best examples in this country of the school of Wren. Since the loss of the Brattle Square Church, which was very much like it, King's Chapel has been regarded with increasing interest as an historical monument of the greatest value to Boston, — a witness of the struggles through which the fathers passed in the days which tried men's souls. This memorial character of the church is well illustrated by its mural tablets and marble busts, which adorn the walls on all sides. The Vassall monument connects us with the England of Charles I. Apthorp was the richest and most generous merchant of his day in America. Governor Shirley's wife and daughter; William Price, the founder of the Price lectures; Newton, Appleton, and Curtis; May, Lowell, Sullivan, and George B. Emerson, are worthily commemorated; and the soldiers' monument is a striking proof of the patriotism of this Church.

The order of succession in the ministry of King's Chapel has been as follows: Robert Ratcliffe, 1686–1689; Robert Clarke, assistant, 1686–1689; Samuel Myles, 1689–1728; George Hatton, assistant, 1693–1696; Christopher Bridge, assistant, 1699–1706; Henry Harris, assistant, 1709–1729; Roger Price, 1729–1746; Thomas Harward, assistant, 1731–1736; Addington Davenport, assistant, 1737–1740; Stephen Rowe, assistant, 1741–1744; Henry Caner, 1747–1776; Charles Brockwell, assistant, 1747–1755; John Troutbeck, assistant, 1755–1775; James Freeman, 1782–1835; Samuel Cary, associate, 1809–1815; Francis W. P. Greenwood, 1824–1843; Ephraim Peabody, 1846–1856; Henry W. Foote, 1861—.

Bronze Tablets, with the following inscriptions, were placed upon the gates of the King's Chapel and Granary Burial Grounds in the year 1882: —

KING'S CHAPEL BURIAL-GROUND

1630

Here were buried

Governors of Massachusetts

John Winthrop 1649, John Endecott 1665,
John Leverett 1679, William Shirley 1771;

Lieut. Governors of Massachusetts

William Phillips 1827, Thomas Lindall Winthrop 1841;

Governors of Connecticut

John Winthrop 1676, Fitz-John Winthrop 1707;

Judges of Massachusetts

Wait Still Winthrop 1717, Adam Winthrop 1743,
Oliver Wendell 1818, Thomas Dawes 1825;

Ministers of Boston

John Cotton 1652, John Davenport 1670,
John Oxenbridge 1674, Thomas Bridge 1715.

KING'S CHAPEL BURIAL-GROUND

1630

Here were buried

Jacob Sheafe 1658, John Winslow 1674,
Mary Chilton 1679,
a passenger in the Mayflower
and wife of John Winslow,
Major Thomas Savage 1682,
Lady Andros 1688,
Captain Roger Clap 1690, Thomas Brattle 1713,
Professor John Winthrop 1776,
James Lloyd 1831, Charles Bulfinch 1844.

GRANARY BURIAL-GROUND

1660

Within this ground are buried

JOHN HANCOCK, SAMUEL ADAMS,
and
ROBERT TREAT PAINE,
Signers of the Declaration of Independence;

Governors

RICHARD BELLINGHAM, WILLIAM DUMMER,
JAMES BOWDOIN, INCREASE SUMNER,
JAMES SULLIVAN, and CHRISTOPHER GORE;

LIEUT. GOVERNOR THOMAS CUSHING;
CHIEF JUSTICE SAMUEL SEWALL;

Ministers

JOHN BAILY, SAMUEL WILLARD,
JEREMY BELKNAP, and JOHN LATHROP.

GRANARY BURIAL-GROUND

1660

Within this ground are buried

The victims of the Boston Massacre,
March 5, 1770.

JOSIAH FRANKLIN AND WIFE
(Parents of Benjamin Franklin),
PETER FANEUIL, PAUL REVERE;
and
JOHN PHILLIPS,
First Mayor of Boston.

INDIAN
VANE
OLD

THE PROVINCE HOUSE.

TWO interesting relics of the Province House, besides a portion of the outer walls, remain to tell us of its former grandeur; namely, the royal arms that hung over the front entrance, and the famous Indian vane that surmounted the cupola. These unique memorials are now safe in the custody of the Historical Society,* and will long serve to perpetuate the story of one of the most celebrated buildings that Boston has ever known.

The Province House was a tall, stately mansion standing in ample grounds, about seventy feet west of Washington Street,

* When the Province House was transformed into a minstrel theatre, the front porch and the wainscoting of one of the rooms were secured by Major Ben Perley Poore for his residence at Indian Hill. The porch was set up as an entrance to the garden; but after a few years it fell into decay. The wainscoting, in broad panels, was used by the Major for the parlor of his suite of Continental rooms, where it still remains in good condition.

nearly opposite Milk Street. It was built as a private residence, in 1679, by Peter Sergeant, a wealthy and public-spirited merchant, who had come from London some years before. The estate measured eighty-six feet on the street, and two hundred and sixty-six feet in depth. The house was built of Dutch brick, laid in the English bond, with clay and shell mortar. It was three stories high, and had a spacious attic, lighted by dormer windows and a large octagonal lantern cupola. The front doorway was reached by an easy flight of broad stone steps; and over the porch was an iron balustrade, in which were wrought the date and the owner's initials, — "16 P. S. 79." The interior was sumptuous in all respects. The wide entrance-hall extended through the house. Opening from it, on either side, were large apartments finished in costly woods, and hung with elegant tapestry. The lawn was well shaded, and enclosed by an ornamental fence, at each end of which was a porter's lodge.

Such was the princely residence which the Province purchased for £2,300, in 1716, for the use of the royal governors. It had previously, in 1699, been put at the service of the Earl of Bellomont during his short administration of fourteen months, the owner generously moving out, and the Province meeting the expense. All the governors from Shute to Gage used the Province House for official business and social receptions. As many of them, however, had their own residences, they did not all make this their regular abode.

After the Revolution it was known as the "Government House," and occupied by the State officers until the completion of the new State House. In 1811 it was granted, as an endow-

ment, to the Massachusetts General Hospital, whose trustees, in 1817, leased it for ninety-nine years to David Greenough, for the gross sum of $33,000. Since then it has been completely hidden from sight by a row of stores erected in front of it on Washington Street.

After being used as a tavern and a minstrel hall, the old building was nearly destroyed by fire in 1864, only the walls and some of the heavy timbers remaining. It has since been repaired; but no one could get an adequate idea, from its present forlorn condition, of what it was in the days of its vice-regal magnificence.

The device of the Indian was taken from the old Colonial seal of Massachusetts, and was a fitting emblem for the house of the governors. Mr. Tolman, in his drawing, has successfully given the features of this archaic and rather grotesque figure which, in two senses, has come down to us. Our acquaintance with the grasshopper and cockerel vanes prepares us to recognize here also the handiwork of the ingenious Drowne, whose skill in metals, crude as it was, entitles him to rank with the artists of his time, of whom, indeed, there were very few.

The Indian* is made out of two sheets of hammered copper, and measures 4 feet 6 inches from the top of his plume to the sole of his foot, and 4 feet 2 inches from his elbow to the arrow-head. His weight is 48 pounds. He has glass eyes, and is supported by a strong iron spindle passing through his right leg. The Latin School boys used to say that whenever he

* The vane was removed about forty years ago, and placed for a time on the house of Dr. J. C. Warren, in Brookline. In 1876 his daughter, Mrs. Appleton, gave it to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

heard the Old South clock strike twelve he would fire off his arrow.

The northern wall of the Province House, about six feet thick, can be seen from a narrow and uninviting alley, leading out of Province Street. It is partially covered with wooden sheathing, such as was formerly used on the exposed side of brick buildings. The northern wall of Christ Church is still sheathed in this way.

A narrow passage, now closed by gates, leads from No. 329 Washington Street to Province Court, by the southeast corner of the old mansion. This corner is shown in the following sketch.

THE OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE.

THE chief characteristic of Boston among the cities of America is not its hotels or warehouses, not its private dwellings or public halls, not even its schools or its Common, however excellent these may all be. Other cities can have what money or enterprise can obtain, as well as we. New York excels us in the size and magnificence of her buildings; Chicago in the boldness and energy of her trade; and Washington in the symmetry and cleanliness of her streets. But there is no city in the land which can equal Boston in the number and historical interest of its ancient buildings. This is our most striking feature, according to the testimony of intelligent travellers, and it is one of which we may well be proud. Such a possession cannot be purchased. Let it not be needlessly sacrificed.

On the northern corner of Washington and School Streets, where the tide of human life flows incessantly from morning till night, stands a quaint and well-preserved gambrel-roof building, known as the Old Corner Bookstore. It is older than any church edifice in town, thirty years older than the original Faneuil Hall, and about as old as the outer walls of the old State House. There are several brick dwellings at the North End, already described, belonging to the same period, and a few wooden houses considerably

older; but there is no store in Boston which has seen such long and such honorable service as this. For nearly sixty years it has been a noted bookstore; for ten years previously it was a well-known apothecary's corner, as, indeed, it had been a hundred years before that.

The building was erected after the great fire of 1711 by Dr. Thomas Crease, who had bought the estate — consisting of "a garden and a garden-house" — four years before of the heirs of Henry Shrimpton, a wealthy merchant, who had been the owner since 1661. The original property, extending as far as the present City Hall, belonged to William Hutchinson, — founder of the distinguished Boston family of the name, — who had come from England in 1634 with his wife, the famous Anne Hutchinson, and who built the first house on this lot, then bounded by "the highway leading to Roxbury" (Washington Street) and "the lane leading to Centry Hill" (School Street). The neighbors were Major Robert Sedgwick on the north, Thomas Scottow on the west, and opposite, Governor Winthrop and Elder Thomas Oliver.

When Washington visited Boston in February, 1756, to consult General Shirley, he stopped at Cromwell's-Head Tavern, on School Street, just above the old corner. During his visit of ten days he attended the sessions of the Legislature, and accepted the hospitality of several prominent citizens.

The present building was designed as a residence, although, according to the custom of the time, the first owner, Dr. Crease, used the front room for his business as an apothecary. The subsequent proprietors were Nicholas Davis, merchant, and Anthony his son, Thomas Palmer, and Edward Sohier; since whose time the estate has been for a hundred years in the Inches and Brimmer

families. Messrs. Samuel M. and Minot Thayer were here more than twenty years in the dry-goods business, until 1816. The next year Dr. Samuel Clarke — father of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D. — opened an apothecary store here, and for some years he rented the whole building as a residence. The family entrance was then through a gateway and yard on School Street, at the west end of the building.

It is, however, chiefly as a literary centre that the old corner has acquired its fame. In 1828 Messrs. Carter & Hendee opened a bookstore here, and soon found a generous patronage. Their imprint, though not very familiar to the present generation, may be found on many excellent books, which were highly valued in their day, and some of which yet linger on the upper shelves of our family libraries. From 1833 to 1837, the firm was Allen & Ticknor; and then, for seven years, William D. Ticknor conducted the business by himself; after which John Reed, Jr., and James T. Fields were associated with him for a long period.

The increasing success of the house was owing, not only to the able administration of its business affairs, but also, in a great degree, to the fine literary taste which led to a wise choice of authors, both American and English, and which cultivated personal relations with them, resulting in many mutual advantages. Mr. Fields was long the inspiring genius of the place. He began as a clerk, at the age of fourteen, soon after the bookstore was opened, coming from Portsmouth, with an ardent nature and a genuine relish for books, which soon made him an invaluable assistant. His visits to Europe brought him into contact with persons of distinction in the literary world, many of whose works he secured for publication. With rare discernment he recognized ability

wherever he found it, and with generous sympathy he cultivated friendships. His genial presence and ever hearty welcome made his store a favorite rendezvous for the guild of letters. Here poets, historians, philosophers, and divines have loitered around the counters, and exchanged familiar greetings behind the old green-curtained desk. Here have often been seen Hawthorne, Sprague, Willis, Whipple, Hillard, Parsons, Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Sumner, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, and many other lights who have given so much character and brilliancy to our literature.

On the removal of Ticknor & Fields to Tremont Street, in 1865, they were succeeded by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., who remained four years, when they were followed by Messrs. Alexander Williams & Co., who continued until the present firm, Messrs. Cupples, Upham, & Co., took the business in 1883.

THE OLD SOUTH.

"A temple shadowy with remembrances
Of the majestic past! — the very light
Streams with the coloring of heroic days."

NO church edifice in the United States has witnessed so many important historical events as the Old South. Everything about it is full of interest, — the ground on which it stands; the founders of the church; the long line of its ministry;* the distinguished men and women who have honored its membership; the election sermons preached here for a century and a half; and especially — to all lovers of freedom — the town-meetings of the Revolutionary period, the momentous resolves, and the patriotic orations which, echoing from these walls, "roused the whole country and shook the British throne."

The Third, or South, Church in Boston was organized by twenty-nine earnest and influential citizens, who withdrew from the First Church in 1669, and erected on the site of Governor Winthrop's garden a meeting-house of cedar, two stories high, with an impos-

* The Old South Church has had the following ministers: Thomas Thacher, 1670–1678; Samuel Willard, 1678–1707; Ebenezer Pemberton, 1700–1717; Joseph Sewall, 1713–1769; Thomas Prince, 1718–1758; Alexander Cumming, 1761–1763; Samuel Blair, 1766–1769; John Bacon, 1771–1775; John Hunt, 1771–1775; Joseph Eckley, 1779–1811; Joseph Huntington, 1803–1819; Benj. B. Wisner, 1821–1832; Samuel H. Stearns, 1834–1836; George W. Blagden, 1836–1872; Jacob M. Manning, 1857–1882.

ing steeple. The land was the gift of Madam Norton, widow of the pastor of the First Church.

After the repeal of the Colonial Charter, a demand was made by Sir Edmund Andros for the use of this building for the Church of England services; and for two years it was in the joint occupancy of the Governor and the parish, to the great annoyance of the latter.

One of the most solemn scenes ever witnessed in any church was the confession of Judge Sewall, made here on a Fast Day in 1696, when he stood up in his pew and bowed his head, while the minister read his note asking forgiveness of God and men for any possible guilt he had incurred in the witchcraft trials.

Benjamin Franklin was baptized here on the day of his birth, Jan. 17, 1706. His home was directly opposite, on Milk Street. The same year a town-meeting was held here, to see about fortifying the harbor against an expected French invasion.

In 1730 the present brick building replaced the wooden one; and at the dedication, Joseph Sewall's well-chosen text, from Haggai ii. 9, was more prophetic than he knew. A few years later, Whitefield's voice was heard here in the presence of a vast assembly.

Longfellow's familiar "Ballad of the French Fleet" commemorates an event in the ministry of the learned Thomas Prince, referred to by President Dwight as a signal instance of the efficacy of prayer: —

> "And even as I prayed
> The answering tempest came."

With the encroachments of the Crown upon the liberty of the Colonies, came a series of town-meetings in Boston, such as the

world had never seen. Faneuil Hall being much smaller then than now, many of the great meetings were adjourned to the Old South, which was always at the service of the town. The largest and boldest of these meetings, up to that time, was held here June 14, 1768, with Otis as moderator, to protest against the impressment and revenue laws, and to demand the removal of the frigate "Romney" from the harbor. Another and still greater meeting followed after the Boston Massacre, in March, 1770, when Samuel Adams headed the committee sent to Hutchinson to insist upon the removal of the troops, — perhaps the most dramatic scene in all our history.

Then, in 1773, came the great Tea meeting, at which as many as seven thousand people remained in and around the building till after candle-light, quietly but resolutely awaiting the Governor's response. When at last it came, Samuel Adams, the moderator, arose and said: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." Instantly the war-whoop was heard at the door, and the Mohawks rushed by on their hazardous errand.

Here, too, were given the famous Fifth of March orations by Lovell, Warren, Church, Hancock, and again by Warren, when he was obliged to enter through the window, only three months before he was killed at Bunker Hill.

During the siege, the old sanctuary of freedom was turned into a riding-school for the Dragoons. The pulpit and pews and the greater part of the galleries — and also, it is said, a portion of the Prince library in the tower — were removed and used for fuel. The old Governor Winthrop house, adjoining, and a fine row of buttonwood trees shared the same fate. When Washington made his triumphal entry into Boston after the Evacuation, he

visited the Old South, and looked down from the eastern gallery upon the scene of desolation.

When the War of the Rebellion broke out, the venerable edifice was decorated with flags and mottoes which quickened the patriotic devotion of thousands. Its later record and present uses are familiar to all. Though no longer needed as a place of ordinary worship, it can always be of the greatest service as a temple of American history, being itself the best possible monument we could have at any price; and by its valuable collections, frequent lectures, and organized educational work for the young, amply justifying all the expense which its preservation involves. The question is no longer, Can we afford to keep it? but rather, Can we ever afford to lose it?

THE SHEAFFE HOUSE.

MANY inquiries have been made recently regarding the old wooden house which has just been demolished at the corner of Essex and Columbia Streets, — the last representative in that part of the city of the old-time dwelling-houses of the better class. It was built, in 1734, by Thomas Child (sometimes called Captain), who had come from Boston, England, and established himself here in 1727 as a "distiller and sugar-baker." He bought a large tract of land, extending from Bedford Street (then called Fiddler's Lane) down to the flats. His distil-house, near the corner of Essex and South Streets, remains to the present day.

To make room for the mansion which he built for himself (a picture of which is here given as it appeared in 1885), Captain Child tore down an old house which stood on the premises, "having obtained the consent of the neighborhood." The new house was large and convenient, closely resembling the college president's house at Cambridge. Its dancing hall and wine cellar show that the Captain brought over with him some of the social habits of "Merrie England." He added a chaise-house, and laid out a fine garden extending back to Bedford Street. He was one of the founders of Trinity Church, in 1733. He married Susannah Hatch in 1728, and had four children, one of whom, Thomas Child, Jr.,

became the collector of customs at Falmouth (now Portland), Maine. A daughter, Isabella, married John Coffin, and lived in Canada. Another daughter, Susannah, married William Sheaffe, deputy collector of Boston under Sir Henry Frankland. He afterward issued the famous Writs of Assistance, which aroused so much opposition.

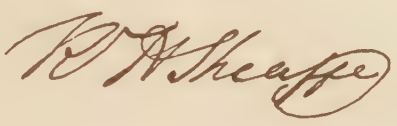
The Sheaffes had a young daughter, Susannah, who was famed for her beauty. One day as a newly arrived British regiment was marching up Queen (now Court) Street, she stood on a balcony with her governess, eagerly watching the redcoats. An officer who saw her was struck with admiration, and exclaimed to a friend, "That girl seals my fate!" And so it proved. He sought her acquaintance, made her his bride, and took her to England before the war began. They had a happy home in Devonshire, and afterward for many years in Dublin. Captain Ponsonby Molesworth (for that was his name) resigned his commission, and was not obliged to fight against his wife's countrymen.*

Another daughter, Margaret Sheaffe, married John R. Livingston, of Livingston Manor. She, too, was remarkably beautiful, and attracted the attention of Lafayette, who afterward sent her a costly present, which was long preserved as an heirloom in the

* In one of her letters, written during the war, Mrs. Molesworth regrets that her mother is obliged to remain in that "riotous Boston," where "the misguided rebels are giving such trouble to our good King George." In another letter, written from Dublin in 1784, she says: "They are beginning the Boston tricks here. any one who imports or wears anything but Irish manufacture, are immediately Tar'd and featherd. this Day a pretty milliner was strip't down to her waist, tar'd and featherd, and were they not prevented in time, wou'd set fire to, or hang the poor Creatures." Under date of 1774, the same writer inquires of her mother, at her husband's request, "whether indented Servants from Ireland will go off well in New England, he intending when he goes to Charter out a Vessell; and Can have as many Irish Lads & Lasses as he pleases at no more expence than their maintenance on the passage, he Selling their indentures on his Arrival."

family. The youngest daughter, Helen Sheaffe, married (1793) James Smith Lovell, son of the usher of the Latin School. Their daughter Helen became the wife of the late Henry Loring, of Brookline.

Madam Sheaffe was especially honored in her son, who became Lieutenant-General Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe, Bart. They were



living in this house of her father's on Essex Street at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Earl Percy, who had his quarters here, became much interested in the lad; and as his mother was now a widow and in needy circumstances, he was inclined to render them some assistance. After dinner, one day, he turned to Roger and said, "Your health, Captain Sheaffe." "I hope it will not be long before your lordship can call me so in reality," replied the boy. This ready response so pleased the Earl that he said, "Which would you prefer,—a red coat or a blue one?" "I think I should prefer a red one," said Roger. "You shall have it," said Percy. And true to his word, he sent him to a military academy in England, where the young man acquitted himself so well that his success was assured. With the aid of his patron * and by his

* Lord Percy and his family continued to extend personal kindness to Sheaffe as long as he lived. A letter from Sir Roger, dated Edinburgh, 1832, says: "I spent several weeks . . . this year at Alnwick Castle with the D. of N., and was in high health and activity, walking through his woods with my gun for many hours at a time and killing at least my portion of the game, and I do not despair of being in good condition by the middle of Sept^r to take the field again on a manor of the Duke's that I have annually visited since I first came to Edinb: in 1817. One season my old aide de camp L. Col: B. R. Loring was there with me."

own inherent worth, he rose step by step to the highest honors. For many years he was the sole support of his widowed mother, whom he visited several times after he had taken up his residence in Great Britain. She sold the old homestead, in 1782, to Moses Wallach, armorer, who lived in it nearly half a century. Since then it has passed through different hands, and now at last it has given place to a new brick block, and will ere long be forgotten, like many of its owners; but as an example of a fine old Boston home of the last century, and as the cradle of a wide-spread and distinguished family, it deserves a place in these rambles.

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